August 20, 1932

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Zingo-

a drinking story by

Guy Gilpatric

The Girl who Blushed

a short story by

Mary Heaton Vorse

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AUG. 20, 1932

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606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

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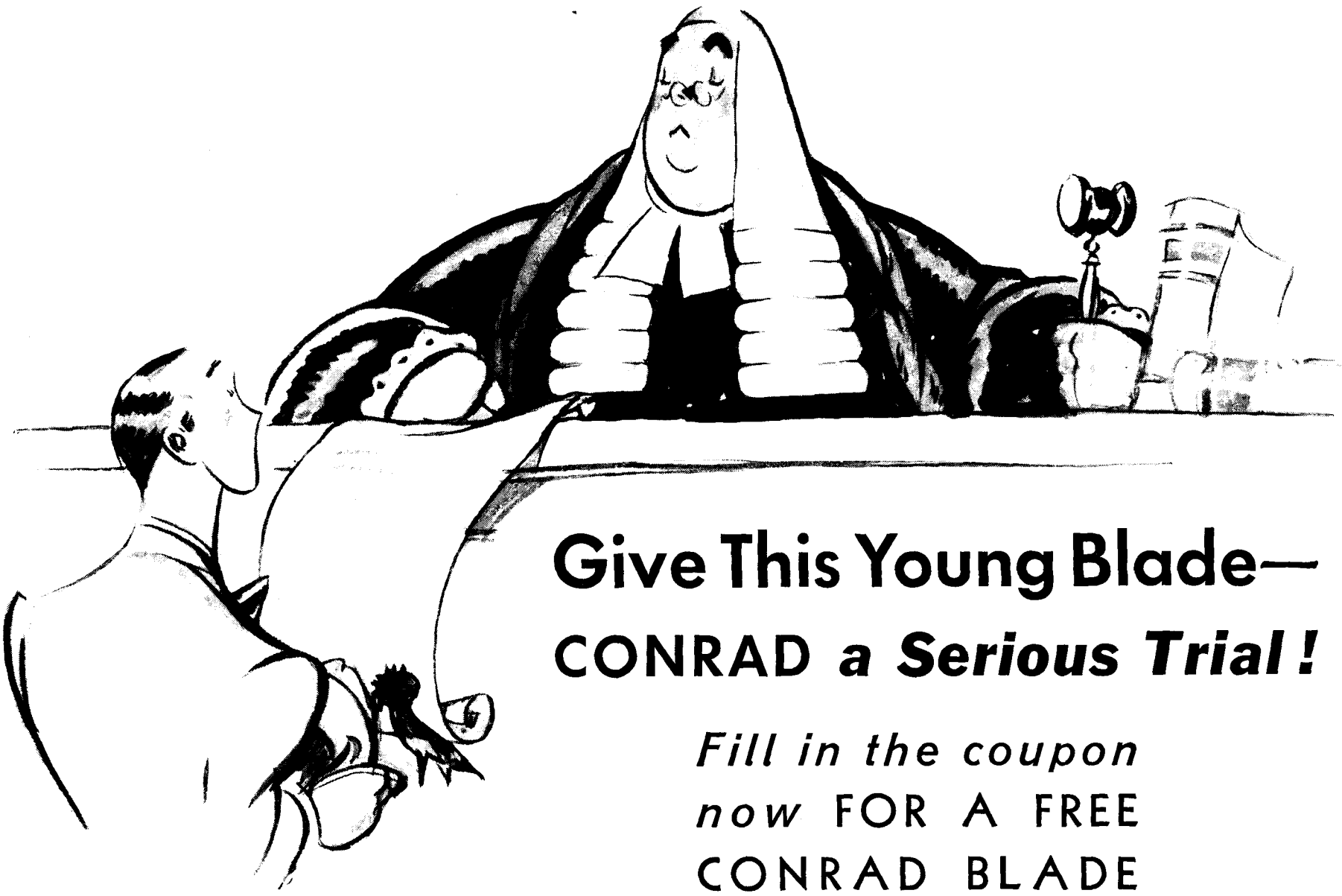

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CONRAD RAZOR BLADE CO. Inc.
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WE know how you men feel about razor blade claims. Skeptical. Downright cynical. Inclined to believe that the razor-blade industry has reached a standstill.

It hasn't. The Young Conrad double-edge Blade is proof. A trial will convince you it's years ahead of any double-edge blade ever manufactured.

So lay aside prejudice right now. Forget previous disappointments and fill in the coupon below for a free trial blade.

Shave with it. Compare it with every other safety razor blade you've ever used. Compare it for sharpness, keenness, shaving edge. Compare it for price—and number of shaves per blade. Conrad will upset all previous ideas of efficiency and economy.

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Don't be a martyr for another single day. Switch to Conrad right now. . .Conrad users tell us that blade after blade, week after week, Conrad gives them three times as many good shaves at half the cost.

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It's practical. It fits any double-edge blade. Two pieces only. Very, very light, and smart and colorful. 24 Karat gold finish with fluted Bakelite handles in a range of colors—Ivory, Jade, Coral, Blue and Ebony. AND it's just 25¢.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"CALLING all cars. Attention all cars. To broadcast sixty-five. On Camino Real. Just north of Burbank. A hold-up. By one bandit. A white female. Name unknown. Twenty-one years. Five feet two inches. Curly dark hair. Dark eyes. Wearing a white satin gown and an ermine wrap. . . ."

By the time she heard this description of herself Rhoda Merrivale was no longer wearing a white satin gown. She had on chartreuse pajamas and she was, by force of arms, in the car of Professor Gayle, the young criminologist. Incredible things happened to Mr. Gayle that night—and the most incredible and by all odds the nicest was Rhoda. He'd never have met her if it hadn't been for "The Chartreuse Pajamas." As it was, he never got over her. George F. Worts reports the affair in full.

ON THE fifth of June, 1927, a bullfight was in progress in Santo Domingo. It was the first one they'd ever had there, and excitement ran at fever pitch. Everything was fine except the bulls and the matadors. Both these were amateurs, hastily conscripted for the occasion, and they simply couldn't seem to get together.

Luckily the promoter of the fight—one Basil Rowe—had an airplane. He got away in it in the nick of time.

That was the event leading up to the opening of an airway system which now links the three Americas. W. B. Courtney tells you the whole adventurous story in "Southward the Flight of Eagles."

WHEN Saul Varney plotted the murder of Wayne Polder he counted on one powerful accomplice—Time. Saul stole an hour. He took it right out of the day—a whole hour in which nothing that he did would appear on the record. And in that hour he committed murder. Every detail was perfect, but he overlooked a fact: "There's Always One Witness." Hugh MacNair Kahler shows you the outcome.

"MAKE Mine a Speakeasy." That's Miriam Hopkins' order. She has reasons for her choice. The speakeasy, says Miss Hopkins, is the ideal meeting place for civilized people. In a sprightly article the famous actress describes this new and dubious flower of our civilization.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, Talbert Josselyn, Diana Maugham, Clinton W. Gilbert and J. C. Groome, Jr., contribute stories and articles. The serials by Kathleen Norris and Edgar Wallace continue their dramatic course. And "Write Your Own" offers another perfect meal for plot-starved authors. Just try to restrain your impatience.

This Week

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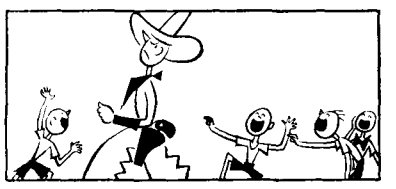
Any Week

JUST wander around a bit and you have no trouble finding plenty of answers for all those "What's the matter with America?" demanders. For example, Mr. Dane Loagen of Missoula, Montana, informs us that five cowhands in his country quit work because the ranch-house that sheltered them was not adequately heated and that the radio was only a six-tube set. They demanded nine tubes.

"Miner and rancher for forty years," mourned Mr. Loagen, "I better quit right now before the boys get to complaining that the saddles are too hard. Thank God, I ain't got no sons. But I got two daughters and I bet the little one could lick any man in the Northwest."



BUT we'd got used to shocks by the time we entered the offices of a newspaper in Idaho to discover that afternoon tea for the entire staff is one of their several strong, quaint daily customs.

IN THE beautiful town of Olympia, capital of Washington, they have erected a statue of the Hon. John R. Rogers, Populist governor from 1897 to 1901. He was the father of the Bare-foot Boy Bill—a fine piece of legislation that guaranteed an education to the poorest of the state's children. On his monument there is a touching and eloquent tribute to education. But just beneath the pedestal there's a sign requesting you to keep off the grass when it's "rainey."

WE SHALL always be convinced that no life is a well rounded one if the possessor hasn't flown down the Columbia River gorge from The Dalles to the ocean. After calm, silent deliberation we're inclined to award the first prize for beauty to that unbelievable ride. One man in the plane insisted upon talking of business conditions until another, who had been looking awed at the fighting, imprisoned stream below, said:

"I wouldn't have believed any man could be as big a damned fool as you in surroundings like these."

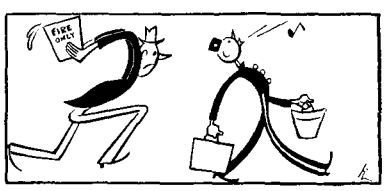
VERY disillusioning though—jaunts like this. We never thought we'd see school children in the state of Washington guying a man for wearing a ten-gallon hat and high-heeled boots. But we did in Pasco. When we commented upon the remarkable scene, a native socked us on the chin with the information that the most popular movies out in the cow countries are Westerns.

"TROUBLE with us out here," explained Mr. Charlie Maybury of Seattle, Washington, "is that we've got a surplus of everything except taxpayers."

"PRESERVING our Constitution is all very well," observes Mr. Joseph Dunbar of Salt Lake City. "But personally I'm going to wait a bit before making up my mind politically. These politicians are rushing back and forth so much from wet to dry and dry to wet that they've probably trampled the Constitution so badly that we'll have to write a new one anyway."

OF COURSE there're lots of things about the situation that we don't know. We're modest that way. But we can get horribly puzzled when we run into such problems as Mr. D. E. Towle of Portland, Oregon, faces. Mr. Towle is a berry grower and there in one of our numerous centers of unemployment he is calling in vain for hundreds of berry pickers to whom he is willing to give half the value of his crop in exchange for their labor.

"They come to the fields," says he, "and quit, saying they'd rather go back and live off the city and country."



WHILE we're in Portland we might as well tell you that there's a hotel there which insists that its bell boys be musical. Only good whistlers need apply. When, for example, a California car stops at the door the lads fly into a huddle and whistle California, Here I Come. If you register from New York the lad who carries your bag whistles The Sidewalks of New York all the way to your room—unless, of course, you kill him. My merry companion told me he'd made only one mistake in a month: whistled Marching Through Georgia for a lady and gentleman from Atlanta and was sternly reprimanded. "Just to be on the safe side," he explained, "I often just whistle Happy Days Are Here Again."

MR. L. E. WADSWORTH of Bunnell, Florida, has devised a scheme which, he says, spells sure victory for the Democrats:

"Get some kindly soul to furnish Bishop Cannon with some money and get him to talking for the Republican Party."

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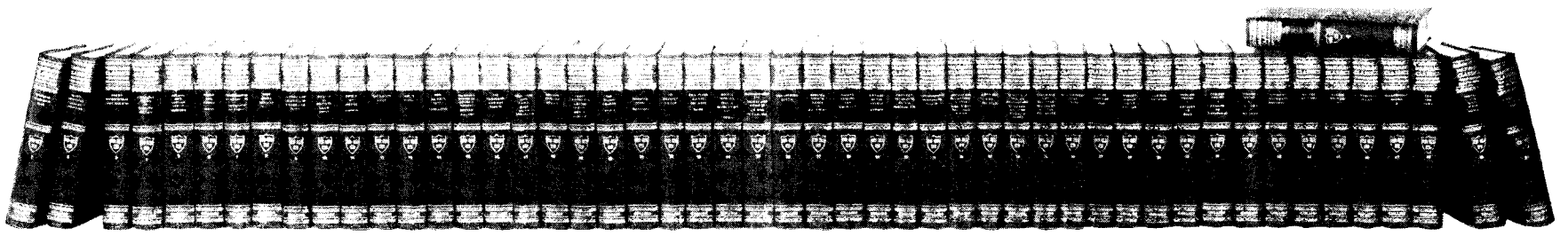
The HARVARD CLASSICS

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

The Beautiful New Home Library Edition



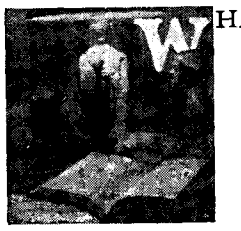
Now where can I find out about that?

A GLANCE at the fiftieth volume of The Harvard Classics answers that question. Here are indexed the best thoughts of some 300 of the greatest men of all the ages on 76,000 subjects. Here you get instantly the answer to the time-wasting questions of a busy man's life, and gain immediate access to information on a wide range of subjects.

Over a year of expert work was spent on the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence, and it may justly be said to perform the duties of a private secretary.

The Index Volume is a marvel of excellence, and by it one may easily trace the best thoughts of the wisest men on all topics of vital human interest running through the ages.

Their first investment—15 minutes a day



WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

Over 350,000 families have found the answer in Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

There is magic in fifteen minutes a day which will help anyone to be more interesting, more welcome, more worth while.

Some day he will ask *you*—

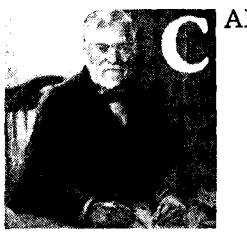
WHEN that important question is put to you, you will be glad you learned the secret of fifteen minutes a day. More and more, business leaders are asking this question of the men who come to them: *"What have you read?"*

Says ex-President Hadley of Yale:

"In every department of practical life, men in commerce, men in transportation and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges were men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently*."

What are the few great books? How shall a busy man find them? Dr. Eliot has solved your reading problem.

"I would not exchange it," *said Andrew Carnegie,* "for all the millions that were ever amassed by man."



CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy men and women everywhere.

Why some people are always welcome

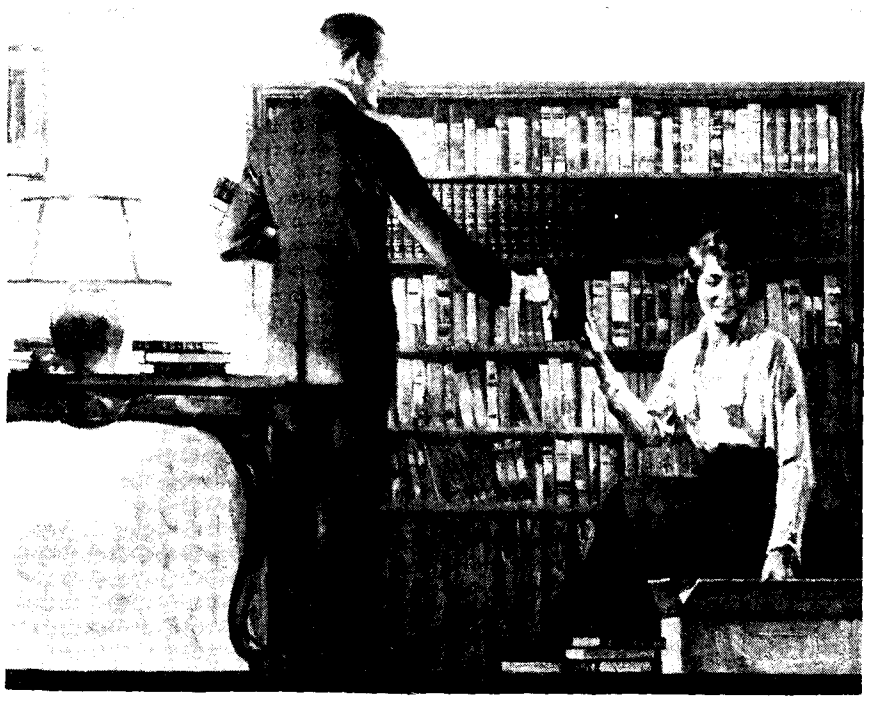
MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.

"Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"

I MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."



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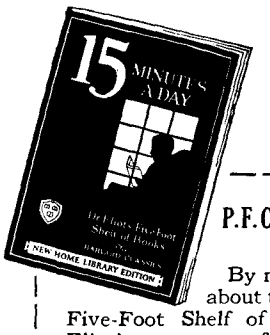

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PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

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The Girl who Blushed

A story for everybody—except those (if there be any such) who care nothing for that glorious ingredient of life known as romance

By Mary Heaton Vorse

AT NOON when all the girls rushed in from the offices, and the drug-store luncheonette sounded like the monkey house in Lincoln Park, life was just one sandwich-and-coffee after another to Dora Minick. Her head became a queer machine which could remember five different kinds of sandwiches and five different kinds of drinks all at once.

Morris, the boy who worked next to Dora, looked upon her marveling as her hands flashed to and fro, so quickly one could hardly see them—taking a slice of tongue, or a sandwich spread, handling lettuce leaves and butter and the different kinds of breads with brilliant, machine-like precision.

While her hands were flashing so deftly, one part of her mind was remembering who took what. The other part of her mind was listening to the babble. It was a stream of youth which perched on high stools in front of the counter. Bright, sleek heads, golden hair, dark hair, red. Cream-and-white complexions, aquamarine eyes and brown eyes; little mouths and big mouths all babbling and eating, and all outlined brightly in lipstick. Some of the girls wore their smocks, for all around the luncheonette were the huge buildings of Chicago's iron-bound Loop, buildings whose sheer weight of masonry crushed one if one stopped to think about it. The babble was about dates and beaus, and, lately, lay-offs.

Dora kept a mental record of their histories, distinguishing between them the way she kept sandwiches straight. But the girls who came in at noon, the rush-hour girls, she only knew sketchily. The people she really made up stories about were those who came in after the noon rush.

You'd be surprised what people came in from the hotel after the rush to get a bite of lunch. The drug-store luncheonette was tucked in the hotel—which had once been very smart. It was still proud of itself, for all that it had become enveloped on all sides by office buildings. It was a rambling place, stretching an entire block between two streets named for famous Presidents of the United States. People came through from the lobby by a back door for a snack.

There was, for instance, the lady with the mink coat, who owned the Boston bull and who lived in the hotel. You wouldn't expect to see her perch on a chair at the luncheonette. There was the extremely well-dressed young man who always came in late and had such elaborate yet phony manners. Dora could not make him out. He was some kind of chiseler, something not quite on the level, she decided. Then there was the old lady who liked hers white and toasted but no lettuce, and who took a second sandwich away with her, and a container of milk. Dora knew that was all the old lady ate—two sandwiches a day, a glass of milk and a cup of coffee.

The lady in the mink coat went out to dinner every night in a taxicab. Sometimes escorts called for her, and sometimes her satin slippers and her swirl of evening clothes twinkled out alone.

The one who was the most fun, though, was the girl in green with the two young men. They would all come in at the same time. The girl in green had auburn hair and was pretty and smart and had such a good time.

"Was I out late last night, and am I thirsty! . . . Say, have you seen the new Marlene Dietrich film at the Oriental? It's a wow. . . . Afterwards we got some chop suey, and somebody said, 'Let's go to Joe's. . . .'" Then one of the boys would say:

"How about a show with me tonight?"

"Nothing doing. I'm all dated up!" She was a popular girl. Girls like her and the lady in the mink coat had luck!

THREE times now there had been a little shy girl in at just the same time as the girl in green and the equivocal young man Dora couldn't place. She had russet-colored hair and russet eyes. When Dora said, "What's yours?" she blushed—actually *blushed* up to the roots of her hair—and her long dark lashes swept over her peaches-and-cream cheeks. Pretty, like someone in a play, Dora thought.

Then Dora observed that a quiet young man—Dora had never seen him before—at the other end of the counter had noticed the little shy girl. She saw them glance down across the girl in green with her two young men, and their eyes met in what was like an explosion.

It scared both of them, for the young man was a very correct young man. He was eating Small Steak with Vegetables, 35¢, and a cup of coffee. The little girl was eating Chow Mein, 30¢, and nothing to drink. The way she had answered "What's yours?" with

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

Her purse slid to the floor. "Atta girl!" thought Dora—and they both bent to pick it up

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"Oh, you'd look sweet in it!" cried Dora. "You'd look like the Queen of the May"

"Chow Mein, please," with a question mark and rising inflection, made Dora think, "Bet the kid don't know what it is; she's never had any before. . . . Gee, but she's pretty." Dora thought, "I heard of peaches-and-creams, but I never seen one—not honest-to-goodness peaches-and-cream like this!"

Very, very shyly the girl who blushed let her eyes travel down the line, beyond the girl in green and her beaus. The serious young man was watching for her, so her gaze scuttled back again to her plate and once more she blushed, a clear, beautiful, hawthorn color. "Now what d'ya know about that?" thought Dora. "And wasted. Wasted on desert air!"

Next day, in came the chatty girl in green, in came her two swains. "Dearie," she cried, "give me just a double tomato-juice cocktail. Have I got a hangover! Was my mother mad!"

"You're going to die young," said the young man on her right, admiringly.

"Only the good do that," said the one on her left.

"Little village drunkard, that's me," the girl contributed cheerily.

The serious young man took his place. He ordered Small Steak with Vegetables, 35c. The girl who blushed came in. She looked for one second at the serious young man, who at that moment turned around. And then, as they say in story books, she let her eyes fall. Her long lashes swept over her cheeks, which became a beautiful crimson. She ordered a chicken-salad sandwich and a glass of milk, and didn't look up once, although the serious young man had let his eyes travel past the girl in green. "For the love o' Mike, why dontcha look up?" thought Dora. "D'ya think he's gonna eatcha? Cantcha see he ain't that kind?"

The shy young man was big and blond and had kind eyes and a kind mouth. "Nifty clothes, too," thought Dora. "If he was lampin' me he wouldn't hafta do it twice. He'd get the come-on from me! . . . I wonder why it's always smart Alecks gives me the come-on, and never one like him!"

The third day they both came in at the same time. "Now wouldntcha think she'd sit down next to him?" thought Dora with impatience. "Blushing over him, lookin' at him sideways, lookin' like honey wouldn't melt—and sits clear over to the other end o' the counter! Bonehead, why dontcha come early and let him sit down beside you?"

Here the old lady came in for her sandwich and cup of coffee, and a sandwich and milk in a container. "If I had only forty cents to spend on grub, I bet I'd make myself something tasty on a gas ring rather'n waste my money on sandwiches," thought Dora. "Poor old soul. . . ."

NEXT day the blond young man walked past the luncheonette and peered in. "Atta boy!" thought Dora. "Go to it!" In came little russet-hair. She ordered a bowl of soup, a huge piece of chocolate cake and a glass of milk. "You're one that don't have to be afraid o' getting fat, ain't you, Peaches-and-cream?" thought Dora. And just then in came the shy young man and sat down plump beside her! She blushed, her purse slid to the floor—"Atta girl!" thought Dora—and they both bent to pick it up. Their heads bumped. And they said, together: "Oh, oh, I beg your pardon!"

After a very long pause—far too long a pause—the shy young man said, "I hope I didn't hurt you?" And russet-hair answered: "Oh, no . . . not—not a bit!" And they didn't speak again. The russet girl slipped down from her stool, paid her check and hurried along without a backward glance. More leisurely the shy young man followed. . . .

A week passed, and each day the shy young man and the russet girl sat side by side, and each day they got no further. But the incomprehensible young man had taken to noticing russet-hair. "Get a hustle on," Dora mentally admonished the shy young man, "there's more'n you got eyes. He'll beatcha to it, if you don't look out."

One day the little russet girl was all alone at the luncheonette. Dora asked, "What's yours?"

"A chicken-salad sandwich and a glass of milk," the girl said in her polite nursery tone. Then Dora suddenly said—

"Why dontcha speak to him?"

"Oh—oh, if I only dared!" said the little russet girl.

"What's eatin' ya?" said Dora. "He's dyin' to talk to ya."

"Oh, do you believe he is?" she said. "He'd think I was bold. . . ." And, of course, she blushed.

Said Dora: "Don't make me laugh. I didn't believe in shrinking violets till I saw you!"

"But I don't dare to," the russet girl said. "I don't dare! Maybe he won't come today anyway."

"He's coming now. Just pick up your courage and say, 'It's a pleasant day!' It won't hurtcha. Say, 'It smells like spring.'"

So little russet-hair said, "It's a beautiful day! It smells like spring!" It sounded like a poem as she said it. One thought about faint pale-green leaves and running brooks. As if released from enchantment, the shy young man said—

"It is a lovely day! It *is* like spring!"

The russet girl, emboldened, went on: "I—I hear there are tulips out in Lincoln Park."

"Oh—are there?" said the young man. "You wouldn't—you couldn't—what I mean to say is, could—could you go out and look at them—with me?" Thought Dora, "F'heaven's sake don't act like ya swallowed a hard-boiled egg, you poor prune!"

"It's Saturday; I have the afternoon off," Dora heard him say as they went out.

NEXT day when little russet-hair came in: "Did you go to look at the flowers?" Dora asked. The girl looked at her with wide-open eyes.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "Yes, we did!"

"And was that all ya did? Looked at flowers?"

"Oh, no! We went to the zoo, and we fed the monkeys and gave peanuts to the elephant. Then we got on a bus and went over to the Field Museum."

"Oh," said Dora in a faint voice. "You went to the museum. . . ."

"It was fascinating!" said the girl. "I'd never been before. We looked at the coffins of the mummies downstairs. Did you see the mummies?"

"The what?" said Dora.

"The mummies—the old Egyptians, you know—"

"Oh— D'ya mean to say they've got *them* at the Field Museum?"

"Yes. Isn't it fascinating? And all sorts of beautiful Egyptian things, looking fresh as if they were painted yesterday, out of tombs."

"Well, and can ya beat it!" thought Dora. "Spendin' the afternoon with those dead ones. Love among the mummies!" She shook her head. It was Sunday, and there were stragglers for breakfast-lunch from the hotel. Among them was the inexplicably phony young man, who stared at russet-hair. "Stare away, dope," thought Dora. "You can't beat him to it now, not after them mummies." He sat down beside the girl and managed to engage her in conversation by the simple expedient of asking her to pass something. "It didn't take you no week to start talking," thought Dora. Next he said it was a nice day, and he spoke in an impersonal, unfrightening voice. Then he said: "Have you been long in Chicago?"

"Not very long," said russet-hair.

"I HAVEN'T either," he answered—to which Dora mentally added, "Oh, yeah?" At that point the shy young man came in. He stood over them and asked the girl if she'd mind moving down one seat. She looked up with her clear, direct gaze, and said, "Why, no!" like a little girl who is used to minding. He took the chair she had left, putting himself between her and the inexplicable young man—who looked extremely sulky. "Well, I gotta snicker!" thought Dora. "Fightin' over her!" And "Serves you right," she thought, as she gave the interloper his check. "You would be a butinsky! You ain't got a show, so it's no use you giving such dirty looks." And it was certainly a dirty look which he gave as he went out. The shy young man said sternly to the little girl—

"Was that fellow annoying you?"

She answered:

"Why, no—not at all. He just asked me to pass the salt, and then he said it was a pleasant day; just—" she reproved—"as you did!"

"That's different. Very different." Then they both turned to each other and smiled. "You're doin' better, laddie," thought Dora. She watched them going out of the luncheonette as if they were stepping into paradise.

"Did you go out to see the mummies again?" she asked the russet girl on

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Between Floors

An elevator is a small place certainly—but it can hold a fascinating lot of humanity

By John B. Kennedy

IT WAS after regular office hours, about seven o'clock. The elevator was the only one of a battery serving the twenty-eighth floor after peak traffic had ended at six. So the operator held it at the station, waiting to take all available passengers before starting the long plunge down.

A thick-set man, wearing a derby, was in a corner of the car, regarding the operator with surly resignation. The boy, gay in a natty blue winter uniform with gold epaulets, grinned at his lone passenger, then watched jeweled light buttons at his right. There was a call from the twenty-fifth floor. He was in no hurry.

But a man who came briskly down the corridor and stepped eagerly into the elevator seemed to be in a great deal of a hurry. He wore a brand-new gray fedora, brim shielding his eyes. His jaw was pointed and scarred at the tip of the chin. He kept his hands deep in his overcoat pockets.

Without more than a hurried glance at the other passenger, he said to the operator curtly: "Got to get a train, buddy, make it sharp."

The operator appeared tantalizingly indifferent. The man in the fedora took up position directly behind him. A few seconds' wait and he repeated: "I got five minutes to make that train, buddy."

Condescendingly the operator leaned from the car to spot possible passengers, then slid the doors and started down.

AT THE twenty-first floor he stopped the car with a speed that rocked it in the shaft. Steel doors slid back and two middle-aged men entered—one florid and angry, the other bald and lean and solicitous. They saw the other passengers, moved to the opposite side of the car from the man with the scarred chin and stood before the original passenger who wore his seemingly irremovable derby in the corner. As the car descended, their voices, easily heard before they entered, faded to silence, but the heavy, florid man glared at his bald-headed companion. The original passenger could catch the words "divorce or nothing."

A sharp stab of a signal brought the elevator to a stop at the nineteenth floor. As if annoyed, the operator swung the doors back with a clatter. An extraordinarily pretty girl brushed past him, a flushed young man at her heels. Her eyes were moist and her face hot with temper, glistening teeth nibbling at a rouged lower lip. She was trying to repress tears, and also trying to keep as far away as possible in that cramped space from the companion who had caused them.

Everybody in the car was impatient—except the man in the rear corner. He kept his eyes straight ahead, his derby clamped down, and made no stir. The man with the scarred chin fidgeted, and low, jerked conversation broke out between the florid man and his bald friend. Crying "Down" as if he had years to wait, the operator jiggled the lever.

"Get going!" barked the man with the scarred chin.

The operator sang "Going down" again, then languidly closed the doors, pulled the lever back into high and started down. Suddenly something slipped, the car plunged with sickening speed two floors, ending in a drop of two or three feet that sent the passengers sprawling and grasping one another. There was the grind of a safety catch, a swimming flicker of lights and the car halted. It was between floors, almost exactly trapped against the blank of the shaft, for no level appeared in the roof grating.

Voices tangled. The man in the fedora cursed. The first passenger on the trip was on all fours, picking up his derby, dented in the crush.

The operator shouted above the turmoil and banged his fist on a black emergency button to signal below.

"What's gone wrong?" the man in the fedora demanded.

The florid man was pale. His heart had been shaken.

"Leave that lever alone and wait for help," his lean companion told the operator. This passenger seemed calmest of all. "Don't monkey with that. You'll kill us all."

The operator snarled at him and attacked the lever again.

"My God, stop him!" cried the florid man.

The man in the gray fedora made no move. He cursed silently.

"Stop fooling with that!" the florid man shouted.

"I'm trying to get it up," snapped the operator, "so we can crawl out."

He yelled again. But there was no answering sound. The car rocked gratingly as he hammered the lever sideways with his fist.

"Leave that damned thing alone and wait!" The florid man had pushed aside the pretty girl and the young man—who had thrown an arm around her. The florid man knocked the operator's wrist down.

"Do you want to kill us?" he shouted.

The operator shrugged his shoulders.

"Okay by me," he said. "I'm just trying to help."

THE florid man pushed him away. His companion came over to him, but said nothing.

It seemed as if minutes passed. Nothing happened. An air of sinister expectancy hung over the car. It was broken by a sob from the girl, whose boy friend wrapped his other arm around her.

"George!" she said. George pressed whatever else she said into the breast of his ulster.

The man in the fedora snickered, then leered at the man in the derby, who stood glumly in the middle of the car.

The operator folded his arms and leaned helplessly against the jammed drive-box. The weak edge of a shout seemed to come up the shaft.

"There's somebody," said the gray, lean man. "We must have been heard."

"It's a stupid system," the florid man growled. His color was returning, and with it his anger waned.

"I think we had a

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Howard Butler

There was the grind of a safety catch, a flicker of lights and the car halted

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Women Don't Change

Oh, don't they! Just give them the chance, thinks Catfish Wiggins, who is a very great business man

By Jerome Beatty

HENRY K. WIGGINS, president of Bon Ton Meat Products Corporation, better known as Catfish Wiggins, the Hot Dog King, stood in the shade on the platform of the Engledale station and with a huge hand pushed his panama back from his forehead.

Henry's tall, rugged body towered above that of his millionaire friend, W. B. Nash, president of the Lightning Oil Company, a gray-haired little man who seemed to be constantly irritated about everything.

W. B. Nash was in no way a financial wreck, in spite of the market's curious antics of late; nor was Henry Wiggins in fear of losing his job. But in these times it did no harm, and perhaps some good, for the bosses to get to work with the stenographers.

With economies here and there, Henry was doing quite well. His wife, Matilda, still eager to forget the days when Catfish was Topeka's leading butcher and greased - pole - climbing champion, and determined to hold tight to the social position which, through grim labor, she had acquired in Engledale, had suffered noisily when her husband announced, a few months ago, that he guessed they'd better get along with the old cars and that there would be no summer trip to the Adirondacks.

Henry scratched his head thoughtfully as he remembered that only that morning Matilda had complained that it was so hot she hadn't slept a wink all night and unless she went to the mountains or the seashore she thought she would die.

"Y'know, W. B.," Henry began, "the thing that's holdin' this country back"—Henry paused for dramatic effect—"is the gol-darn' women!"

Nash looked up quickly.

"The women," Henry continued, "are bad losers. They've forgot about the old days when they did their own dishes. Most of 'em act like their husbands lost money on purpose to spite 'em. Make each one of 'em realize that she ain't the only one in the world that's got troubles and you can buy a thousand Steel and make some dough on it. How can you expect men to start to work full of pep when their wives—" He pointed suddenly toward an undistinguished car that had stopped alongside the platform. "Look! Look!" he whispered. "There's what I mean!"

THE woman driving was a bit disheveled and her face was drawn. She had risen early, but not early enough to fix her hair and use lipstick before she took her husband to the station.

"It's the McCanns," said Henry in a low tone. "He used to be a big contractor."

McCann kissed his wife and stepped out of the car.

"Good-by, sweetheart," he said merrily. "Thanks for bringing me."

"Um," grunted Mrs. McCann sulkily, and let in the clutch. The car roared down the road in second gear, spitting indignant clouds of smoke toward Mr. McCann, who stood watching it, merry no longer.

"What'd I tell you?" Henry demanded.

"That proves nothing."

"They're all like that. Bet you ten dollars to one the same thing happens when the next car drives up."

"Very well," said Nash. "Here comes a car. We'll see."

"Right," said Henry. He looked down the road at an old roadster that was having trouble making the grade. It carried a young man and a young woman.

"Hey, listen!" Henry protested. "Not *that* car! No bets on that one!"

"You said the next car. That's the one we're betting on. What's the matter?"

"Gee whiz," Henry moaned. "I would have luck like that." He took out his wallet and handed Nash a ten-dollar bill. "You win."

"But—"

"I know how those folks will act. That's Tom Cunningham and his wife!"

The car stopped only a few feet from Henry. After Tom Cunningham had stepped out, his tiny, fair-haired wife leaned out and kissed him again.

"Go get 'em, big boy!" she said, giving him a playful punch on the chin.

"Watch me, honey," he replied.

"Hello, Mr. Wiggins," she called.

"Hello, Mary," he answered. "How's tricks?"

"Swell. Got to get back and weed my radishes. 'By."

"So long, beautiful," said Cunningham.

"Seems to be a very nice girl," said W. B. Nash, pocketing the ten dollars.

"One in a million," said Henry. He called to Cunningham. "Come here, Tom, I want you to meet Mr. Nash. . . ."

ON THE train they turned over a seat and sat together.

Tom Cunningham was tall and broad-shouldered, not much more than twenty-five years old, and his smile was a perfect guarantee that he was all right.

"How goes, Tom?" Henry asked.

Tom grinned. "Might be worse, Mr. Wiggins. But I've only got my job until a week from Saturday."

"Gee, Tom," Henry sympathized. "That's tough." He explained to Nash, "Tom's with an advertising agency."

"I'm not sunk yet, though, Mr. Wiggins." Tom set his teeth and pounded a palm with a fist. "If I can get a new account, I'll hold the job—and I'm on the trail of a live one! Ever hear of the Southern Pennsylvania Home Products Association?"

Henry shook his head.

"A LOT of farmers and men from small towns," Tom explained. "They're going out to put on a newspaper advertising campaign in New York and sell stuff direct from farm to consumer—eggs, chickens, bake-oven cheese, water-ground corn meal, jellies, all sorts of things."

"Good idea," said Nash.

"I hope you get it," said Henry.

"I haven't much chance, Mr. Wiggins, but I'm fighting. Their committee is in New York, with their wives, and four or five big agencies have been giving them the old high pressure—theaters, night clubs, banquets and all that. I can't compete with that sort of thing because my boss is hard up for cash. He doesn't think there's a chance in the world to get the account and won't allow me any expense money."

"Um," said Henry thoughtfully. "I was in a spot like that in St. Louis once. Tryin' to sell our line to a bunch of butchers. I sold 'em by invitin' 'em out to a supper of Matilda's fried catfish. The big packers had worn them out with musical comedies and fancy food. They were plain folks and liked plain entertainment. That's what did it—good old fried catfish. Mary fry good catfish?"

Tom shook his head. "But she makes marvelous chocolate cake—with pecans and marshmallows on top!"

"We'll start with Mrs. Nash's rubber plant," said Henry. "When you're out borro'in' you

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"Oh, boy!" said Henry. "Marshmallows and pecans! Why wouldn't that work just as good as fried catfish? Take it from me, son, I'm a small-town fellow and I know. I bet the people on this committee and their wives are sick to death of night clubs."

"Mr. Wiggins," said Tom, his eyes sparkling, "you have one of the greatest business minds the world has ever known! . . ."

HENRY WIGGINS came home early the next afternoon for his regular Wednesday golf. His pretty daughter Dorothy met him at the station to drive him to the Country Club.

"Well!" she greeted him severely, as he climbed into the car. "You're a fine adviser for an erratic young man!"

"Me?" Henry gave her a blank look. "What'd I do?"

"Mary Cunningham." Dorothy swung the car into the main highway and started for the club at fifty miles an hour.

"What about Mary Cunningham? Hey! Look out for that truck!"

"It's all your fault! Tom called her up as soon as he got into town yesterday and said you told him he'd get that farm products account if he invited people out to eat chocolate cake. Mary said fine and they'd have the party Friday night."

"Well, what's the matter with that?"

"You don't know Tom, Dad. He goes goofy. He got so excited about how Mary's cake would fix everything up that he invited the whole committee and their friends and their wives!"

"What of it?"

"What of it! He invited forty-eight people! Forty-eight people in that little cottage with a dining-room that could hardly seat ten and a living-room that isn't as big as a two-car garage!"

"Gosh!" breathed Henry. "I never thought of that!"

"You men! Neither did Tom. When he realized what he'd done he said he'd call it all off today. That would surely ruin his chances—inviting people to dinner and then telling them he'd changed his mind—so Mary said to wait. She's certain you'll think of some way to fix it up."

"Me?" gasped Henry. "Me fix it up?"

"You," Dorothy nodded.

"Mary said that?"

"Well, Mary told Tom to wait, maybe they could think of something, and I met her on the street this morning and she told me all about it and I said for her not to worry, because you were a grand old fixer and since you got her into this, you'd see that everything came out O. K."

"Oh, you did, did you?"

"Yes. So Mary said, all right, she wouldn't worry any longer."

"Listen here, young lady!" Henry protested. "I didn't get her into this! How'd I know a rattle-brained kid would go nuts and—"

"If you hadn't suggested it," Dorothy said firmly, as they drew up in front of the Country Club, "it never would have happened." She stopped the car.

"Now look here, I'm out of this! I got troubles of my own—your mother wantin' to go to the Adirondacks and—and—" He looked at the clubhouse. "I wonder." He thought for a moment. "Tell you what I'll do. Tom doesn't belong to this club but I can fix it. They can have their gol-darn' party here."

He slammed the car door. He added: "You drive right around and tell Mary, and don't bother me any more."

"What," said Dorothy, "will they use for money?"

"I'll pay for it," said Henry grouchily. "Now get along about your business."

"Come here, old Rain-in-the-Face," Dorothy commanded.

Puzzled, Henry stepped close to the door. She reached through the open window, seized one of his ears, drew him toward her and kissed him.

"You're a swell dad," she said.

BUT the problem was not to be solved so easily. When Catfish Wiggins arrived home after his golf game, Dorothy reported that Mary Cunningham was tremendously grateful and almost cried but said that by no means could they accept Mr. Wiggins' offer.

"What are you and Dorothy plotting now?" asked Matilda.

Henry told her.

"And Dorothy blames me," he complained. "All I did was to tell this Cunningham kid how you helped me sell our line to those butchers. Remember that?"

"I'll never forget it," Matilda smiled reminiscently. "All the neighbors pitched in and helped me. We served supper out on the lawn, remember? I borrowed silverware and rubber plants and chairs and—"

"Why couldn't Mary Cunningham do that?" Henry exclaimed.

Matilda crushed him. In Engledale!" she said severely. "This isn't Missouri!"

"Well, then," Henry had a brilliant thought, "let 'em use our house."

"I thought of that," said Dorothy. "I suggested it to Mary."

"Without asking me?" Matilda Wiggins exclaimed.

Dorothy nodded. "Yep. But Mary wouldn't do that either."

"Gosh!" said Henry hopelessly. "She's hard to please."

"Anyway," said Dorothy, "our house isn't big enough. We haven't enough silver and china and things. Think hard, Dad. You've just got to fix this."

Henry sank into an easy chair. "Let's see. This is Wednesday. The party is Friday night."

Matilda sat down and fanned herself disinterestedly with a handkerchief.

"It will probably be so hot tomorrow that we won't be able to play bridge on the sun porch," she said.

"Who's comin' to play bridge?" Henry asked quickly.

"The usual crowd. Why?"

"Who's the usual crowd?"

"Gladys Morrow-Smythe and Estelle Haverstraw and Ethel McCann and Harriet Nash and Alice Thompson. Let's see. Who else?"

"Engledale's high society, hey? I suppose that snooty Mrs. Cutter, too?"

Mrs. Wiggins ignored the adjective. "Yes. And Lillian Dresser. With me, that's eight."

"She's the one, ain't she, that threatened to leave her husband because he was going to cut her down to four servants?"

"Please don't say 'ain't,' Henry. Yes, she's the one. They've kept all the servants and are going to have a new limousine, too."

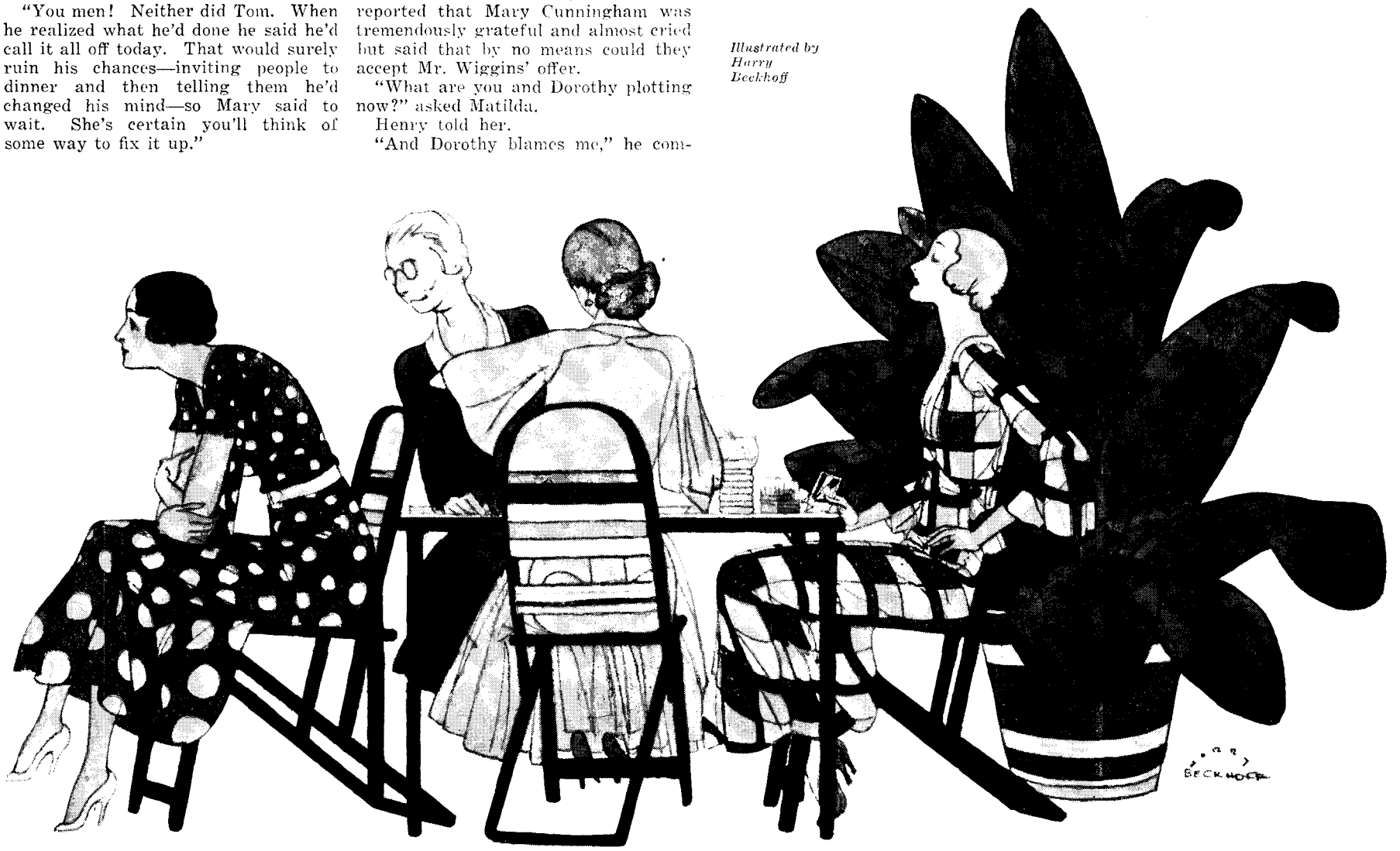
"OH, BOY! Won't Mrs. McCann turn green! Saw her at the station yesterday, sore as a boiled owl because she had to be her own chauffeur. That's a hot bunch of gals you travel with. Every one—except Mrs. Nash—has got a husband that's mighty near broke, yet they're tryin' to keep up a front. Their husbands are smilin' and strugglin' along but they complain all day long."

"Henry, you're ridiculous. They're the most important women in Engledale."

"Ha! What is it the real estate men call Engledale—'The Community of Gentlefolk.' Know what happened? Mary Cunningham came here a bride a couple years ago, from Boulder, Colorado, where neighbors are somethin' more than folks that live next door. She made a chocolate cake one day—Tom told me about it—and it looked so good that she thought maybe a neighbor would like half of it. She crawled through the hedge that cuts her back yard off from Morrow-Smythe's and took half the cake to the front door and asked for your fat friend Gladys. The butler asked her what she wanted and she said she had some cake for Mrs. Morrow-Smythe and he took the message and came back and said that Mrs. Morrow-Smythe said she had plenty of cake.

(Continued on page 36)

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



always start with a rubber plant. Then I want a lot of tables—card tables—and chairs and—"

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Taking Allowances

The United States Government is paying pensions to three hundred and seventy-five thousand ex-service men for disabilities incurred in civil life; the number is increasing hourly; and once a beneficiary, always a beneficiary. Hospitalization is another sizable problem: it will soon cost us two hundred million dollars a year. That's part of the picture. Here Mr. Davenport shows you how things are going and why

By Walter Davenport

AT ELEVEN o'clock on the morning of November the eleventh, nineteen eighteen, Private Joe Bennett, who had been sharing a seeping shell hole with me in the ooze of the Bois-de-Dommartin, arose with an air of finality. He uttered a series of nicely practiced, all-inclusive oaths, lit a cigarette and knocked his hands together several times in the manner of a man knocking off work.

"Unless the boys at headquarters are cockeyed as usual," said Private Bennett, looking down at me, "school's out."

I was still squatted in the mud, having a foolishly hard time of it trying to convince myself that the war was over—that at least hostilities had ceased.

"Some morning!" observed Private Bennett. "Listen, have you any idea where a couple of guys could get a drink—say a case of cognac?"

To our right and left and behind us lay eight hundred thousand American doughboys, massed on the line and in support, preparing to jump off on the morning of the thirteenth for the German frontier from Luxembourg to Switzerland. Nothing approximating this number had ever before been assembled for concerted offense under the Stars and Stripes. Far to the south, in the S. O. S., were a million three hundred thousand men ready to come to our aid with food and ammunition. Incidentally, this mobilization in the zone of fire was the utmost of American possibility at the time. While the United States had about four million three hundred thousand men in uniform, only these two million one hundred thousand got to France.

At any rate, the war collapsed with that last long reverberating roar. It halted like a speeding motor car hitting a stone wall. And then, to dispense with certain formalities and details, there remained little to do except pick up the pieces and go home. In Paris a few generals and field marshals forgathered to do some preliminary talking about demobilization.

The prevailing opinion had it that there must be no haste, that the Allied forces must be kept intact, keyed to the fighting pitch in the event that forlorn Germany be not so forlorn after all. She might, they feared, be stalling like a tricky boxer luring his opponent to carelessness, and she might come back for a final berserk charge the moment our backs were turned. But a Frenchman named Joffre shook his great white head, saying, in effect, that if it were necessary to call the weary regiments of France, England and America to battle again—well, God help us!

It was a long, weary hike, that return of the American soldier, and a disillusioning one. Among the pieces to be picked up were one hundred and twenty-six thousand dead men—killed in action or dead of their wounds—and two hundred and thirty-nine thousand wounded. Wounded and missing. No one was ever quite sure what had become of the missing, or why they were missing, or where they had gone. But three hundred and sixty thousand—perhaps a few more—was our dead and wounded oblation to the cause. It was trifling compared with the losses of England, France and Germany, who had been at it four years. Our active part in the war lasted just about six months.

Ten Thousand a Year

Keeping the foregoing statistics in mind, let us hurdle the fourteen years since that robust morning in 1918 and see how the casualties have grown. Today well over three hundred thousand ex-service men are drawing compensations for disabilities, presumed to be due to their military or naval service. The vast preponderance of medical authorities assure us that it is virtually impossible for a man to come down with disease today and trace its inception back to the war. However, we shall continue to deal with fact and not theory.

One may see in these allotments a certain virtue. Suppose the best medical advice in America and Europe were wrong. Suppose it is quite possible for a man with gastritis, rheumatism, arthritis, infected sinuses, flat feet, tuberculosis, neuritis or a floating kidney to trace his ailment to his war service. Be that as it may, we are paying these belated war casualties more than two hundred and five million dollars a year. These compensated men, all tracing their physical misfortunes to their service, have increased in numbers from a hundred and seventy-four thousand in 1922. Among them are thousands of those wounded survivors who were among the pieces we picked up before coming home. And among them are thousands who have come down with a hundred and one diseases and ailments within the past two or three years—so long after the war that even the Veterans Administration doctors (almost all of whom are themselves pensioners) admit the connection with military service is inconceivable. But there they are.

Already this class of compensated men exceeds the number of dead and wounded in the war. And they are increasing at the rate of ten thousand a year. Whether we shall ever see anyone with the courage and the wisdom to go amongst them, weeding out the true war-connected from the questionables and outright gold-brickers, is somewhat doubtful. To tamper with this class of veteran might easily work cruel injustice to the only veterans who should be supported—the real war casualties. So there *we* are.

But where courage, and courage alone, would come in handy is in that department of the Veterans Administration that contains the names and records of three hundred and seventy-five thousand ex-service men who are drawing pensions of from twelve to forty dollars a month for disabilities admittedly not connected with their war service.

A Confidential Report

Thousands of them never heard a shell explode nor saw France nor a military enemy. Among them are fifteen thousand men who were not in the war at all but were among those enlisted between November 11, 1919, and July 2, 1921 (when official peace was declared), to garrison our coast defenses and relieve war veterans at Coblenz. They are suffering from everything from astigmatism and inferiority complexes (called social inaptitude in the records) to tuberculosis, psychoses of various characters and plain age. The government is actually paying thousands of these men for no better reason than that they are older today than they were when drafted.

The majority of these non-service pensioners did not get overseas, and only a relatively few of them got into the zone of fire. With an eye on the future, large numbers of these three hundred and seventy-five thousand are making repeated if inglorious efforts to be transferred to the more dignified service-connected class because there is

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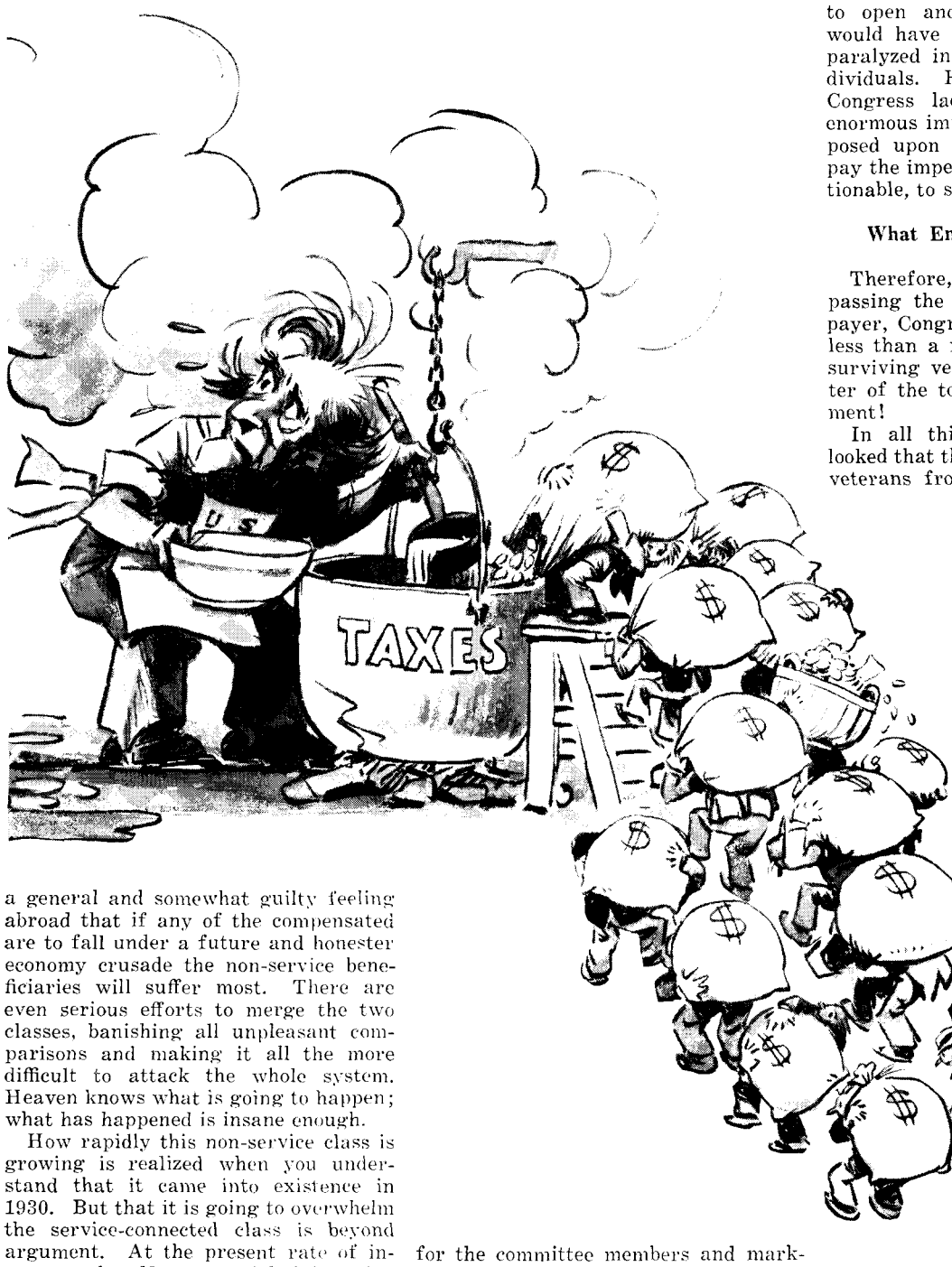
Under the present laws the veteran whose compensation is based on war-incurred injuries gets less than half of the total. The portion of the non-service vet is increasing steadily



a general and somewhat guilty feeling abroad that if any of the compensated are to fall under a future and honester economy crusade the non-service beneficiaries will suffer most. There are even serious efforts to merge the two classes, banishing all unpleasant comparisons and making it all the more difficult to attack the whole system. Heaven knows what is going to happen; what has happened is insane enough.

How rapidly this non-service class is growing is realized when you understand that it came into existence in 1930. But that it is going to overwhelm the service-connected class is beyond argument. At the present rate of increase, the Veterans Administration expects to be paying pensions to five hundred and sixty-one thousand ex-service men by June 30, 1933, for disabilities incurred in civil life and unrelated to any military service. Moreover, the injuries and maladies may be incurred in a speakeasy, at a work bench, while fighting cops or while bootlegging or walking down the church steps. Anything. Anywhere. Such is the law.

Two years ago, just before Congress faced the November elections of 1930, a survey of World War veterans' relief was made by the Pensions Committee of the House of Representatives. The work was actually done by a subcommittee and it undertook among other things to compare what the United States is doing for her veterans with what Europe does. The report amazed even those old-timers in Congress who were supposed to be immune to shock. It was at once suppressed by the astonishing process of printing a few copies for the committee members and marking them CONFIDENTIAL.

When other members of Congress sought it, they were informed correctly that there were no more copies and that the type had been destroyed. The public printer did not have even the original copy. Frankly, Congress was extremely anxious that the report be kept from the taxpaying public, which, were it acquainted with the facts, might revolt. And such a revolt might mean not only the defeat of a number of congressmen but a demand for an investigation into veterans' affairs.

A curious thing happened. That confidential report completely obliterated party lines. Although a Republican document, it frightened both sides. It contained as much dynamite for Democrats as it did for the administration. A Democrat can be just as fearful of veteran reprisals as a Republican—more so, according to Republicans. But on several occasions when Democrats sought to make use of its contents they were told by their own party colleagues to "lay off." And insurgent Republicans obeyed similar injunctions from the regulars.

Since then much of the secrecy enveloping the report has been dispelled. The only mystery remaining is why Congress made the survey at all—unless, of course, it hoped thereby to justify its own liberality.

It was quite well known then in Congress that the country was headed for the current economic crisis. Already it was being conceded that unprecedented deficits in the public funds were about to open and that war-time taxation would have to be levied upon already paralyzed industries and bankrupt individuals. Hardly any member of Congress lacked the knowledge that enormous imposts would have to be imposed upon a public whose ability to pay the impending taxes would be questionable, to say the least.

What England and France Did

Therefore, hoping for the best and passing the whole burden to the taxpayer, Congress proceeded to grant, to less than a million of the four million surviving veterans, more than a quarter of the total income of the government!

In all this controversy it is overlooked that there are about three million veterans from whom the public hears nothing. They make no demands upon the treasury aside from their bonus claims.

They are not organized, maintain no lobbies and, until Congress made it almost impossible for a veteran to escape some sort of gratuity, manifested no interest in compensations of any sort.

This suppressed report showed that while the United States had mobilized four million three hundred and fifty-five thousand men for the war and had a dead-and-wounded list of three hundred and sixty thousand, it was spending 26.1 per cent of its income upon veterans and their families. But England (not the British Empire) was giving the veterans only 5.8 per cent of its income, although it had mustered six million six hundred thousand men for service and had three million dead and wounded. And France, whose armies aggregated eight million four hundred and ten thousand men and whose dead and wounded amounted to five million six hundred and twenty-three thousand, was granting 17.5 per cent of her income to her veterans. The report included surveys of the German and Italian situations, too; but this is enough to show its nature.

To emphasize the situation just a trifle more, it was revealed that England, granting pensions and compensations only to those whose injuries are directly and provably traceable to the war, has steadily decreased her veterans' budget year by year. Thus far since 1914 she has spent on veterans and the dependents of veterans—for everything—less than four billion dollars. We have spent more than five and a half billion. Since 1914 France has spent two and a half billion dollars. The only difference seems to be (and this was set forth in the suppressed report) that the European countries are compensating only those whose current condition is without question due to actual war service.

Canada, whose dead totaled approximately fifty-seven thousand and a hundred and fifty thousand of whose soldiers were wounded, has confined herself to succoring only the service-connected disabled and their dependents. She has spent just three hundred and seventy million dollars.

That gives you the idea. The amazing thing is that nobody has been able to convince the American veteran that he himself is bearing the brunt of the burden. Inasmuch as the veterans' program pursued by Congress is wholly typical of the Congressional mind in other fiscal matters, the veteran himself is paying in a resultant unemployment, and presently, in happier days, will return to work at reduced wages, because his employer will be shifting a large part of the increased taxation to the pay roll.

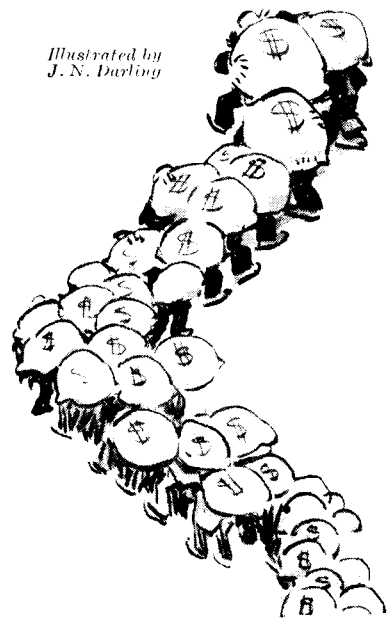
About the same time as the confidential report was being compiled, President Hoover's admiration for inquiring commissions prompted him to ask that a survey be made of veteran hospitalization. Particular emphasis was to be laid upon the future. It was made, and then it was Mr. Hoover's turn to be shocked. No publicity was given this report either, but it has not been noticeable that the facts produced have been used to introduce rationalism into the veteran program.

The Next Twenty Years

The idea was to estimate the cost of hospitalizing the veteran during the ensuing twenty years—an ever-increasing cost, inasmuch as the veterans applying for treatment for illnesses and injuries incurred in private life greatly outnumber those whose maladies and wounds are traceable to the war.

Basing their computations upon the mortality tables of the great insurance companies, it was adduced that by 1950 a million veterans will have died. As the veteran (or any other man) gets older his ability to withstand sickness diminishes. The average age of the veteran in 1930 was thirty-eight. In 1950 it will be fifty-eight and a correspondingly increased demand for hospitalization will naturally arise. Inasmuch as

(Continued on page 16)



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Illustrated by Joseph Simont

He was discovered by a footman with a candle

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WE HAD been talking of all sorts of crimes and had gotten around to discussing hold-ups and burglaries, when old Dr. Sorbier spoke up. "Burglary," he said, "is a nefarious business, of course. On the other hand, it does not seem to me so base as some other acts. For my part, I can think of no type of criminal more contemptible than the man who—while risking practically nothing—seduces virtue and destroys innocence. Even though the provocation be very great, such a crime can scarcely be forgiven. Yet I have known and loved one man who was guilty of this transgression—ordinarily so sordid and so cruel—and I have found it in my heart to forgive him. I will tell you about him and you shall judge if I am too lenient."

The old gentleman paused to polish his spectacles, and then proceeded:

OUR grandfathers used to say of a certain kind of man that he never met a cruel woman. This young man of whom I speak was of the type. Bold, heedless and ardent—a scamp, but a lovable one—he lived for nothing but pleasure and excitement. Women had spoiled him, gambling had taken his small fortune. At the time of this story he was reduced to living in barracks at Versailles on nothing but his pay as an army officer. Yet his charm was of such an irresistible quality that the world of fashion and pleasure was still at his feet. He moved freely in brilliant company.

He made me his confidant in everything and I knew him as I know the palm of my hand, for he was perfectly transparent and incapable of successful guile. He had the forthright, uncomplicated nature of a child. In spite of his faults I loved him—perhaps I loved him because of them. We were not related, and yet I might have been his indulgent uncle and he my wayward nephew.

I was acquainted with all his escapades. He seemed to take much pleasure in telling me of his latest misconduct—although he always observed the formality of naming some imaginary friend to play the leading rôle. But I knew well enough that the gallant adventures whose savory details he poured into my ear concerned nobody but himself. And I listened, when I should have reproved and admonished him. To tell the truth, his vigor, his ardent gayety, his very scorn of consequences captivated me, even made me envy him. It was my duty to warn him. I hadn't the heart for it, though.

Then suddenly, as I might have foreseen, the unfortunate chap fell in love—real love. It was the first time, and he was unprepared. He succumbed. The object of this exalted passion was a girl he had met in a cotillion, a charming creature, of excellent family and brilliant prospects, but a spoiled darling.

The girl, on her side, loved him with a violence quite unbridled. Loved him, did I say? She adored him. She was overwhelmed, enraptured. And being completely spoiled, as I have said, and consequently neurotic and willful, she was determined to win him on any terms. Knowing that marriage to him—because of her family—was impossible, she abandoned every scruple and resolved to make him her lover.

AT FIRST he resisted stubbornly, like the honorable fellow that at heart he was. But she persisted, assailed him on every hand, made pretexts for daily meetings, wrote him impassioned letters, taught him the taste of her lips. Day by day, little by little, she weakened his defenses. She won him at last—she was bound to win.

After that he scaled her garden wall nightly. He would climb the wall, creep through the shadows of the garden like a veritable housebreaker, enter by the servants' door. Then, shoes in hand, along a narrow corridor, stealthily up the broad staircase, and so to his mistress' chamber.

One night he came late to their rendezvous. In his haste he stumbled over a chair in the hall at the foot of the stairs. It made the devil of a row in the quiet house. Family and servants instantly awoke. The poor chap found retreat cut off in every direction. At such a time, most of us would lose our presence of mind. This man did not. Seeing that capture was inevitable and that the guilty secret of the woman he adored was about to be revealed, he resolved in an instant to sacrifice his person and his reputation for her sake. His plan was to pass as a common thief. Thus his presence in the house could be explained without any trace of scandal.

He darted into the drawing-room, snatched up whatever bits of bric-a-brac his groping hands encountered, stuffed this hasty booty into his pockets, then made a pretense of cowering under the grand piano.

There he was discovered by a footman with a candle. Servants crowded in, overpowered him, and marched him by the collar to the nearest police station. The pantomime of terror, which he assumed deliberately, scarcely expressed the appalling consternation in his heart, but he kept up the show all through the preliminary formalities. When he went on trial his defense was as feeble as he could make it. He was condemned, of course, suffered the torment of military degradation, saw his honor as a man stripped from him, and heard the gates of prison clang behind him. All this he bore with exemplary courage, uncomplaining.

HIS end came in prison. He died there of hopelessness and a broken heart. With his last breath only, he uttered the name of the woman for whom he had sacrificed everything. It sounded like a benediction on his lips.

His will was brought to me by the priest who shrove him. The will mentioned no names, nor gave any other clue to the identity of his beloved. It explained his downfall, however, relating in substance the story I have just told you. Thus I know that he was innocent; that he died a martyr to love.

As I say, I do not know who the girl in the case may have been. But I like to imagine that she is now honorably married and the mother of several children. I like to imagine her thus, and to believe that she is rearing her children with a firm hand, after the pious tradition of older and better times.

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Up Stick and Run!

You can't beat the sea for peril and hardship —nor the men of the sea for courage to face them

By S. B. H. Hurst

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

THE men of the mate's watch of the barque Kenyon went below at noon. The "peggy" for the day, a gnarled seaman, brought in the mess tin of salt horse, another of pea soup, and the nine men of the watch drank their soup and wrestled with the beef and hard-tack—colloquially known as "Liverpool Pantiles," a difficult species of biscuit.

"In all my times round the Horn never did I see such weather," mumbled the sailor who had brought the grub into the forecastle. "The old Cape Stiff ain't what it used to be. It's getting gentle, somehow. Here we be, in the dead of winter, dark afore eight bells in the afternoon watch—with the sea a flat calm and no wind! It don't seem natural!"

A red-headed sailor stopped chewing for a moment to growl:

"'Ave you lorst yer bloody mind?"

"No, Cockney, I ain't! Blast you!"

"Been stealin' 'medical comforts' from the steward's pantry when he wasn't lookin', then—you talk like you was drunk!"

"Wish I was! Shut up!"

"'E says, 'e does, that there never was such weather as this orf the 'Orn. . . . Crazy!"

"I never said that!"

The interminable argument ran on. Sailors in the old-time sailing ships had but one amusement, and that was to argue about every conceivable thing in the universe.

Another sailor entered the fray—from another angle. "That big albatross is still mucking around!"

"Yes," said another. "And the Old Man was trying to catch it all morning!"

"He shouldn't do that, as ye all know," said the first speaker, one Gillet. "That's a bad ghost bird. . . . And I'm here to tell ye that old man Jones there won't have many more complaints about the weather—afore this time tomorrer he'll say Cape Horn is as bad as ever it was!"

"I don't like the looks of that bird myself," agreed another man.

"Seventeen feet if he's an inch from wing tip to wing tip," went on Gillet. "When he was alive he was bad, he was! Now he's dead he's worse."

GILLET did not mean that the albatross was dead, as a bird. He was referring to the oldest of sea superstitions—the belief that when a sailor died in south latitudes his soul entered into an albatross; the belief that it was unlucky to annoy or catch that albatross; that if the bird were caught (with salt pork floated astern on a cork and a piece of triangular tin) disaster would follow.

"The Old Man ought not to have bothered the bird—I admit that," said Jones. "He ought to know better. Maybe it will bring bad weather. But what's bad weather? We're used to it."

"But what's coming now is worse than bad weather!" Gillet spoke ominously. "There's things in this 'ere world you can't fool with—if yer want to live! You can't steal from a church or whistle in a graveyard—and ye can't bother a albatross, specially a big one. The bigger the badder—as ye all know!"

The barque rolled gently. A chill breath came into the forecastle from the cosmos of the eternity of sailors. Jones and others nodded gravely.

"Yer right, mate!"

There were some few more words from tired men, after which the forecastle became quiet. . . . Deep breathing and the sound of the old ship. . . .

A man of the second mate's watch flung open the door of the forecastle, put in his head and shouted: "One bell! Turn out, you sleepers!"

The watch had passed. It was a quarter to four in the afternoon. . . . In the forecastle was a drab, dark twilight. Midwinter off the Horn. The men of the mate's watch got out of their bunks, surly with insufficient sleep.

The man of the second mate's watch continued to talk. "The Old Man caught that big albatross," he remarked. "It's flopping around on the poop now. . . . It ain't hurt, but it can't get started to fly off the deck—as you know."

"What's the Old Man going to do with it?" asked Gillet.

"Gawd knows!"

A voice, that of the second mate, roared along the deck: "Williams! What are you loafing there for?"

Williams left the forecastle door precipitately.

Eight bells struck. They went on deck.

"Relieve the wheel. Side lights out. . . . Hand on the lookout."

THE mate gave the order. Then he added: "Some of you get hold of that blasted albatross. Captain Prideau don't want it. Help it to fly away. Mind it don't bite your hands off. Its beak must be nine inches long! Throw the damned thing over the side, up in the air—so he can fly back to the wife of his bosim!"

Most of the mate's watch, grinning but cautious, tackled the great bird. It was no gentle job, for it is on record that in the Copley such a bird killed the captain's bull terrier. But eventually the big spread of wings was again aloft, its savage and ludicrous helplessness when on deck a thing of the past, and the men could return to normal duties.

"Bloody good thing we got rid of it. Bad luck if the Old Man had killed it," they were saying as they went down the poop ladder.

"Bad luck is coming, mark my words!" growled Gillet. . . .

At that moment Captain Prideau was anxiously scanning his barometer. It was dropping rapidly. It would be better to get the sail off her before the wind came. He went on deck and told the mate to shorten her down to the upper topsails and foresail. The job would keep the watch very busy until the end of the first dog-watch, which would be six o'clock.

The second mate's watch below drank their tea and ate their hard-tack and appreciated the captain's order—listening to the mate's watch toiling on the job.

The mate of a sailing ship seldom went aloft. So, with no officer on the yards, Gillet talked as he listed:

"Wot's he doing of? Don't he want to get around the Horn? Taking the sail off her when there ain't no wind and she's heading her course!"

"Well, what are ye going to do about it?" demanded the fat man.

Gillet, whose mood then was hatred of all the world, growled darkly: "You wait and see!"

THE wind was up and down the mast. . . . They pulled the lazy sails on the yards and turned the gasket around them. . . . They came down from aloft tired and, most of them, agreeing with Gillet.

Captain Prideau stuck his head out of the companionway.

"Get the two upper topsails off her, mister," he said to the second mate.

"Aye, aye, sir."

The second mate was somewhat startled, but he lifted a voice of remarkable

The fat sailor heaved, and he was a strong man

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"We demands," he said, "that you up stick and run for it. Unless you does we refuses to do another stroke of work"

resonance, shouting: "Fore-topsail downhaul!"

And his watch jumped to the order. The topsails were furled, leaving the Kenyon under the lowers, foresail and fore-topmast staysail. Captain Prideau took charge of the ship. As the second mate came aft again he heard the old man say:

"Hard up!"

"Hard up, sir!"

The man at the wheel, repeating and obeying the order, was as surprised as the second mate had been when told to furl the upper topsails. There was hardly any wind, but what there was of it was fair and the barque was heading her course. Now the old man was sending her off. . . . The compass card showed: S. W. . . . S. S. W. . . . S. W. . . . S. . . .

"Steady," shouted the captain. "Ah! . . . Here it comes, mister!"

The second mate, an observant youth anxious to get to the top of his profession, realized he had seen an act of super-seamanship and wind-and-weather judgment. For the wind came with a whine out of the west. If Prideau had not ordered the helm hard up the Kenyon would have been caught aback—a dangerous position for a sailing vessel, deadly if there is any wind to give her sternway. Unlike a steamer, a sailing ship cannot be "backed."

The wind came with a howl. It seemed to be raging because Prideau had outwitted it.

"Get that fore-topmast staysail off her, mister!"

"Fore-topmast staysail downhaul," shouted the husky second mate.

The wind increased with vicious rapidity. . . . Prideau waited until he saw that it had steadied. How well he knew those Cape Horn gales! It would blow without varying a degree in direction for days—maybe for weeks.

"Hard down!" he told the helmsman.

The first of the snow came down like a disintegrated blanket—a blanket of a size to cover all the world. Blown along the gale like mad particles whipped from the South Pole.

Captain Prideau went aft to the compass. The second mate came up the weather ladder.

"Call all hands, mister, and get the foresail off her!" the Old Man shouted.

SO THE Kenyon was snugged down, "head reaching" under her two lowers. After eight bells the mate's watch was on deck, grouped for shelter under the forecastle head. The snow was a blinding maniac amid which the wind shrieked hellish fancies. The seas were coming on board until men had to cling their way along the lee rail when moving fore and aft. Prideau had decided to hold on to the lower topsails for another four hours. The men were very tired and, like all sensible captains, he took good care of his men.

Gillet shifted the attack of his growling. It was all too obvious that the captain had been right in shortening sail before the wind came. "That albatross," he growled. "A living gale coming down on us right after the Old Man caught the bird!"

A sailor—a fat man with a humorous eye—laughed. "Fill yer mouth with tobacker and shut up!" he said.

"You don't believe it, eh?" went on Gillet.

The fat sailor did not answer.

"Of course he do believe it," interjected Jones. "All sailors does believe it—he just don't want to admit it 'cause he wants to make ye sore!"

"Correct!" said Gillet.

He felt that in Jones he had his first disciple. His brain warmed. Vague ideas whirled there. As yet the word *mutiny* lay germinating darkly. . . .

They had taken off more sail, and the wind was screaming through poles that were bare save for a goose-winged main lower topsail. A damp and gloomy forecastle.

"Like the Flying Dutchman," growled Gillet. "That old square-head cursed God or something, and was condemned to beat about the Cape of Good Hope for all eternity, and . . ."

The fat sailor interrupted cynically: "Mr. Gillet will now tell us what every boy going to sea on his first voyage knows his first week out. Tell us that if ye see old Vanderdecken's ship it ain't wise to look too long at it. And if the Dutchman puts a boat over and sends his mate with a letter—a letter to Van's wife in Amsterdam—it's sure death to take that letter. Seems to me, Gillet, that you're talking because ye *can't help it!*"

Gillet gasped at this oration. "I ain't saying the Flying Dutchman will meet us," he went on. "In the first place we're too far west of his cruising grounds. It's the—" he groped for words. . . . "It's the . . . it's the Curse that's on us, like it was put on the Dutchman . . . That albatross and all that come after!"

"Dowse the glim," the fat sailor said. "I want to go to sleep."

Some snores endorsed this. Gillet put the light out. If he could only get the fat man over to his "side," to agree with him.

The gale continued. Days passed into weeks with no let-up in the awful weather. Ice and snow, and the Kenyon making never a mile in the direction she wished to go—around Cape Horn. Gillet growled whenever he was awake. But he was polite to the fat sailor. . . . He wanted to get him on his "side."

The mate helped him. That officer, never a very wise man, now racked with neuritis as a result of wet and exposure, lost his calm at every slight irritation. So, the fat sailor, pulling his best on a rope, was treated to:

"Put your weight on that rope," from the mate, "and then you'll lose weight yourself!"

The remark was worse than unnecessary—it was unfair. The fat sailor was doing his best.

The mate looked at the men of his watch as if expecting a laugh at his wit. There was never a laugh. The tired, wet men stared ahead, saying no word. But Gillet was gloating in his soul. His chaotic ideas of starting trouble, if not mutiny, were coalescing into a plan. . . . And at last the influential fat sailor would be on his side—because of the mate's injustice.

THE weather appeared to grow worse. The wind stormed steadily from the west. The barque was getting nowhere—taking awful punishment. The sea and the wind mocked her—and tortured her crew. For seven weeks she had been drifting, tack after tack, wearing ship, but instead of gaining toward the west around the Horn, she had drifted to the east. San Francisco, her port of destination, was farther away than it had been when Prideau caught the albatross. . . . And half the time the heavy seas had filled the galley, making a fire impossible. No warm meals. No hot coffee. There was not a dry blanket on board the ship. Even in the captain's cabin the cold and sweat and sea had permeated. And Gillet continued to talk widely.

"But what?" The fat sailor no longer sneered. He merely asked: "But what is there to do about it? We can't shift the wind or change the weather, can we?"

"No, old feller—we can't. But . . ." Suddenly Gillet felt himself inspired. A brilliant idea! "But we can go aft and demand that the Old Man up stick and run for it. . . . After that . . . "

(Continued on page 38)

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THE gallery sees Tommy Armour play an iron shot 220 yards with what looks to be a mere slash of the hands, but the gallery doesn't know just how Armour got that way. He even fooled Jack Dempsey.

Dempsey has always been proud of his two iron maulers. They are strong and thick and have never broken down on him in a fight, despite his continued and heavy punching. So Dempsey was surprised to run across a golfer with much stronger hands than he had. When the argument started Armour asked Dempsey to place the small end of a billiard cue between two fingers and keep the cue parallel to the floor. Dempsey couldn't do it. The heavy end sagged at once. Armour then held three cues in one hand without any trouble, keeping the heavy ends on a straight line.

Armour was smart enough to know that strong hands and strong fingers are big factors in a golf swing. So he devised a number of exercises to build up hand-and-finger strength. He gave one of these exercises to Gene Tunney, who at that time was having serious trouble with both hands. He had Tunney take a golf ball in each hand, pressing it or squeezing it for thirty minutes at a time, bringing every finger into play. Tunney added axe-swinging to this much simpler exercise and from that point on he had no fist trouble of any sort.

There are always a number of these details connected with a champion or a championship performance that are unknown to the crowd at large.

It was not until after the finish of the last U. S. Open golf championship that I knew the part a flight of steps played in Sarazen's finishing march. Sarazen knew that with the British Open and the U. S. Open coming only a short while apart he would need extra leg development to be ready for the double test. "I have a long flight of steps on my place at Great Neck," Tommy Meighan said, "and when Gene was staying with me I could see him every morning running up and down this outdoor stairway. I could not figure it out until he explained the importance of leg development in a big championship, where tired legs and tired hands mean the end of smoothness, power and rhythm. I know I used to get tired watching those stocky legs romp up and down those steps, day after day. I figured then that he had earned a championship."

There is always an extra touch needed when you build champions. Any number of people have wondered why it is that Southern California turns out so many young tennis stars. In the last two years the development of the game in this California sector has been remarkable. Those in charge of tennis in this district knew the importance of the right mental pattern. That is one thing every competitor must have, if he or she is going anywhere in a favored game. So the Southern California tennis solons had motion pictures made of leading players—stars with correct form. These pictures were sent to all the junior clubs. Every kid tennis player between the ages of ten and sixteen had a chance to see just how champions handle a racket.

They also had a chance to see themselves in action and to note the mistakes they had made. Ellsworth Vines was in this list. He came East practically unknown. On his second visit he was the tennis champion of the United States—America's main reliance in the Davis Cup tests. Vines is among those who were given the right pattern to follow.

Movies Don't Lie

There isn't any question but that motion picture instruction, especially when slow movies are taken, can be of great benefit. Here is one example: There was a certain football player on the Yale team last fall who had failed to come up to expectations the year before. He was also failing to hit his stride in 1931. When the argument among several Yale coaches became acute, slow-motion pictures were run off. He had not been blocking in the right way. From the sidelines he appeared to be getting his man all right—but the camera proved that he was missing too often. With this fault corrected, he finished as one of the stars of the season—certainly one of the leading stars of the Harvard-Yale battle.

I had an interesting talk with Barry Wood, one of Harvard's greatest athletes, along this line. "If any one is really interested in trying to reach the peak of any game," Wood said, "he must study the extra touch or the extra details that are needed to make a first-rank player. I don't believe that most college students are interested in being among those in the top flight. They just like to play games and do the best they can. No one can have any quarrel with this idea. It may be the most wholesome idea that one can follow. But there are always others who are not content merely to play a game for the fun they get. These want to improve—to work and study and train—to reach the top if they can. I think this is the most interesting side of sport, even if you never reach your goal. There is always a thrill in trying to climb to the top of a mountain—even if you never get there. And this means something extra—not the routine."

Tommy Armour's hands proved to be stronger than Jack Dempsey's two iron maulers

Rotofotos

Graded by Inches

Few realize the importance of small details when one gets into championship class. I was discussing this point recently with Ely Culbertson, the noted bridge expert. The discussion had nothing to do with bridge. The point was that Mr. Culbertson had a brother who gave promise of being one of the great violin players of the world. When he came to a certain point in his development there was no further improvement. There were many things he could do on a par with the masters. But there was a flaw somewhere along the line.

He went to Europe to see what the trouble was and found, from one of the veteran Austrian teachers, that he had been holding an elbow just an inch or two out of line. Apparently it was a minor flaw. But it was enough to block progress at a certain point where one was competing with champions.

Every competitor must have this idea in mind: a fault can be corrected, but a habit is a harder job to handle—almost an impossible job. A habit rests in the subconscious mind, where it may lie dormant until some crisis arrives. Then it takes control of any conscious effort.

Bobby Jones was telling me about a championship where for the first nine holes he found that his left toe had been pointing too much towards the right foot—only an inch or so. But it was enough to block his swing at the moment of impact. The shift of just an inch or a trifle more in one foot meant a world of difference.

There are certain details that might be compared to fundamentals. They demand care and that extra touch.

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"Zingo!"

The highly diverting adventures of three gay old bucks who become possessed of a truly remarkable elixir

By Guy Gilpatric

THE month was June, the sea purple, and the breeze mild. Luncheon finished, the Brice family—Mr., Mrs. and Miss Barbara—were seated on the terrace of their château on the crags above Beaulieu, obstructing with outspread newspapers a view which included even the peaks of Corsica, a hundred miles away. It was a view to make you gasp; but after four or five months of gasping, Mr. Martin Brice had run out of wind, and found himself hankering for the restricted vista of the City Trust Building which for so many years had greeted his eye from his office in Wall Street.

It was almost a year since he had yielded to Mrs. Brice's blandishments and retired. He had seen it coming for a long, long time, but when it finally came it was a shocking wrench, like cutting out cigars. And now here he was in France, with a pleasant view to look at, pleasant things to drink, pleasant companions to drink with, three swell courses to shoot golf on, but without a single business interest to talk about. Talking business, getting right down to the figures, had always been the thing he enjoyed most, and a treasurer's report was to him as a trumpet to the war horse. Thus, despite his genial environment, Mr. Brice felt sharp twinges of nostalgia for a good old smoke-filled directors' room, with little pads and brand-new pencils on the table, and a chart-covered wall and a poor squirming sales manager to point his finger at and bellow, "All right, Mr. Rip Van Winkle, or whatever your name is, how many high-salaried men have you got sleeping in our south-midwestern territory now?"

Mr. Brice was conference-starved, that was his trouble. He felt that he must talk business, if only in the abstract and with his womenfolk, with the butler, with anybody! He shifted his feet from the terrace railing to the rim of an antique Provençal oil jar large enough to have accommodated five per cent of Ali Baba's forty thieves, and rustled his newspaper tentatively. "Well," he observed, which was as good a start as any, "the pound took it on the chin again."

A LONG minute passed without this news causing either of the ladies to call for her smelling salts, so Mr. Brice grunted and turned the page. They were, he realized, too deeply engrossed in the rumored arrival in Nice of the Grand Duke Izstvan and in the party thrown by the Countess Figgi-Figgi at the Méditerranée, to care whether the pound was a variety of cake or a place to put stray dogs. Nevertheless, the mood was strong upon him, so he tried again.

"Oh, gosh!" he said. "See here what they did to call money yesterday! Well, with things the way they are, and freight-car loadings thirty-two per cent off for the last quarter, I'll bet the boys at home are doing some fancy head-scratching right now!"

Young Miss Brice emitted a sharp, pained cry. "Father!" she shuddered. "Father! Please!"

"Please what?" inquired Mr. Brice, glowing with gratitude for even this puny meed of attention.

"Oh, you're—you're positively vulgar!" declared his daughter, shuddering again. "Scratching their heads . . . ugh, the revolting imagery of it!"

"Ugh!" echoed Mrs. Brice, casting down her paper. "Revolting, indeed!" She had just discovered that the announcement of the party she was giving that night was set in agate type at the very bottom of the column, and that her name was misspelled. "Yes, Martin, you're unspeakably, hopelessly vulgar! And look, look, there you are, lolling around again with the top of your trousers undone! Now, how many times, Martin Brice, how many times must I . . ."

"Aw, shucks!" he retorted rebelliously, nevertheless fumbling to rectify the fault. "Can't I even be comfortable after din—"

"—Luncheon," Miss Barbara interjected severely.

". . . All right, after luncheon, then! But what's two pants buttons, anyway? My good gosh, if the best people in Europe can lay all over the beach at Juan-les-Pins with nothing on but a pajama string, I guess I . . ."

"They're not the best people in Europe, and you're simply disgusting," declared his daughter.

"He is!" agreed Mrs. Brice. "And let me tell you, Martin, if you didn't spend all your time ogling these shameless sun-tanned animals at Juan and carousing with your bar-fly cronies in Nice, we might be able to meet somebody worth while on the Riviera."

"But I've met lots of worth-while people, Mary—I meet 'em all the time. What's the matter with Fog Lacey and Chet Small and Pierre Thibault and . . ."

Miss Barbara Brice covered her face and shuddered a third time. She really shuddered quite effectively. "Bah, who are they? Artists! Sculptors? Writers, even! But have you met Count Czck? Or Baron von Hovenhoven-hoven? Or Lord Peetlehurst? Of course you haven't! All your friends are loafers. There isn't a title among the lot!"

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Brice. "What about Brigadier General Grampian-Bone, Retired? 'Brigadier General' is a title, isn't it? And he comes of a fine old English family, doesn't he?"

"Well, I haven't been able to find him in Burke's Peerage," said Mrs. Brice.

"No," sniffed Miss Barbara. "But you can always find him in the Europa Bar."

"Yair? Well, thanks for reminding me!" said Mr. Brice, rising in a rage. "Grampian-Bone can talk percentages on roulette, anyway. He's even making some charts. He's got more on his mind than a headful of patent-leather hair, like all your gigolo dukes and counts!" And blistering them with a farewell scowl, Mr. Brice stamped into the house, shouting for Josef.

JOSEF, the major-domo, was included in the lease with furniture. He was efficient, elderly, and of the indeterminate nationality of most European servants. He possessed great genius in ministering to hangovers, and Mr. Brice esteemed him highly. "Get me out a pongee suit and have the roadster sent around at once," he ordered. "I'll drive myself. I won't be home for supper. I won't be home for the party." He was about to say he wouldn't be home until morning, but realized that it might sound too much like the cue for a song.

"Very good, sir. And for breakfast?"

Mr. Brice pursed his lips. "It's a little premature to make a forecast," he ruminated. "Still, that thing you fixed up the other morning, Josef—the raw egg and Worcester sauce and red pepper—well, the way I was feeling, it hit the spot pretty good."

"Thank you, sir," said Josef. "I put a thimble of vodka in it, too."

"Well," grunted Mr. Brice ominously, "from the outlook right now, you'd better put a mule shoe in it tomorrow."

In something under an hour, Mr. Brice, brave in pongee and green foulard tie, had parked his car in the blazing sunshine of the Place Magenta and crossed to the shadowy cool shelter of the Europa Bar. It was early, and General Grampian-Bone hadn't turned up yet; in fact, save for Charlie, the American barman, and a stranger, Mr. Brice found the place empty.

"H'are you today, Mr. Brice?" Charlie greeted him. "Pretty warm, hey? Well, sir, what'll it be?"

Mr. Brice ran his eye along the bottles on the shelves. "H'm, now that's a question," he mused. "The way the weather is, I s'pose I ought to take something long and cool. But the way I'm feeling, I want results—yair, a quick return on my investment."

"I beg your pardon, sir,"—the stranger was addressing him—"I wonder if I may venture to suggest a drink that combines long-term features with a quick and handsome yield? As a matter of fact, I was just talking to Charlie about it."

"That's right," said Charlie. "Mr. Brice, shake hands with Mr. Stevens. Mr. Stevens is opening up in France with a brand-new drink."

"I am," nodded Mr. Stevens, a stout, pleasant gentleman, with a clear blue eye and a ready smile. "By the way, sir, you don't happen to be Mr. Martin Brice, of the . . . ?"

"I do," said Mr. Brice. "But I've retired from business."

"Well, it's certainly a privilege, Mr. Brice, to meet such an eminent merchandiser. You see, I am introducing Zingo to Europe; our factory at Bordeaux is already in production, and as soon as I have secured high-spot distribution, shipping the goods on consignment, I'll cut loose with an advertising campaign that will bust these Frenchmen wide open!"

"GO 'WAY!" murmured Mr. Brice, rapturously. "Why, say, you talk my language, Mr. Stevens! You're from the States, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Stevens. "Been over here a couple of months. You see I was running a distillery for—well, never mind who, in Brooklyn. We made better Scotch than ever came from

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Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

She turned to see three men—three fat men—three naked fat men—pop up from behind the parapet!

Scotland, and rye that was a caress to your poor charred tonsils. Well, one day I was fooling around with some special mashes and syrups, and first thing you know I'd hit upon— But here, try it!"

From his sample-case he produced a richly labeled bottle. "Let's have a glass, Charlie. There, now, Mr. Brice, wrap yourself around your first shot of Zingo, the drink that'll sell like wildfire!"

"Phew!" gasped Mr. Brice. "Well, it feels like it! But—m'm—say, it's got a nice zippy flavor to it, at that. Yes, really, now that the explosion is over, I think it's delicious."

"Why, sure!" beamed Mr. Stevens. "Our high-class speakeasy trade all through the East can't get enough of it. That's what gave me the idea of expanding into the European market."

"Fair enough, fair enough!" nodded Mr. Brice judicially. "The way your industry is geared up at home, it was inevitable that sooner or later you'd be seeking new outlets."

"ABSOLUTELY! Of course in the States, merchandising isn't our chief problem. All the salesman has to do is call on the customer and tell him if he doesn't buy up to his quota, he'll get a bomb tossed into his joint. Here, of course, it's different."

"Quite so," agreed Mr. Brice, rubbing his hands briskly. "Here, the first thing is to arrive at a figure of potential sales. Theoretically, of course, this is limited only by possible consumption. Once we work out a practical calculation, we can establish an index of sales-expectancy on a basis of bottles per capita, per annum. Now—lemme have a pencil, Charlie—now, Mr. Stevens, in just how many ways can Zingo be consumed? Is it an apéritif? Does it mix as a cocktail? How is it in a highball? In a word, is it a versatile product?"

"It is!" repeated Mr. Stevens. "Why, Zingo's so versatile it can do everything but dance the rumba and fly solo! Here, Charlie, let's have a shaker. And some lemons. And a syphon of squirt. And for the apéritif, a little vermouth. For a liqueur—you forgot a liqueur, Mr. Brice—I only need a dash of syrup. Now then, Mr. Brice, I'll use Zingo as the basis of every class of drink you can name, and I'll leave it to you if each and every one of 'em isn't like the gentle dew from heaven."

Just as Mr. Brice was reacting to the apéritif, Brigadier General Fitzhubert V. B. St. C. Grampian-Bone, Retired, blew in, his mind on a tall one. He was white-mustached, red-faced and portly, but he carried his paunch in a military manner. "Ha, General, you're in the nick of time!" Mr. Brice hailed him. "We want to get your reactions, too. Mr. Stevens—permit me to acquaint you—Mr. Stevens has got something new."

"There isn't anything new," declared General Grampian-Bone, whose liver had never been the same since he sprained it on a glass of water taken by mistake while on active service in Iraq. "Mean to say, if there is, there damned well shouldn't be. World's in enough mess already."

"You wait!" chuckled Mr. Brice. "Now, Mr. Stevens, just make up a complete Zingo test set for the general—apéritif, cocktail, highball and liqueur, reading from left to right. —Ready? Well, here goes, General. Zingo!"

"Zingo!" said Mr. Stevens, lifting his glass.

"Oh, Zingo, quite!" General Grampian-Bone followed suit. "Hem, haw, really, you know, this stuff's got a rip-snorting muzzle-velocity. Trajectory's good, too. Not bad by half. Meritorious, if you get what I mean."

"Zingo!" said Mr. Brice, taking up his cocktail. "Let's see what she says when she's mixed."

"Zingo!" the general repeated. "Well, gentlemen, if you want my opinion—which opinion, I might add, used not to be entirely without weight in the higher councils of His Majesty's armed forces—if you want my opinion, I say, this is a pukka top-hole tipple."

"EXZING-EXACTLY," nodded Mr. Brice, hoisting the highball. "But of course one swallow don't make swummer, and one reaction doesn't prove a product. Tell you what we'd better do, Mr. Stevens; we'd better start out right now in my car and get different people's reactions. We'll make a regular market survey of this product. Put on a sort of sampling campaign, get the idea? Yes, and while we're at it, I'll guarantee to make a sample placement in every bar between here and Cannes, or my name isn't Grampian-Bone."

"It isn't," said General Grampian-Bone, who, having finished his test, had captured the bottle and was conducting tests of his own. "It isn't. Or is it?"

"Detail!" and Mr. Brice dismissed the question with a wave of the hand. "Point is, we've got to lay merchandising groundwork. Got to get right out in field and field the public pulse, that's the only way to do!"

"Sure, feel their pulse," agreed Stevens. "Got to get a cross-section of the market."

General Grampian-Bone felt his pulse, and hastily filled his glass again. "Fever," he muttered. "It creeps up on one."

"Come on," Mr. Brice urged him. "Got to work intensively. Got to ring doorbells. Got to canvass the highways and byways. Next stop, Cagnes-sur-Mer."

At Cagnes, in the Futurist Bar, they happened upon a gathering of expatriate American intellectuals clad in beards, sandals and soulful expressions, who were eager to further the cause of scientific merchandising as long as the merchandise came out of a bottle and was free. Their reaction to Zingo was so flattering that the three investigators took a special test themselves to check

(Continued on page 48)

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To his amazement the color faded from

The Frightened

The Story Thus Far:

STRANGE events are shaping in and around Mark's Priory, in Mark's Thornton, England, where Lady Lebanon lives with her weak and eccentric son, Willie. Tense drama seems to center about one Dr. Amersham, a sinister figure who, living in London, pays frequent mysterious visits to Lady Lebanon. . . . Among the servants (presided over by Kelver, the butler) are two Americans: Brooks and Gilder, footmen. Over them, as over Lady Lebanon, Amersham apparently exerts an almost hypnotic influence. But not over Studd, the chauffeur. Studd, who has made Willie his confidant, loathes the doctor. He tells the boy that Amersham, now rich, has been ousted from the Army, in India. "He was broke then," he says. "I'd like to know where he gets his money."

An altercation between Studd and Amersham follows. The doctor discharges the chauffeur, who, in retaliation, accuses him of being a crook. "You know too much," Amersham sneers. Whereupon Studd leaves him, and prepares to attend a fancy-dress ball to be held in the village that night.

Lady Lebanon has a beautiful secretary: a distant relative, Isla Crane. To Willie's consternation, his mother—a strong, dictatorial person—insists that he marry the girl. He promises, reluctantly, to do so. . . . Chief-Inspector Tanner and Detective-Sergeant Totty, of Scotland Yard, arrive at Mark's Thornton. They are looking for one Zibriski (alias Montmorency), a counterfeiter, and a man named Briggs, his aide.

Briggs evades the detectives, goes for a walk. Night is falling. A man wearing a robe and a turban passes him. Briggs hears a scream. Dr. Amersham (who has been running) appears. "Who screamed?" Briggs asks. "No one," Amersham replies. "That was an owl." Briggs decides, however, to investigate. Using his flashlight, he does so. He sees a man lying on the ground. He approaches. The man is wearing a turban. About his neck is a red scarf—tightly twisted. He has been murdered—strangled to death!

II

IN SPITE of the horrible distortion, Briggs recognized the man who lay dead before him. It was the chauffeur at the Hall, the man who had been drunk with him in the bar—Studd.

Gingerly he felt his pulse, slipped his hand under the embroidered shirt and felt his heart. Briggs rose, went swiftly down the path, jumped across the stile, his heart beating like a mechanical riveter. He walked slowly back to the White Hart. Let the police find their own dead. He didn't want to be mixed up in it, and for good reasons.

Briggs left the village early in the morning, an hour before they found the strangled body of Studd, the chauffeur.

He reached Victoria Station desirous of obliterating himself in the crowded city, but having no very great anxiety. The four plain-clothes men who closed round him as he came through the barrier left him in no doubt as to the seriousness of his crisis.

He was taken to Bow Street and his bag searched. Nobody took a great deal of notice of his statement that the bag was not his and that he was merely doing a friendly act for an unknown man named Smith by carrying it. The receptacle contained a great deal that Mr. Briggs would very gladly have seen evaporate into air.

"I've never seen that stuff before in my life," he said with oaths, and asked for divine punishment, instant and drastic, if he were lying.

LATER he was interviewed by Chief-Inspector Tanner

"Being in possession of counterfeit notes is a mere trifle compared with what's coming to you, Briggs," said Mr. Tanner. "You were in the village of Mark's Thornton last night. There was a murder committed. What do you know about it?"

Mr. Briggs knew nothing. It was, he said, a great surprise to him that anybody could be murdered in that beautiful place. He asked pointedly if any arms had been found on him, and volunteered to have a stricter and more intimate examination.

"It almost sounds as if you knew this man was strangled," said Tanner.

For his own part he had not the least belief that the man had anything to do with the crime. Briggs was not a killer; he was a regular seller of a commodity which was in demand. Moreover, he was an old offender, and not only his history but his temperament was known to the police.

TANNER could not suspect that this man had seen with his own eyes the strangled chauffeur, and inquiry was not pushed very far. But under the threat of being suspected of the murder, Briggs made a clean breast of the lesser offense. And since there is no honor amongst thieves it was due to his instrumentality that Mr. Zibriski was taken off the Havre boat that night and lodged in a Southampton cell. . . .

Tanner went up to see the chief constable on his return to Scotland Yard. In answer to his inquiry the chief shook his head.

"No, the local police haven't asked for us, and it is unlikely that they will until the scent is so cold that you could freeze mutton on it. It seems to be a pretty commonplace crime, and the locals think it is an act of revenge. This man Studd seems to have made one or two bad friends, though apparently he had no real enemies."

He had been talking on the telephone two hours earlier to Horsham, and this was the source of his information.

Bill Tanner secured one or two other scraps of information in the course of the evening, but nothing that excited his interest. Studd had had a quarrel with a gamekeeper who had suspected his pretty wife of philandering—unjustly, as it proved. Nobody mentioned Dr. Amersham. In the reports which came to Scotland Yard his name did not appear, and it was not until a week later, when the "locals" decided to invoke the aid of the Yard, and Tanner his shadow, and a young detective named Ferraby went down to Mark's Thornton, that the doctor began to be heard of.

Tanner paid a brief visit to Mark's Priory, but was coldly received. Casually he mentioned the name of Dr. Amersham to her ladyship.

"He comes here occasionally," she said, "but he was not here on the night of this unfortunate happening. I think he left about ten."

That one glimpse he had of the internal life of Mark's Priory told him nothing. It was the typical home of a great aristocrat, and on the occasion of his visit the big hall was in a state of repair. There were scaffold poles against the wall, and Kelver, who was his guide, showed him the stone tablets, each bearing the coat of arms of some ancient member of the family, that were being inset in the walls.

"HER LADYSHIP," said Kelver, with proper reverence, "is an authority on heraldry. She can read a coat of arms, sir, as you or I might read a book. She has an astonishing knowledge of the subject. As you probably know, sir, the family comes from most ancient times. The first Lebanon was knighted by King Richard the First."

"Interesting," said Big Bill. "What can you tell me about Studd?"

Kelver shook his head.

"The tragedy of that happening, sir, has kept me awake at night. He was an extraordinarily pleasant man, quite the gentleman, and I have never known him to quarrel with anybody."

He paused, and Tanner misunderstood his hesitation.

The butler had seen nothing, heard nothing. The first news he had had of the chauffeur's death was that conveyed by the policeman who had found him. He had nothing but praise for the dead man, dismissed as impossible any suggestion that he might have had an enemy.

Sergeant Totty, busy with Ferraby in the servants' hall, brought the same story.

"I 'cherchezed the femme,' but she wasn't there," said Totty. "No woman in it at all."

The trail was six days old. It was impossible to pick up anything that was new. There had been a stranger staying at the village inn—too well Tanner knew who that stranger was. There was the usual story of tramps and gypsies, but the nearest gypsy caravan had been twenty miles away. Poachers did not work the Priory fields but preferred the coverts of Mark's Priory

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Joseph M. Clement

her cheeks. "Are you?" she said jerkily

Lady

By Edgar Wallace

Park, and every local poacher had been accounted for.

Tanner saw the photograph of the dead man, and examined and took possession of the scarf that had strangled him: a piece of dull red cloth, in one corner of which was a little tin label sewn by the edges, bearing some words in Hindustani, which proved on translation to be the name of the manufacturer.

HE SAW Lord Lebanon and questioned him. That young man could offer him no solution. He was really fond of Studd—that much Bill had discovered through the butler—and was greatly upset by his death.

The third important member of the household he met as he walked, accompanied by his two assistants, across the Priory fields in the direction of the village. Isla Crane was walking towards him with quick steps, and would have passed him but he stopped her.

"Excuse me—you're Miss Crane, aren't you? I am Detective-Inspector Tanner from the Yard."

To his amazement the color faded from her cheeks; the hand that went to her lips was shaking. She looked at him in wide-eyed apprehension. He had seen such looks before. People suddenly confronted by the police behave oddly, whether they are innocent or guilty, but he had not expected that a girl of her class would betray such emotion. She was frightened, terrified. He thought that she was on the point of collapsing, and his amazement deepened.

"Are you?" she said jerkily. "Yes—I—somebody told me you were here. . . . About Studd's death, isn't it? Poor man!"

"I suppose you saw nothing? You can't throw any light whatever on this matter?" he asked.

She shook her head almost before the words were out of his mouth.

"No . . . how could I?"

Then abruptly she walked past him. Looking back after her, he had the impression that she was running.

Sergeant Totty, watching her until she was out of sight, turned to his superior.

"That's funny," he said.

"It's not funny at all," snapped Bill Tanner. "I've seen scores of people behave like that. It must be pretty rotten for people of that class to be suddenly brought face to face with a murder."

Yet he went on his way a very thoughtful man.

Isla came to the big porch before the main door of Mark's Priory. Gilder, the footman, was sitting there in a chair, reading a newspaper. He got up as she approached, his forbidding eyes upon her, and she had passed him when he spoke:

"Seen that cop?"

She turned.

"The detective?"

He nodded.

"Did he ask you any questions, miss?"

She looked at him for a moment uncomprehendingly.

"Did he ask you any questions, miss?" rumbled Gilder again. His deep bass voice was a little unnerving.

"He asked me if I had heard anything, that's all," she said, turned swiftly and went into the house.

LADY LEBANON was sitting in the great hall at her desk. For twelve hours out of the twenty-four you might find her there. She would spend whole days examining old heraldic inscriptions and reading over the parchment Book of the Lebanons. She was an excellent Latin scholar, and had few equals in her knowledge of ancient English. She was examining the book now, making notes on a writing pad. At sight of Isla she closed the book, put the pad away in a drawer and deliberately locked it.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

The girl was trembling from head to foot. For some time she could not find her voice.

"He's been asking questions," she said at last. "Mr. Tanner."

"The police officer? What questions did he ask?" And then quickly: "Did he say anything about Amersham?"

The girl shook her head.

"He never mentioned his name. What is going to happen?"

Lady Lebanon leaned back in her chair, rested her elbows on its padded arms, and folded her hands.

"There are times when I can't quite understand you, Isla," she said, with some acerbity. "What is likely to happen?"

"Suppose they find out?"

The calm woman at the desk raised her dark eyes to the girl.

"I really don't know what you're talking about, Isla. Suppose who find out? I wish you wouldn't talk about things that don't concern you."

Isla Crane went to her room early that night. She slept in what was known as "the old lord's room," a great, lofty and gloomy chamber, with a huge four-poster bed that still bore on its headboard the faded arms of some forgotten Lebanon—forgotten except by Lady Lebanon, who forgot nothing. It was a long time before she went to sleep.

"Why the devil did she go to bed so early?"

"Don't be difficult, Willie dear," said his mother. "There's nothing in the world for Isla to sit up for."

SHE looked at the jeweled watch on her wrist.

"It's nearly your bedtime, darling. Don't stay up late. Have you talked to Isla?"

He shook his head.

"No, I haven't had a chance since this awful thing happened." He bent his head, listening. "That's a car," he said. "Amersham?"

"He's coming down tonight."

"He was here the night of the murder, wasn't he?"

She looked up quickly.

"No, he left very early, about ten, I think."

The boy smiled.

"Mother darling, I saw his car go away at seven in the morning. I was looking out of my window. Somebody else told me that he went away the same night."

"Did you correct them?" she asked sharply.

He shook his head.

"No; why should I?"

He looked up at the vaulted roof and sighed.

"This is a devilishly dismal place," he said. "It gives me the creeps. I don't want to see Amersham; I'm going to my room."

The door opened, but it was not the objectionable doctor. Gilder carried a tray, a siphon and a glass. He poured out a modicum of whisky and splashed soda into it. All the time the unfriendly eye of the Lord of Lebanon watched his every movement.

He took the glass from the man's hand and sipped it. Not until the glass was empty did he detect the bitter aftertaste.

"Funny whisky that," he said. . . .

It was the last remark he remembered making. Four hours later he awoke with a splitting headache and, switching on the light, found himself in his own room. He was in bed, in his pajamas. With a groan he sat up, his head swimming.

Mr. Gilder was a little careless with the drug he had administered.

LEBANON rose, walked unsteadily to the door and tried to open it. It was locked. He fumbled for the key but it was not there. He was confused. His head seemed to be out of control: it lolled from side to side. With an effort he forced himself awake, found the switch and turned it.

He knew intimately only two rooms in the house. At first he thought he was in a third, but gradually, as his perceptions awakened, he recognized familiar objects. There was a bell-push near his bed; he pressed it, sat on the bed and waited. It was a long time before there was any answer, and he was in the act of pressing the push again when he heard a key rattle into the lock, and snap as it turned.

It was Gilder. Something had happened to the debonair Gilder; his eye

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An old man came up behind Norah with a lantern, one mittened hand hooped about his ear. She shouted at him

Wife for Sale

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

HAVING lost their jobs, Keith and Norah Oliver—who live with their widowed mother and their sister Eve in a tiny New York flat—are confronted with a terrifying situation. Only Eve's meager salary stands between the family and starvation.

Weeks pass. No jobs are forthcoming. And day by day the bills mount. . . . Norah is in love with a boy: David Howard. Deeply interested in her for a time, David has, of late, shown himself strangely indifferent. How different everything would be, Norah muses, if David (whose parents are rich) still cared—*if they were married!*

With the thought comes an idea. Shocked by it at first, Norah finally acts on it. Writing a letter—signed "Wife for Sale," in which she offers herself in marriage to some man who will contribute twenty thousand dollars to the support of her "invalid father"—she sends it to a newspaper. The letter is printed. Answers pour in. One alone—from a "Barry Dunsmuir"—interests her. She replies to it, meets Dunsmuir. To her dismay, he is a scholarly, bespectacled explorer!

Dunsmuir, it appears, is leaving in a short time with another field expedition. He wants a wife—one who will live at his New Jersey country place, "Foxaway." If Norah will marry him, he announces, he will gladly support the family. Norah does not give her answer: she does, though, agree to meet Mr. Dunsmuir again. . . . To the family she confides part of the story. "But," she insists, "I *know* I can find something better."

Dunsmuir, preparing to leave on his expedition, is persistent. Gradually Norah's resistance grows weaker. And at last comes the day when, with a marriage license, they stand together in the door of a church—on the verge of matrimony. Norah, thinking of David, wonders how she can go through with it. She turns to Dunsmuir. "Barry," she says, "I want to think it over one last time. Give me—give me *just five minutes.*"

IV

BUT in less than the stipulated five minutes she had made up her mind. She put both her gloved hands for a second on Barry's arm; looked up with distressed, apologetic eyes into his face.

"I'm so sorry! I thought I could, but I can't!" she stammered. And in another second she was running away from him, turning a corner, lost in the afternoon crowd of downtown New York.

Early that evening a boy came to the Oliver apartment with a note. Norah, deep in dinner dishes, wiped her hands and read it so nervously, so confusedly, and with so fast-beating a heart that she could hardly see the words.

"Dear Miss Oliver," Barry had written, "in case you wish to reconsider your rejection of my original proposal, please telephone me at my office or at the club."

"What is it?" Eve, setting her wet, dark bob with the aid of combs and towels and a propped mirror at the kitchen table, asked curiously.

"It's from Mr. Dunsmuir."

"Well, I think you're a fool!" Eve commented lazily.

"For turning it down?"

"Why certainly! What," Eve demanded patiently, pinning a wet lock tightly against a comb, "what do you *want?* Good heavens, most jobs are absolutely in the beaten track! This one, if he *was* a murderer, at least took you out of the groove! I'd have jumped at it."

"But you said—*you*—" Norah was beginning indignantly, when her mother's voice came from the bedroom.

"What was it, darling?"

"It's from Mr. Dunsmuir, just saying that if I want to change my mind to telephone him," Norah said mildly, going into the bedroom.

"I THINK you were pretty darned swift in turning it down!" Keith observed good-naturedly from his seat beside his mother.

"Yes, because, after all, what else have we?" Eve demanded pathetically.

"I thought you all were against it," Norah reproached them.

"Against it, darling! No. It was only that we want to be sure it isn't a trap."

"A trap!" the girl echoed scornfully. "Do you suppose Doctor Sassoon would take a man along, a scientist, if he was a murderer or a trapper?"

They all began to laugh. But in Norah's heart there was a little sting of regret. She had had a chance to marry this same friend of the great Sassoon, a Princeton man, an Oxford man, and a man who had said, in his contrary, impish way, that he liked her, too; and, like any other stupid, unimaginative office drudge, she had been afraid to try her fate. Why, she might have her school or her restaurant or her nursing home, or any one of her many enterprises, in that same Foxaway farmhouse, and she had let it all go! A ridiculous, inconsistent fear that she was too late for it now stirred deep in her being.

"You may as well all know," Keith said, in the silence after the unexpected laugh, "that I'm sailing on the sixth. Mother knows and she approves, don't you, Mom?"

"I think you know best, Keith. I know these are hard times," Mrs. Oliver said gently, bravely.

"But what on earth are *we* to do?" Eve demanded.

"Well, I thought Norah had this job."

"I think you're all as mean as you can be about it!" Norah said angrily. "At first you were all calling him a murderer and saying how awful it would be to move into the country, and now you all act as if I'd thrown down the Vice President of the United States! I saw Mr. Dunsmuir today, and I told him I didn't think we could do it—"

"Well, I think you're simply crazy!"

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Illustrated by Mario Cooper

Eve, studying the effect of her hairdressing in a mirror, said airily.

"The point is, dear, what *else* can we do?" Mrs. Oliver asked. Norah was beyond speech.

"Look," Keith said suddenly, "you can easily live on a hundred a month until he gets back anyway. And then if you don't like it—why, get out! We'll give this place up on the first, store most of the stuff, and you and Mother and Eve go up to Cattahunk. Try it—try it for six months anyway; what harm can it do? And by the way," he added, "I went down to Judge Bailey's court today and saw him, and asked him if he knew Mr. Barry Dunsmuir, and he said yes, like a son. Couldn't say enough about him! Said that old Doctor Dunsmuir, his uncle who left him a pot of money, was Judge Bailey's closest friend."

"You fool!" Norah said in her heart. "You always thought you'd like adventure; you'd take a chance! You poor fool."

"I'll call him in the morning," she said aloud.

"Call him now!" Eve advised her nervously. "He may have gotten someone else by morning. He hasn't got much time."

"I'll call him in the morning," Norah repeated with dignity. She turned back to her dish-washing.

When she did call the office number in the morning, with Keith's and her mother's expectant eyes upon her, Mr. Dunsmuir was reported out. Norah left her number to be called, but the telephone did not ring—did not ring, and at twelve o'clock she went to market with a strange heavy feeling in her soul. Was she to haunt downtown offices for a few humiliating weeks, and find another job, and sink right back into the machine again? Were these streets and these humble markets and the shadow and thunder of the elevated road to be her world for all the years of her youth?

It was with a returning rush of blood to her heart, less than an hour later, that upon coming back to the flat she heard, even through the closed door, the cackling laugh, the high imperious voice that could belong to no one in the world but Barry Dunsmuir. Nervousness and uncertainty returned too; the sensation with which she entered her own home was not all pleasant. But at least—at least she was to have another chance!

He was talking, very happily, with her mother and brother. Mrs. Oliver wore her big dressing-gown, and had the Christmas blanket about her knees; Keith had moved the red-eyed electric disk into the front room.

Barry was telling them all about the political situation in Guatemala; he had never been there, of course, but then, she thought with dim, ironic resignation, that wouldn't faze Barry. He would still know more about it than anyone else in the world ever knew!

"Now this is the proposition," he was presently saying: "I go off tomorrow for six or seven weeks. You pack up and move to Foxaway. It's a comfortable old place—probably in rotten repair now, but that can be fixed. I've already written the old caretaker, Huldah Barnard, that she's to get everything ready for you. I told her you'd be up the seventh or eighth—somewhere in there.

"I'll wire you when I get back, and come up at once. I'm anxious to get to work. Sassoon has given me a wonderful opportunity, but I'm not at all sure I ought to go with him, even as far as Tasmania. However," his gnome-like eyes sparkled behind the strong lenses, "however, I'll see the Ladysmith, —that's the ship they've been fitting up in England. Nansen designed her, but she's practically been made over. She's got a shoe—"

HE WAS off upon such fascinating topics as water-sponsons, sastrugi, ice pressure and leads. Norah watched him, fascinated, afraid! She knew he was watching her, although he never glanced at her. At the end he turned to her smilingly and, abandoning his previous subject completely, said briskly:

"Well, now the only thing is to ascertain whether Miss Oliver here has made up her mind or not."

"I'll say she's made it up!" Keith said with a laugh.

"Mr. Dunsmuir," Mrs. Oliver said tremulously, "indeed we feel we are all very fortunate in the arrangement."

"It'll be awfully cold and wintry up there for a while!" he reminded her quickly, warningly.

"Oh, I'm country-bred," Norah's mother said, unafraid. "The first twenty years of my life were spent in a little Connecticut town. And we lived down in New Jersey—in Princeton, Mr. Oliver and I."

"Foxaway—I haven't seen it for years. But it isn't like Princeton. You think you want to go in for this, Miss Oliver?" Barry asked Norah.

She was a little pale.

"I'm sure I can make a—a go of it," she said with a little effort.

"Good! Then suppose," the man suggested in a businesslike fashion, "we step around to the bank. Traveling expenses, that sort of thing."

"Want me to get into some clothes and go round with you?" Keith, whose impromptu costume indicated that he had been taking a bath when the caller arrived, asked alertly.

"No, no, thanks!" What a saturnine calm this man had, Norah thought. His heart must be beating as fast as her own was, but his voice was as casually pleasant as ever. "No, your sister and I will fix it up!" he said. He watched her while she kissed her mother good-by; turned back for another kiss.

"NOW, Norah," he said, in the street, "where shall it be? What's the nearest church?"

"I'd rather not have it right here where everyone knows me."

"Well—taxi, then!" They got into a taxi, and Barry said: "Nice people, yours. Nice boy, that brother. He'll get on."

Norah's frightened heart steadied a little, but she could not speak.

"Scared?" Barry asked, with an undisturbed sidewise glance.

"Not—not that, exactly."

"Nothing to be scared about," he said. "You know, Norah, if it weren't Sassoon—he's like a god to me! I've had the most wonderful experiences of my life with old Fred—I say if it weren't for Sassoon I don't think I could go away today."

Her face was scarlet; she made no answer. He could laugh at her even now.

"I'm going to like being married to you!" he said.

Of course he had the ring, the license. There would never be a technical hitch where Barry Dunsmuir was concerned, Norah thought, as they stood up to agree to the promises that would make them man and wife.

He did not kiss her, but then that wasn't in the bond. He took her at once back to her own neighborhood and her own bank. The little account was made in the name of Norah Oliver.

"You use your own judgment about telling your family everything," he said. "Well, how do you feel, Mrs. Dunsmuir?"

She met this sedately, but her cheeks were red with something like anger.

"I tried the name, writing it. Norah Dunsmuir."

"How'd it look?" he asked with relish.

"All right," she answered, lifelessly.

"No, Norah," Barry said, as they walked toward her home doorway, "the ladies don't want to paint pictures and write operas. Those things aren't important to them, God bless them. No, they want a man, first and foremost; they'll work through him, or on him, I'll grant you that. But the man comes first; he's got to stand between them and the world in the last analysis. George Eliot, Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Queen of Scots—anyone you like; they all collapse when the man makes his demands. It's a theory of mine and, by George, it seems to me modern social conditions uphold it! There are thousands of women—divorced, unmarried, widowed, trying to make a go of life—without a man! It can't be done. Mate 'em, and give them a home and children to worry about, and they may amount to something. But until they've got the man question settled—what's this?"

"This is our house," Norah said coldly. Her face was a mask. She had stopped short.

"So it is!" he said. "I wasn't noticing. Well, I have to get downtown and buy a thousand things. And I've got a new will to sign—that's part of going off with Sassoon always.

"If you and I prove," he said amiably, detaining her on her own entrance steps, "if we prove that marriages can be made rationally like other contracts, we'll have done something! What a play—eh? I might try that, when I get this book off my mind."

Norah, red-cheeked, looked at him. She said nothing.

"Well, good-by, Norah. I'll cable you when we arrive and when I'm starting home."

"Good-by," she said. Her tone was steel.

"You'll be getting up into New Jersey about the seventh?"

"About then."

"Huldah expects you. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

She extended her hand, and he shook it. Then he turned, a slim, brisk, nervous figure in his fur-collared coat, and was gone. Norah went slowly upstairs.

This was December twenty-seventh, two days after Christmas.

TEN days later the apartment in the Bronx was completely dismantled, and the Olivers were ready to go on their way to Foxaway Farm. Keith would not go with them; he had left the day before for Guatemala, and Norah and Eve and Anne Winter, his fiancée, and sister Elinor and her husband had all gone down to the dock to see him off.

Afterward the Olivers had had dinner at Elinor's house; the first time Mother had deigned to go there and recognize the status of the married runaways at all. "So there's *that* much gained by the break-up!" Norah thought.

She herself was beginning to get thoroughly depressed by this whole adventure. It seemed a tremendously daring thing, especially with Keith gone, Eve suspicious and skeptical and Mother still weak and ill. And she herself was so tired!

Elinor's new husband, a bluff, boastful sort of person whom nobody liked much, had teased her about it.

"Why, you must be crazy, Norah," Bill Gunther had said. "What d'you want to go away up into the country this time of year for?"

Elinor, daintily serving cream of tomato soup, chicken, spinach and hot biscuits, and a real magazine salad of endive and persimmons and cream cheese, and being very married, dutiful, sweet and successful, had added her doubtful note.

"But, darling, do we have to go to such extremes? Dragging poor sweetheart Mother up there into God knows what inconvenience and cold! Couldn't you find jobs nearer home? It all sounds so—I mean so deliciously fantastic," Elinor had said.

"I shouldn't wonder if it was gangsters," Eve had suggested pleasantly, fluffing her hair at the mirror.

"You're all a lot of pals," Norah had said, "just good old stanch pals, seeing me through. Do you think *I* want to go up into northern New Jersey in January? What in the name of heaven was I to do—"

"We've got her mad!" Bill had said admiringly, as she paused.

"Yes, you have got me mad! Here we were, without any money—"

Norah had checked herself suddenly, and had fallen silent. Why waste energy fighting with a great conceited sap like Bill Gunther? He was the only son of a rich mother who gave him all the money he needed. His opinion on

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Donald Teague

King of the Big Bend

He was broke, alone in a wild, Indian-infested country, and adventurously ambitious. So Colin Thomas proceeded to build up a cattle kingdom of some twenty-five million acres. His reign of thirty-three years was crowded with hardship, luxury, romance, pitiful affliction—and an unlimited supply of peach brandy

By Owen P. White

THE first twenty years Colin Thomas spent in the Big Bend country of Texas were naturally the hardest. After that there wasn't much for him to do except take life easy, exterminate a few Indians and cattle rustlers now and then, and grow richer and richer. By 1874 Mr. Thomas, who counted his wealth in terms of wild, longhorn cattle, was several times a millionaire.

He was likewise a king; one who had whittled out his own scepter, selected for himself his own empire, and who, by merely climbing to the top of one of the peaks on the Chinati Mountains, could survey the horizon for 150 or 200 miles in three directions, north, east and west, and say to himself: "All this land, and all the hoofed and horned beasts that herein are, belong to me."

When he looked to the south he could say practically the same thing, but as it was only twenty-five miles in that direction, this little chunk of ground, containing no more than a paltry four or five million acres, was looked upon by King Colin as just a back yard to the main monarchy, which comprised twenty or more millions, and included all the territory in a vast triangle bounded by the Pecos River, the Rio Grande and the Guadalupe Mountains.

In 1874 Colin Thomas controlled a range more than twice as large as the state of Massachusetts, over which cattle wearing his T brand roamed at will. Just twenty years before, in company with a detachment of U. S. troops which had been sent west of the Pecos to subdue the Apaches and Comanches, Thomas had passed through the ford at the Horsehead Crossing, made his way on to the Davis Mountains and thus had caught a first glimpse of his future kingdom.

To most men this glimpse, plus the country's general reputation for cussedness, would have been enough. They would have turned around immediately and gone back home to become dry-goods clerks or something.

But Colin Thomas was a Kentuckian; he was but twenty-five; he had a strong, healthy body and a vivid imagination; he was lusting for adventure. So he left the troops, turned his face to the south and rode on toward the Rio Grande.

Thomas had no money with which to buy cattle. And if he did stock a range and his herds increased and multiplied, as he knew they would, there was no market at that time to which they could be driven and sold. Moreover, the country was so full of hostile savages that any white man who tried to live in it would have to thank God for his hair every time he took off his hat and found that he still had any.

These trivialities, however, didn't worry Colin Thomas. To begin with, he knew that it wasn't exactly necessary to *buy* cattle from their owners across in Mexico in order to acquire a title to them. Just "induce" enough of the animals to swim the Rio Grande, slap a brand on them as soon as their feet hit Texas soil, and a nice start could soon be made in the stock-raising business. As for a market for the increase, that was something that wouldn't have to be considered for a couple of years anyhow; and as for the Indians, well, he would attend to them when they came into line with the sights on his old smooth-bore, cap-and-ball squirrel rifle.

The castle on Cibolo needed a queen's smile to brighten it. The king, therefore, went out and got him a queen

Peaches on a Cow Ranch

It all worked out exactly as above indicated. A few cattle were "acquired." Wearing the T brand, they at first roamed the hills and the canyons adjacent to the spot where Thomas had established his headquarters, and then, as the seasons went on and their number increased, they drifted out into the plains country and across to the winter shelter of other mountain ranges far away to the north and west.

In the meantime King Colin was not idle. In addition to riding out to the far-away edges of his dominion to see that his herders were properly combing the draws and were putting his brand and not their own on the annual calf crop, he found time to attend to other important details. For instance, planning and supervising the erection of his own castle, and in one respect doing it in a way which causes this historian to suspect that, although he had come to Texas to reign, he had not entirely forsworn the faith of his Kentucky forbears.

King Colin's house was a flat-roofed structure, large enough to house a goodly number of retainers, who slept on goatskins on the dirt floor because that was what the king did. From one of its corners there arose a tower, pierced with loopholes for the accommodation of any uninvited red man who might chance to come within target range. This tower still stands, and in it there still remained, when this writer last entered it, quite an interesting collection of old smooth-bore rifles upon whose stocks King Colin's warriors had notched their efficiency records.

This main building, along with several smaller ones in the way of bunkhouses and warehouses, stood in one corner of a huge, adobe-walled enclosure, the remainder of which was given over to the development of the Kentucky idea above referred to. This was a *peach orchard.*

A peach orchard on a cow ranch! Where the trees came from, nobody knows.

But three years after King Colin had planted them, when they bore their first crop, he started dumping the luscious fruit into the maw of a big 200-gallon copper still which for more than a third of a century thereafter produced a high-power brandy, in glorification of whose merits some of the local octogenarians are still chanting anthems.

Colin Thomas was an optimist with vision, but not a visionary optimist. To illustrate: When he went into the stock business, figuring that there would be

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a market for his increase by the time he had any to sell, he was not calculating blindly. As he saw it, the soldiers who had come West to subjugate the savages would have to be fed, and, as fast as they were subjugated, so would the savages need food.

It all turned out exactly that way for a year or two. By 1858 Uncle Sam, who was buying beef for both his warriors and his wards, was paying King Colin a very handsome annual tribute.

Between 1866, when he began to send his cattle over the trail to Kansas, and 1874 he became so rich that he couldn't either count his money or get rid of it fast enough. But he tried; we will have to give him credit for that.

During six months of the year his men were busy branding his calves, preparatory to the general round-up and the long trail drive to market. This last was the glorified season when the cowboys, with luscious visions before their eyes of the wine and women and gambling halls of Dodge City and Abilene, eased the cattle over the trail during the daytime, and sang to them through the starlit nights.

From Barrel to Guest

Sometimes King Colin went with his herds to market, but as a rule he didn't.

As a monarch who didn't know his own worth, it was his privilege to enjoy himself whenever and wherever he wanted to. He did so. Chihuahua, El Paso, San Antonio, and all intermediate points where vivid entertainment was to be had, knew him well. His name was good for many thousands. Not one of his I O U's had ever been dishonored. He was no piker. He could lose a fortune at the poker table in Si Ryan's Astor House and never bat an eye. He could win one at roulette in the Buck Horn and never smile.

His great wealth made him in no way superior to any other man. His marksmanship established precedence for him but his money never. He didn't want it to. Association, on their own terms, with his fellow men was what he was after.

Now comes the epoch-making year of 1874. For twenty years, during the last eight of which King Colin had made and disposed of a whole lot of real money and had reveled and cavorted, he had played a lone hand. But he was tired of it. The castle on Cibolo needed a queen's smile to brighten it up, and a queen's hand to dispense the king's hospitality, which, via gourd dippers, was generally served directly from barrel to guest.

The king, therefore, went out and got him a queen. Just where this consort came from provides us with a mystery as great as the origin of the peach trees, but, like his peach trees, King Colin's queen was young, beautiful and productive. As a sad and necessary part of this tale it must be here stated, however, that ten years later she had become fat and homely.

It was around 1874 that the state of Texas began to lease its lands at a few cents per acre per year, and as Colin Thomas' range and heart were both of the wide-open variety the combination was one that many men, who had not had the nerve to come and live in the country twenty years earlier, found it very easy to take advantage of. At this same time some unsung genius invented the barbed-wire fence and that settled it. From then on King Colin's vast domain, to which he had never held a legal title but which he had actually controlled because his cattle wandered all over it, was turned into a huge grab bag.

All a man had to do was to sign up the necessary documents in the Texas Land Office, buy a lot of barbed wire, go to the open country west of the Pecos and fence in a few hundred thousand acres of King Colin's territory. Whenever this happened, any of the king's cattle which happened to be within the projected inclosure went with it. They naturally would, because it was much easier to take a running iron and change a T brand into a P or a B, or even into an hourglass, than to run the beasts out.

But Colin Thomas didn't care! With a mighty gesture of magnanimous indifference he showed that he was a real monarch and not an upstart. A few head of cattle more or less meant nothing to him. He had plenty left to worry along with. He had his castle. In fact he now had three. After he had completed the one at Cibolo, with the loop-holed tower, he had erected two others, each with accompanying peach orchards.

And he still had plenty of peach brandy. Don't forget that. His pasture lands were shriveling up, his herds were dwindling and his domestic difficulties were daily on the increase, but so long as his trees bore fruit and his still produced ample quantities of amber nectar there was no doubt as to the reality of his kingship.

History, however, doesn't record that King Colin ever parted with a drop of it for any other consideration than the dual one of hospitality and friendship. Even men who were daily stealing his cattle from him—he knew it—were nightly made welcome at one of King Colin's castles, where they could enjoy themselves just as long as they could stand up under the strain. And herein again did the king demonstrate his divine right of leadership. One by one his guests might be dragged away to sleep in the guest-rooms, or out under the stars in the patio, but King Colin never. He was always the last man erect.

Alas, every morning now when he awoke and stretched his great, brawny limbs and went out and washed in the cold water of a spring he could tell that the world around him was gradually growing darker and darker. He was going blind, and yet, as he was a man who had never accepted sympathy or help from any living being, it was months before anyone knew about it.

Miracle Woman

In two years the cataracts on his eyes and the cow thieves on his land had done their cruel work. Everything around him was black, and everything he now owned was concentrated in the territory he had formerly referred to as his "back yard." He didn't complain, though; he was still a king; he still had enough pasturage left to take care of as many cattle as he chose to worry about. And as for his eyes, well, after he had once managed to feel his way, unassisted, to the corral gate, whistle to his horse, saddle him himself and ride away into the hills, he didn't need any eyes. The horse knew exactly what was wrong.

In 1887 a queer caravan made its weary way down into the Big Bend country. A hundred black-shawled, barefooted Mexican women and sandaled and sombreroed men traveled afoot; half a dozen decrepit wagons were loaded down with numerous sick and crippled; and in an old yellow phaëton rode the young girl who was the cause of it all.

Santa Teresa she was called. She had flowing black hair, big black eyes, and she wore a long white robe. She was a miracle worker; a faith healer. In El Paso, where this writer saw her do her stuff before she started away on the Big Bend pilgrimage, she had achieved marvelous things. Cripples had thrown away their crutches; paralytics had taken up their beds and had gone home with them, and innumerable cases of imaginary ailments had been instantly cured.

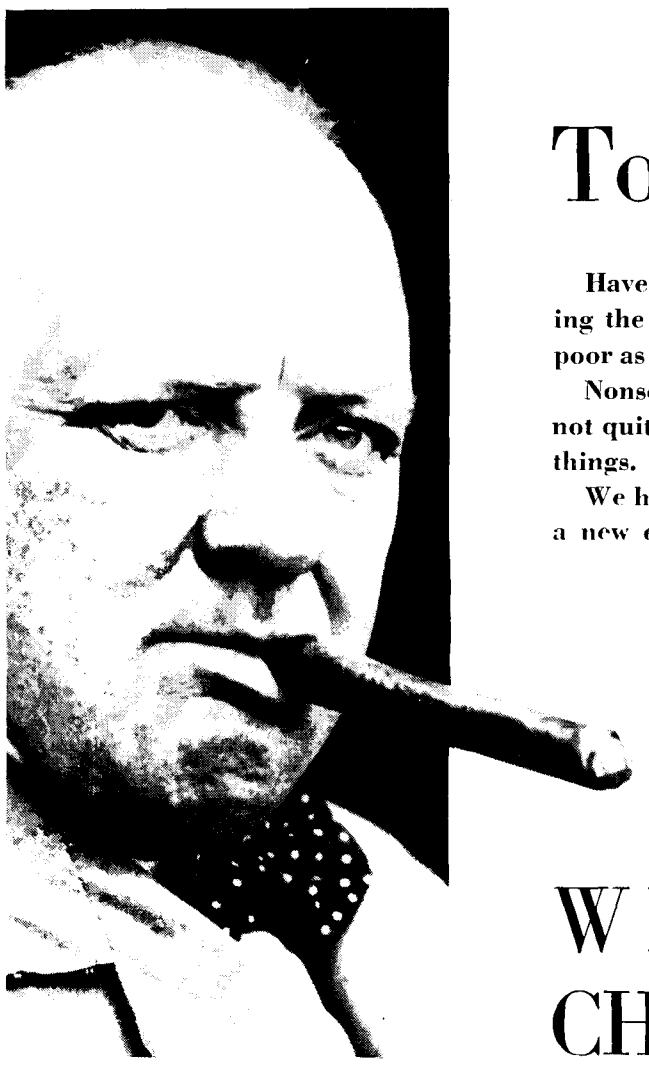
It was easy for Santa Teresa. The Mexicans are highly emotional; they always have believed in witchcraft, sorcery and miracles; they are strong in their religious faith. And when Santa Teresa would pass her wand over a table top all littered up with hairpins, nails and small bits of metal and let the people see the way in which these things would literally leap for the wand and cling affectionately to it, there was just no denying her powers. The simple operations of a bar magnet, the like of which they had never seen before, made many of them whole. Therefore, when Santa Teresa decided to return to Mexico, whence she had come, via the Big Bend, picking up what cash she could on the way, quite a congregation of the faithful made up their minds to go along with her.

The travel-worn but still enthusiastic outfit made camp down in the Cibolo Creek bottom, about four or five miles from King Colin's castle. Here it was quite easy, if nobody was looking, for Santa Teresa to feed her multitude by instructing some of her more stalwart retainers to go forth and slaughter a few of King Colin's baby beef.

In a day or two she received a visit from the king himself, who rode alone into her camp and wanted to know what it was all about. He wasn't angry though. A few head of cattle more or less still wasn't anything for a monarch to worry about. So after he had heard the story, from the Mexicans gathered around him, of the magic wand, the healing touch and the restored cripples, he laughed long and loud and told Santa Teresa to go ahead and help herself to his stuff, provided, of course, she hadn't decided to settle down on him permanently.

Then, when it was suggested to him that he dismount and allow the holy one to touch his eyes for him and restore his sight, he laughed louder than ever. This shocked the faithful, who sank to their knees, crossed themselves furiously and muttered fervent prayers asking the Almighty to forgive the awful blasphemy.

King Colin rode away, still laughing, and an hour later a terrific thunderstorm, such as this writer has frequently seen down on those very Chinati Mountains, broke over the land. The rain fell in torrents; the creek was turned into a raging flood. Santa Teresa and her frightened followers were forced to move hastily to higher ground, and the next morning when a party of searchers, who had been out all night, reached the highest point on the trail—almost the highest point in the kingdom—there they found King Colin and his horse. Both had been struck dead by a bolt of lightning!



Are We
Too Clever?

Have we become so expert in making the things we want that we're all poor as a result?

Nonsense, says Mr. Churchill. We're not quite clever enough—about some things.

We had our foot inside the gates of a new economic domain. And then we let the gates slam in our faces.

In a brilliant, forceful article, which will appear next week, Mr. Churchill shows you why we failed and how we can get back.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

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The Week-End

He takes time off from his job as Premier of France to run the City of Lyons. As a side-line he writes books. Fat, genial, erudite and efficient, Edouard Herriot is not your idea of the typical Frenchman and yet it is he who represents France at a critical moment in her history. Here's his story

WHEN we are told that General Dawes is a confirmed pipe-smoker, it seems all right to us, because he is an American. When we hear that ex-Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin is never really happy unless he has a pipe between his teeth, we think little of it, because he is an Englishman. But when we learn that Edouard Herriot, Premier of France, likes nothing better than to puff at a pipe, we feel a shock of surprise, because he is a Frenchman. That he should be addicted to cigarettes would seem a matter of course; partiality to cigars on his part would appear perfectly natural. But a pipe. . . !

Yet, paying no heed to what may be thought of his un-French habit, Premier Herriot goes on puffing at his pipe on every possible occasion. Nor does he stop at that when it comes to upsetting tradition. He has managed for a long time to hold down a combined job involving so much versatility of mind and activity of body as to place it, one would suppose, beyond the reach of any one man.

Long before he became a French senator, long before he was made a member of the French equivalent of our House of Representatives, long before he got a portfolio in a French Cabinet and stepped thence into his first term as Premier eight years ago, Herriot was Mayor of Lyons, one of France's biggest cities and one of her most enterprising and important industrial centers.

A Political Cinch

And he remains mayor in spite of the fact that the duties of his exacting combination of jobs have made it necessary for him to stay for days and even weeks at a time in Paris, eight hours away from Lyons by the fastest trains. He has retained his grip on the Lyons mayoralty for a full quarter of a century and more, with the exception of one month. Re-electing him to that post has become a regular habit in Lyons. By this time it must be hard for the voters there to visualize anybody but Edouard Herriot at the head of their municipal government.

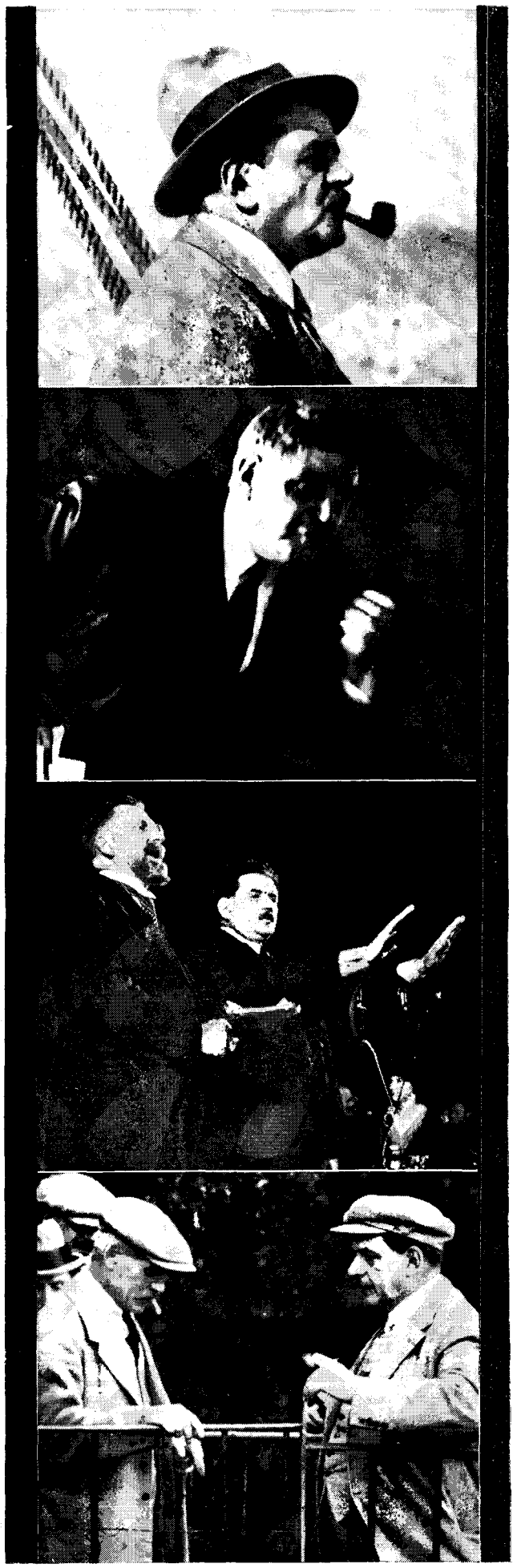
He has Lyons in his pocket. Through all the changes brought by the years Herriot has bobbed up serenely as the choice of the local voters as the big boss at their city hall.

The working classes of Lyons feel for him an admiration akin to hero-worship. And whatever disapproval of him there may be among other sections of the population, whatever grumbling at the thought of this "week-end Mayor" dashing back and forth on sleeping-cars between Lyons and Paris, or making speeches as chief of the Radical party and a member of the French Parliament, or presiding over the internal and foreign policy of the French Republic instead of sticking to the discussion of local problems, this disapproval has failed to make sufficient headway to oust him.

Similarly, in Paris, the conviction that, no matter what other job he may hold, Herriot must remain Mayor of Lyons has become firmly rooted. Those who burst into his office in Paris in a great hurry, to confer with him in his capacity of Premier or Cabinet Minister, senator or member of the French Chamber of Deputies, have learned during the past twenty-five years to possess their souls in patience when told reprovingly by a secretary: "Why, didn't you know? Monsieur Herriot left for Lyons yesterday. He will not be back in Paris until tomorrow."

Though fond of flouting tradition, Herriot has, in one way at least, played true to form as a Frenchman in politics. Whereas, in other countries, a politician is usually that and nothing else, in France he is quite likely to have achieved distinction in some other field as well. True to this tradition, Herriot has won his spurs as a writer of graceful style and remarkable erudition. In addition to works like his American Impressions—which, in a way, may be considered by-products of his political activities—he has turned out books which have nothing whatever to do with the ordinary trend of his life. One of these was a study of Madame Récamier, the famous beauty of the early part of the last century, into which he put the fruits of an enormous amount of research.

But, though he has written other things of a purely literary character, the city hall of Lyons and the governmental offices of Paris and the constant necessity of spending nights in sleepers and eating meals on diners have tended to turn him away from the road of literature.



Edouard Herriot, scholar, politician and twice Premier, is a stable figure in the maelstrom of French politics

However, what he has accomplished in that direction is enough to entitle him to rank with politicians like Poincaré, who combines statesmanship with a deep knowledge of economics and law; with Painlevé, who excels alike in politics and mathematics; and with Clemenceau, who, in the midst of one of the most hectic political careers ever known anywhere, was able to write art criticism and produce a drama with a Chinese background!

Edouard Herriot is fat and friendly. He has a square head and a hearty smile. So corpulent is he that he cannot put on his shoes without difficulty. Sometimes he is compelled to approach a secretary—or even a perfect stranger, on one of his innumerable train journeys between Paris and Lyons—and remark apologetically: "Will you be so kind as to lace my shoes?"

You Mustn't Mention Botany

He is extremely proud of his versatility and learning—indeed, opponents accuse him of vanity. Here is a little tale about him which they delight in repeating: Soon after he had published one of his books—it was about Normandy—he was told by a learned botanist that certain flowers mentioned by him as growing on Norman soil had never been known there within the memory of man.

Herriot was indignant. He insisted that the flowers in question were to be found in Normandy. But the botanist, being stuffed with accurate knowledge, after the disconcerting fashion of his tribe proceeded to prove beyond question that the author was wrong.

Whereupon that amateur botanist, deadly ashamed of his slip, conceived a violent dislike for his book on Normandy. He threw away all the copies of it which he had in his possession. And he got so annoyed whenever friends mentioned it that they tactfully dropped the subject.

Vain or not, Herriot is not averse to telling stories against himself. For instance, he will recall how his mother-in-law, at the outset of his political career, remarked to him:

"Edouard, you are what I shall call industrious rather than intelligent."

"And, do you know," he will add, "the more I think over this remark, the truer it seems to me."

Though he has been Mayor of Lyons for so many years, Herriot is not a native of that city. He was born just sixty years ago at Troyes, in Champagne. His father was an army officer—so was his grandfather—and it was assumed in the family that little Edouard would, in his turn, adopt a military career. But he would have none of it. Learning and literature were what attracted him.

He spent years studying, part of the time at two of the best schools in France. His record was so brilliant that he seemed destined to make his mark as a man of learning. Indeed, after graduating he became a teacher.

But it was not long before the lure of politics asserted itself. He became convinced that, despite his scholarship, the right life for him was that of a politician. Yet he has never turned his back completely on his earlier self. Often in the midst of exacting political duties he whips out of his pocket a volume of some Latin or Greek classic and reads it, in the original, as easily as if it were in French.

In the land where dislike of up-to-date American methods—or, if not ac-

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Mayor

By T. R. Ybarra

tual dislike, a feeling that they are alien and incomprehensible to a Frenchman—is to be found in all classes of the population, Herriot put himself on record some years ago as an enthusiastic admirer of America and Americans. In the autumn of 1923 he made a tour of the United States.

It took him to New York and Boston, Cleveland and Detroit and Chicago; he visited factories and universities, stockyards and skyscrapers; he talked with prominent Americans in every city where he made a stop. Everywhere he was favorably impressed with American energy and up-to-dateness; everywhere (despite an occasional typically French twinge of disapproval) it was admiration which remained uppermost in his mind.

When he returned home, he gave vent to his enthusiasm for the New World and its ways in a little volume of impressions of America. Moreover, instead of confining himself to praise of American ideas—which would have been bad enough in the eyes of dyed-in-the-wool French conservatives—he indulged in outspoken criticism of what he considered slavish regard for tradition in his native land.

He was delighted with the practical nature of the Americans, which had made it possible for them to introduce into their daily lives a thousand time-saving devices.

The Land of Official Lassitude

"Thereby," he told his fellow countrymen, "they reduce the number of those formalities which in France paralyze every form of action. How many years are needed in our country before a big building can be completed—a hospital, for instance, or a slaughter-house, or a cigar factory! We have not been able even to modernize our National Library, whereas the United States, within the space of a few years, has seen the total of its sumptuous libraries multiply without cessation. In France the outlines of most important projects, the execution of which is a matter of urgent necessity, lie, for months at a time, on the desk of some irresponsible official, awaiting their turn to be passed upon.

"It is for this reason that Frenchmen, even those possessed of the strongest will power, constantly find themselves baffled and defeated. In order to carry out work of the simplest sort in France, one has to await the decision of prefects, special commissions, ministers, councils of state.

"Routine has brought the French people, the most intelligent in the world, under the domination of a coalition of bureaucrats who are both blind and deaf!

"Nothing of that sort is to be found in the United States. There practice never allows itself to be crushed by theory."

Another striking point about Herriot's impressions of the United States is the belief, duly placed on record after his return to France, that the land of the Americans is one where life is free and easy and natural and filled with genuine gayety. How few French visitors to our shores ever carried away such an idea of us! How many of them, on the other hand, have grown eloquent about the dull routine of our business life, our inability to enjoy ourselves in a rational manner, the dreariness of a country in which people allow themselves to be packed like sardines into subway trains, where they substitute for the simple delights of sitting at tables outside cafés, sipping light drinks, the dubious pleasure of consuming bootleg liquor in airless speakeasies! But Edouard Herriot scorned traditional French methods of sizing us up. In an outburst of lyrical rapture, he exclaimed:

"The United States is the land of freedom in living, of the natural life. It is the land of Joy. Yes, it is the land of sane joy. Of life in the open. It is slanderous to picture Americans as prisoners of a mechanical civilization, as caught beyond remedy in its cogs.

"America is destined to be one of the strongest forces of the future. I believe in the United States because it is not only a land of joy but a land of ideals. The moral health of the Americans is as great as their physical well-being."

There are those who suspect that Herriot's pro-Americanism may have cooled recently, that he has yielded to the feeling, now so widespread in France and the rest of Europe, that our methods in business and finance are, so to speak, on trial. In the campaign which preceded the triumph of the French Radicals this spring and which landed Herriot in the Premiership, he attacked President Hoover's moratorium of 1931. And he said some things not in harmony with the enthusiastic compliments called forth by his visit to America. Yet it is hardly likely that—assuming, as perhaps we must, that he has partially changed his views—anything more than a temporary alteration has been worked in him. After all, a man can hardly discard overnight

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convictions which have caused him to work tirelessly, through a quarter of a century in his capacity as Mayor of Lyons, to make that city a genuinely modern industrial center—to "Americanize" it, in short.

Despite his good humor and tendency to avoid extremes in word and act, Herriot can be energetic enough when aroused. Once, soon after the war, when there was a serious shortage of wine at Lyons, he, in his capacity of mayor, had a large consignment of it rushed to the main railway station of the city. But the station master, a slave to red tape, refused to hand it over to the municipal authorities for distribution. He could deliver it, he insisted, only to someone presenting a certificate proving him to be a regularly accredited wine merchant.

This was too much for impatient Mayor Herriot, who dashed across the street to a humble little drinking-shop.

"Here, quick, lend me your wine merchant's certificate!" he shouted to the bewildered man behind the bar. Then he rushed down to the railroad station, flourished the certificate in the face of the station master and got the consignment of wine released.

A Statesman Without Hates

In a land where political antagonisms only too often reach the pitch of hatred, Herriot flatly refuses to hate. He is altogether too good-tempered for that—as becomes a pipe-smoker. He is usually so cheerful as to remind people of a big schoolboy. "Of all the French statesmen whom I have met," said a veteran writer on politics in Paris, "Herriot is the most charming." He likes to be liked.

Just after he was made Premier this June, Herriot entered his office and found a small boy awaiting him in the anteroom. With much diffidence the boy explained that he was the editor of his school paper and had come in the hope of getting an interview. Though the anteroom was filled with individuals who had come on important official business, the Premier of the French Republic kept them all waiting while he borrowed a pencil from the boy and wrote:

"I regret that my memories of school-days are getting a bit hazy. However, I do remember a little village school where I learned to read and write. I can still read (with the aid of glasses). But, since I have become a politician, I have forgotten how to write."

Again and again during his career he has distinguished himself for precocity. At the early age of fifteen he had won a scholarship which made it possible for him to enter the College of Sainte-Barbe in Paris. When elected Mayor of Lyons for the first time, back in 1905, he was only thirty-three—far too youthful, in the eyes of conservatives, for such a high and responsible position. But, instead of heeding their head-shakings, Herriot annoyed them once more a few years later by getting into the French Senate when he was barely forty, despite a tradition that a Frenchman to be a senator must be well past that age. And just as the mossbacks were recovering from the shock, he upset them once more by becoming Premier in 1924, when he was fifty-two, thus taking rank among the youngest men who had ever headed the French government.

It may be assumed that he is maturer now, as a statesman, than when he stepped into Premier Poincaré's shoes eight years ago. Yet, despite his greater age, he retains a buoyancy and open-mindedness which one associates far more readily with a man in his thirties than with one who is sixty.

He refuses to let himself get into a rut. Unlike other statesmen—notably Poincaré—he is not obstinate in sticking to his beliefs. If he feels that times have changed he will not hesitate to throw his program overboard. This trait has brought him some advantage in his career and also a fair portion of disadvantage. Foes have not failed to tax him with inconsistency and time-serving.

For instance, when he became Premier this year, this flexible quality of mind brought him as much censure from opponents as praise from admirers. His return to the Premiership, due to the great victory won at the polls by the French parties of the Left—Radicals and Socialists—coincided, by a strange freak of politics, with a turn toward the Right in Germany so sharp as to arouse the gravest fears in France and elsewhere. Indeed, it seemed so strongly reactionary that many believed its ultimate result would be a return of the Hohenzollerns to power. And even those who most vigorously pooh-poohed this possibility could not deny that the new German government was more militaristic and Junkerish than any which Germany had known since the end of the war.

The effect in France was instantaneous. What is wanted, growled anti-Herriot Frenchmen, is a man of immutable convictions—like Poincaré—not one who was once described by an English statesman as "a jellyfish."

This sort of criticism, though it could not stem the leftward tide which put Herriot back into power, kept him at the outset of his new term as Premier from moving too far toward the Left. He refused to subscribe to the terms presented by the Socialists as the price of their participation in the new government. These conditions, Herriot felt, demanded that he commit himself so unequivocally to reduction of military expenditures, disarmament and other important questions as to preclude the hope of finding support among the parties of the Right. So he remained on the fence. He made a declaration of policy which, while it was not particularly pleasing to the more extreme elements of the Left and Right, nevertheless did not displease them to such an extent as to make them break once for all with the new Herriot régime.

In so doing, Herriot played true to the open-mindedness which has brought him, throughout his career, about equal portions of admiration and hostility. The course adopted by him was reminiscent of his attitude eight years ago, when he became Premier of France for the first time.

Herriot and his Radical party, together with their friends to the leftward, the Socialists, came into power at that time because of the widespread discontent felt in France at the results of the occupation by French troops of the Ruhr. That drastic step, it was felt, had not brought to the French the benefits which Poincaré, its instigator, had promised. At the election of 1924 Poincaré and his adherents of the Right parties were badly beaten. Herriot found himself Premier in Poincaré's place.

Murmurs of Discontent

Yet, for some time after the French march into the Ruhr, he had failed to come out squarely against Poincaré and his policy. When he finally made up his mind to oppose the man of the Ruhr he was vigorous enough—but his earlier hesitation was not forgotten. And, when he staged something resembling it last spring, doubt was expressed in some quarters as to whether he was the right leader in the serious situation confronting France.

"He will try to sabotage disarmament and international reconciliation, like his predecessor, Tardieu," grumbled extremist Radicals and Socialists.

"He will undermine the security of France," growled extreme nationalists of the Right.

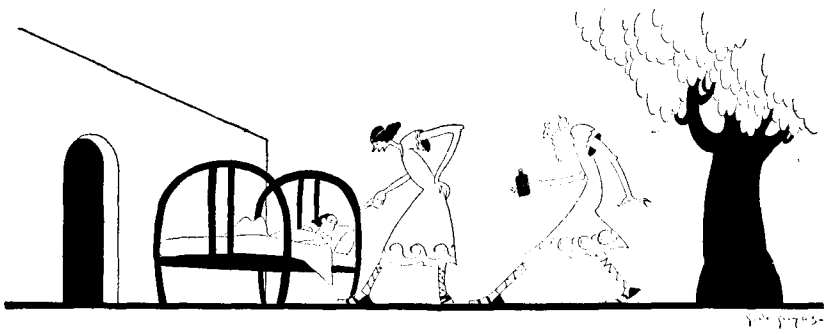
Thus Herriot, when he reappeared in June at the head of the French government, seemed to have placed his feet on a path so steep and thorny as to set observers wondering whether he was destined to another tumble as ignominious as the one which he suffered when he was Premier before.

At that time—1925—French finances got into such a tangle that it looked as if the franc might drop to depths comparable to those which the German mark had reached a couple of years before. Eventually the financial situation grew so alarming that Herriot was forced out of office, and compelled to look on from the side lines, while Poincaré was restored to the Premiership for the express purpose of saving the franc.

And save it he did. Thereupon he stepped down into retirement. And now, a scant seven years later, the man who succeeded him and whom he succeeded is again at the helm.

Will Herriot meet reaction in Germany with soft words? Will he present to the world the spectacle of a French government veering leftward toward conciliation, though confronted with a German government marching rightward toward defiance?

Will he steer France away from the rocks upon which the finances of other nations have been shipwrecked? Will he find the road from Lausanne that leads still closer to European amity? Thousands of people, in and out of France, would give a great deal to be able to answer those questions correctly.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

About 2,300 years ago in Babylon, before medical men were known, a law required sick persons to have their beds placed in the street and passers-by to stop and give their advice—based on either hearsay or experience—as to the best method of treatment.

Betting on the final relative standing of the eight teams in either the National or American league is hazardous. Their season's rating can result in any one of 40,320 different ways.—*By Mort Golden, Brooklyn, New York.*

Although 49 countries have laws regulating the employment of women before and after childbirth, there are only six states in this country today extending any kind of maternity protection to working women.

Ocean waves created by earthquakes sometimes travel almost incredible distances. A number have been known to start from South America and reach Japan, a distance of 10,000 miles.—*By G. J. Petrie, Hoboken, N. J.*

The world is rapidly entering the Synthetic Age. It is proved by an increase of 1,000 per cent during the past three years in the production of articles made from manufactured substances. Today you can buy almost anything from artificial atmospheres and chemical candles to manufactured mahogany and synthetic steel.

Sanitary science has made phenomenal progress during the past few years, yet communicable diseases cause 22 per cent of all the deaths in the United States today.

In 356 B. C., a man named Herostratus, wishing to immortalize his name, set fire to the Temple of Diana, the greatest of the seven wonders of the ancient world. He was executed and even the mention of his name made a penal offense. However, it has come down through the centuries while that of the builder has long been forgotten.

Fluorescein, a dyestuff so strong that one pound will impart a distinct green fluorescence to 16,000,000 pounds of water, now is used to trace the course of partly subterranean rivers.—*By R. S. Wilder, Buffalo, New York.*

London, it is said, has 30,000 occupations. Probably true! There are numerous odd trades still in existence, one of which is "knocking up"—the job of going around at daybreak and awakening patrons by shooting peas at their bedroom windows.

The ruler of Nepal is so fond of our penny-arcade devices that he has lined both sides of the grand staircase in his palace with automatic scales, gambling contrivances and slot machines dispensing such things as candy and peanuts.—*By R. A. Vanderlippe, East Orange, New Jersey.*

The Arabic tongue contains more words for the expression of amorous feeling and the description of women and their charms than any other language in the world.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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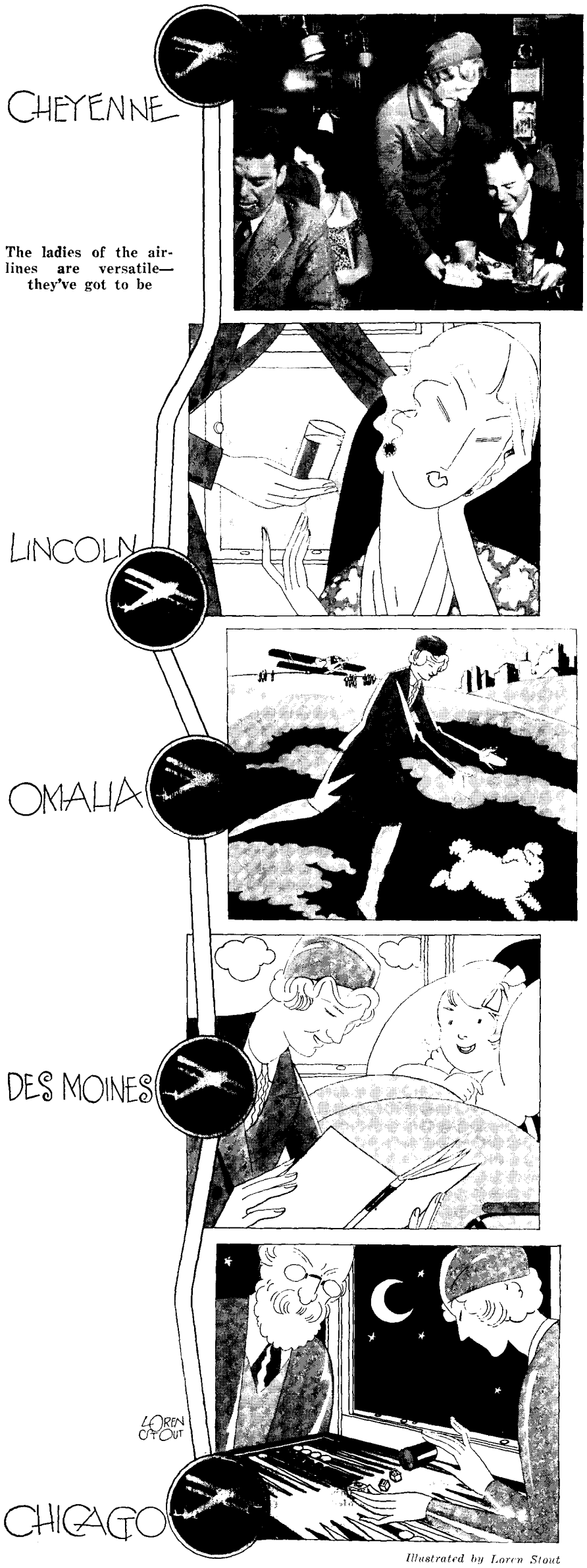

The ladies of the airlines are versatile—they've got to be

Illustrated by Loren Stout

High-Flying Ladies

They're young, they're slim (116 pounds maximum allowance) and they know their stuff, these hostesses of the airways. Which is a pretty big order, requiring the powers of saleswoman, information bureau, diplomat, entertainment committee, registered nurse and dietitian rolled into one. But meet one of the girls, and then say you don't care to fly

By W. B. Courtney

IT WAS long past midnight on the lone prairie and not a creature was stirring, not even a gopher—except on that two-hundred-acre hand's-breadth of the vasty plain which lies between Carter Lake and the Missouri River, four miles east by north of Omaha in Nebraska, and comprises the Municipal Airport. The floodlights performed their ghastly imitation of day. An eastbound trimotor, refueled after the long hop from Cheyenne, sulked at the apron while its passengers were loaded. Jack Knight sat at the controls. If you are one of those who know flying and flyers, that would have been enough for you! In the hangars which nowadays dot the route of the old Pony Express it is said that the Wrights invented the airplane, but that Jack Knight invented flying. When the first experimental transcontinental air-mail was attempted, and sleet lashed the country from Ohio to Nevada on the appointed day, to the delight of the skeptical, Jack Knight was the lad who held his thumb in the dike. Flying the leg from North Platte, he landed in Omaha to find that the relay man from Chicago had not got through. There was no one to go on; the experiment was a failure, and had already claimed one life that night. Jack himself was nursing an injury; and he had never flown east of Omaha. There was no radio in those days, and no beacon lights; and airports were hundreds of miles apart. Yet Jack volunteered to close the gap, and he made it; landing in Chicago at dawn after a night of adventures whose true nature no one but he will ever understand.

This, however, is not Jack Knight's story; and I have told you so much about him only to emphasize the fact that the woman in the blue dress was not open to reason. She had made, you gathered, the one grave mistake of actually getting into the plane; she would not, you could also gather unless you were stone deaf and in South Africa at the moment instead of in Omaha, make the second mistake of permitting herself to be taken off the ground at night—*especially* at night! She had booked passage, under the spur of an emergency which made it imperative for her to be in Chicago the next morning, long after the departure of the last train which might have got her there in time. She had never flown and, once she had taken her seat in the cabin, qualms over the eeriness of a night aloft drained the marrow from her bones. While Jack Knight fingered his throttle and watched the clock eat into the time allotted for his next leg, to Des Moines, the other passengers, the ground attendants and the co-pilot all matched their reassurances in vain against her mounting terror.

Then, quietly, no one afterward remembered exactly how—it came like a transition in a moving picture from a wide scene to an intimate close-up—the tumult died away and the emphasis melted to a front seat where a girl sat alone beside the woman in blue. The girl, whose patience and tact had won sole command of the situation, was clad in a tailored uniform of smoke-green. She was young, trim, cool; and there was professional suavity in the undertones in which she talked to the woman, and practiced skill in the manner in which she patted the frightened creature's trembling hands.

The co-pilot climbed forward into the flight cockpit to carry the news to Jack Knight that "everything will be okay in a couple of minutes; Hasle is doing her stuff." In the cabin the hysteria gradually left the voice of the woman who didn't want to fly. The girl's words flowed on, inaudible to the other passengers—soothing, kindly, tolerant.

"I was frightened, too, the first time I flew at night. Now I'm used to it, and like it better than day flying—"

Putting Fears to Sleep

The sniffles diminished a little more; the woman gripped the girl's hands, and looked into the frank young face uncertainly: "Have you flown—at night—in the darkness?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl in a matter-of-fact tone. "You see, about half of my flying time is at night, and I fly a couple of thousand miles every week. I reckon I've been in the air five hundred hours, perhaps more, at night in the past year. Honestly, you'll love it once you've tried it. Night flying is nicer than day flying because the air is quieter. You'll find it fun to watch the lights of cities and villages and automobiles and trains. And the lighted airports all along the way—but I'll bet you'll sleep all night!"

The girl was right. It was broad daylight when the woman awoke to find herself tucked into her reclining chair in a warm blanket, while the giant plane droned steadily over the farms of western Illinois. There was an aroma of breakfast coffee from aft, and the girl in the uniform was at hand to offer a peeled orange as a mouth-opener.

And that was—not quite the end of that! For when the woman returned home, a few days later, she went by plane. Beyond noting the fact of another convert, however, no one along the airline thought much of the matter, or of complimenting the girl who was responsible. Similar things had occurred before; and would happen again. That was one of the things for which she was hired. It was all part of the workaday jobs of Olette Hasle and her sister hostesses on the United's trans-

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United Air Lines

Air transport stewardesses whose jobs call for a rigid course of highly specialized training

continental run. These girls are pioneers in a new and unique profession for women.

You know the first instant you see Olette Hasle that she has path-breaking blood; that she is of the Nordic breed which conquered the great Mid-Northwest. It is almost superfluous to tell you that she was born in Minnesota; but Minnesota is big, and Park Rapids, the honored place, is small and so is Olette, and we must keep the records specific.

In Park Rapids Olette learned to ski and to skate and to play all the other outdoor games in which little Norse girls excel. She went through the local high school, and in time became one of the prettiest and sturdiest co-eds in the University of Minnesota. She came out of college a registered nurse, a dietitian and expert in all those domestic sciences which make a fetching girl useful as well as good to look at. Then she heard about the airline that was organizing a staff of registered nurses to act as stewardesses in its planes between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, so she packed her brief-case and took her credentials and her aspirations to lay upon the desk of the recruiting officer.

She was, as you'd expect, the very type of young lady for whom the air officials were looking, to provide aboard their planes, as they declared hopefully, "a certain atmosphere and charm, maintained in a dignified but friendly manner at all times." Olette had never ridden in anything higher than the Ferris wheel at the county fair in Park Rapids, but she says she wasn't a bit nervous even on the first day of her aviation career. Now she lives in Cheyenne, Wyoming, and her present run is between that fine old prairie capital and Salt Lake City in Utah—five hundred miles of magnificent history and of scenery that makes you blink and swallow. She flies an average of two round trips a week. She has worked every leg of the line in the two years she has been on her air job, and has seen two thousand hours, more or less, tick away on the clocks it is her chore to wind in the airliner cabins, and a hundred times that number of miles slide underneath her ships. There's been a lesson for every hour, an experience for every mile, she says; and you gather that her quick, bright mind has catalogued every one and that the ideas and theories she has evolved are endowed with authority.

"Your wife," says Olette, "will be on equal terms with you in the future in driving the family airplane, just as she is now in driving the family car. And some exceptional girls will always compete with men in sport record flying. But there aren't going to be any girl air-mail or passenger flyers. Capability has nothing to do with it; put the best girl pilot in the world up there tonight in Jack Knight's seat, and every passenger, man or woman, would quit the ship at the next fuel stop.

Woman's Place in the Sky

"Yet I believe that the opportunities for girls in commercial aviation are going to be as numerous as if we were acceptable as pilots. Air travel is intimate travel, and in its very nature it will always remain so, no matter how large airliners become. In surface vehicles of any sort, land or water, people feel that they are in their element. In the air they feel distinctly out of it. Here's where we girls step into the scheme. By taking our home-making instincts into the cabins of the commercial airliners, we can lend familiar aspects to which travelers may cling. Our work makes them feel less out of place. There aren't twoscore of us yet—counting our girls and those who fly for Eastern Air southward from New York. But ten years ago there weren't twoscore air-mail pilots, either; and now there are hundreds. Very soon we are going to be able to say in aviation that 'they can't keep a good girl down!'

"Girls who want to win places for themselves in the air, however, now or in the future, will have to know more than how to smooth a pillow and serve a lunch. We call ourselves stewardesses, or hostesses, partly because those are terms that suggest services to which people are accustomed, and partly because our work is so new and unique that it still lacks its own terminology. It's more than a matter of answering push buttons, and is only remotely analogous to surface jobs of corresponding names. There are certain fundamental qualifications—physical, mental and professional. A girl should not be more than twenty-five when she takes up the work, because her adaptability loses bounce after that age. Because payload is important on planes, she should not be overbuxom; 116 pounds is the present limit on our line. She should be a registered nurse; not, as some people believe, because nurses are handy in accidents, but because they are professional women, trained to meet and analyze and deal tactfully with all types, skilled in the domestic sciences, even-tempered and well-disciplined. A high-school education is essential; and I believe that in the future all but exceptionally talented girls will be handicapped unless they have a college background. For the girl in the airliner has a profession of many facets—she must be a saleswoman, an information bureau, a diplomat, an entertainment committee, a dietitian; and if a need for any other sort of specialist comes up, she must be that, too!

"We are assigned to the traffic department, and there's a clue for you. In the early days of air travel, you were wished godspeed by the field manager, then left to your own devices, until another field manager opened the cabin door at journey's end and shook hands with you and said, 'Well, well, glad to see you, Mr. Hassenpeffer, and how did you enjoy your trip?' But if you had developed a grouch in flight, if you had experienced a passing fear or been airsick with no one to hold your head, you weren't going to be fetched back a second time merely by polite good-bys! Now we are a traveling link between our company and its guests; through us our officials know what you say and think about air travel while you are actually experiencing it, what you like and dislike, what you fear."

Analyzing the Passenger

Passengers have given Olette some good laughs. For instance, the day Miss Fifi D'Orsay, the oo-la-la movie star, took her doggie bye-bye with the birdies. Of course it was against the rules, but if you were Top Man and Fifi begged, "Please, m'sieu," would you have said no? At each stop Fifi took the dog out for an airing, among other things. Everything went beautifully until Omaha was reached. There the pooch forgot his manners, upon getting the eye from a flirtatious mademoiselle dog that had strayed upon the field, and broke away. Fifi, Olette, the mechanics, the spectators, the passengers and finally even the lordly pilot himself, gave chase. Dogs are no longer carried on the line, oo-la-la or no oo-la-la.

Olette, as you might fear, will become a philosopher along with everything else if she doesn't watch out. She wags her finger under your nose in a life-is-real, life-is-earnest manner and declares that "girls in the air are reading constantly from the greatest schoolbook in the world—human nature!" She can prove it, too.

"Usually I can read in your face before the take-off," she says, "whether you have flown before. If you're very young you can't sit still. If you're mature and filled with responsibilities your expression proclaims that you know you are to be killed and you've made up your mind to die bravely. You'll seldom admit that you are a first-timer, but even if you're skillful enough to hide your emotions there is one infallible give-away. It's a curiously indirect question. I've never known a first-timer who didn't ask, first thing, what questions *other* people ask me!

"We girls, trained as nurses, have compiled the first authentic record of airsickness from actual observation during flight—its frequency, degrees and causes. We have found that only about one per cent of passengers ever suffer from it. Because you are subject to seasickness it does not follow that you will be airsick. Conditions are wholly different. Air trips are shorter. Our company's longest trip, coast to coast, takes only twenty-eight hours and is so broken up that there are no hops of longer than three hours. There is a final remedy open to us, but impossible to ships. If you're sick enough to

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A Safe Bet

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Donald Gibbs

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

"I been listening while you do all this talking and I got twenty-five says you're full of hot air"

HE WAS one of those flashy brethren who go in for fights, horse races, ball games—anything where you get your money's worth out of heaving razzes at the boys who do the work. His light gray felt hat was at a jaunty angle. His necktie was a noisy purple, matching his shirt. His suit was a turbulent green. His face was red, with thick, puffy jowls. And he knew it all. At least, he told the crowd in the Armory he knew it all.

"Why, this here little punk, he ain't got a chance. Not a Chinaman's chance. Wait until this baby from Philly takes a couple of pokes at him. Why, it ain't fair; honest, folks, I'm telling you."

The woman in the next seat gave him what is known to the trade as a dirty look. She was a big blonde in a white polo coat with a bunch of artificial daisies plopped against the lapel. She wore a yellow turban with a blue feather poking up above her left ear. Her face had that shellacked expression the beauty parlors charge good money for.

The big man was too busy yelling to notice any harsh looks, even from a large and comely blonde. He continued to tell the crowd what he thought of the little punk's chances: "I seen this guy fight plenty of times. And is he lousy? Just wait till this big shot from Philly slides a couple of rights into him. He'll fold up, that's what he'll do, fold up."

The semifinal, a pair of palookas heaving haymakers, dragged out its ten rounds. The Armory, which had slept through this, began to look alive. "Well, now we'll see it," the big man told the world, "the laugh of the century, Battling Polero of Philly kayos Sammy Jones. I hope they've padded the ring so the little punk won't hurt himself when he lands. Oh, boy! Wait till he connects just once with a right from that Philly guy. Good night!"

The woman looked as if she wanted to take a fly-swatter and eliminate the big man. A great shout from the crowd welcomed the fighter from Philly as he came in, wrapped in a scarlet robe. The big man jumped to his feet and yowled his delight: "Don't he look right, folks? I ask you, don't he look right?" The folks were too busy doing their own yelling to pay much attention to him. The woman in the polo coat looked sour.

Another roar from the crowd and Sammy, a towheaded youngster with a grin you could see back in the wall seats, came into the ring. The big man went at it again. "Wait till you get yours, baby," he yelled. "Wait till you get yours. Good old Bat is going to make apple sauce out of you in about two seconds, you foul ball."

Sammy was wearing a bright yellow robe with his name in blue letters on the back. This was so much ammunition for the big wise-cracker. "Guess yellow is the right color for you all right, big boy. Wait till Bat gets a hold of you."

The woman in the polo coat grinned. She turned to the big man and nudged him with a well-padded elbow. "Say, brother, you're making so much noise, I'll go you twenty-five, even money, on the kid." She reached into a beaded bag and pulled out the bills.

THE big man looked dazed. "You," he said, looking at her as if she had suddenly gone crazy, "you want to bet on that little punk? Lady, I couldn't do it. It's a sure thing."

"Yeah? Well, I been listening while you do all this talking about the kid and I got twenty-five says you're full of hot air. Come on. Put up your money." She turned to a young fellow in the row back who was listening to the conversation. "Here, friend," she said, "you hold this. The big-timer here will give you his twenty-five."

The big man was purple as his shirt. "Why, lady, it don't seem hardly fair. This kid, he ain't got a chance against this guy from Philly. Just look at him." The fighter from Philly certainly was a tough-looking hombre. He was undershot and ugly-looking as a gorilla. "Just look at him, lady."

"I looked at him plenty, big boy. You put up your money."

"All right," he said, getting back his bluster. "If you want to bet on that spindle-legged son-of-a-gun, that's your business." He fished into a wallet and counted out twenty-five dollars. "Even money?" he asked pointedly.

"Even money."

"Lady," he said, as he handed the bills to the young man in the row back, "you sure got your nerve."

The announcer got through his ballyhoo. The two fighters met for their instructions. The bell rang. Things started. Wham! Wham! Wham! Polero went in like a streak of lightning. The towhead took it and came back at him. "It can't last. He's letting him have a round to make it look like a fight." The big man explained it all. "Go on in, Bat, and clean him up."

THE Bat did go in. His right connected. And the towhead was back against the ropes. Clang. Clang. The bell. "Pretty lucky," said the big man. "Pretty lucky." He turned to the woman in the polo coat. "Sorry now you was so free with your money?"

Her face didn't move a muscle. "Nope," said the lady.

Second round. Third round. Fourth round. The towhead held his own. Then the fifth—and trouble. That right again. The towhead sprawled face down on the resin. "Yowwweeeee!" The big man did a tap dance. "Didn't I tell you? Not a chance. Not a chance. The little punk can't take . . ."

His voice was swallowed up in the roar from the crowd. The towhead moved. Six times the referee's hand flailed the count. The towhead got to his knees. Polero stood in a neutral corner waiting. The towhead was up. The referee waved Polero to come in. His arm cocked for the kill. Sock. The towhead took it—and stayed.

The crowd went haywire. The kid was game. He had stayed. The bell. The sixth. And with Polero against the ropes the towhead shot lefts, mixed them up, crashed in a straight right and Polero went down. "Ohhhhhhhhh!" moaned the big man. "Ohhhhhhhhh!"

"Seven, eight, nine, ten." The referee raised the towhead's right arm above his head. It was over. The towhead had won. The big man's face looked as if someone had stuck a pin in it. He reached over to the young man who was holding the fifty dollars. "Here," he said, taking the money and handing it to the woman in the polo coat. "You win. But what I want to know is how you ever got wise this little punk is going to beat this tough guy, Polero?"

A GRIN came over the shellacked features of the blond lady. "Big shot," she said, "I ought to know something about him. I been married to him for five years."

The big man's jaw dropped. "Say," he said, "you sure must be proud to be the wife of a guy like that. You sure married a fighter, Mrs. Jones."

The big blonde folded the bills, pushed them into the beaded bag, and snapped it shut. "Yeah?" she said. "Well, that's where you're wrong again. The name's Polero."

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The Girl who Blushed

Continued from page 8

Monday. The voice of the girl in green penetrated—

". . . Believe it or not, I'm tight yet! Somebody must've brought me home, but who it was, I don't know!"

"Don't look at me," said the young man on her right.

"Nor at me," said the other.

"No, we didn't," said the russet girl. "But we went to the museum. And saw the dinosaurs."

"The *which?*"

"The dinosaurs, and the brontosaurus. They're perfectly marvelous! I never saw them before. There're skeletons more than fifty feet long!"

"Skeletons!" cried Dora. "You was wandering among *skeletons?* Say, have you seen the old water tower and have you been to the top o' the Tribune Tower?"

"No," said the russet girl. "Not yet."

"Not yet—but soon," said Dora. And here the young man came in. He had dropped his shyness and diffidence altogether.

IT WAS quite a while before Dora had another conversation with the russet girl. The luncheonette was empty, and the girl volunteered conversation herself.

"He's not coming today," she said. "He's got to go to lunch with a man on business."

"You'll be seein' him tonight, wontcha?" said Dora. The little girl nodded three times, and the color mounted to her cheeks. "Do you go to shows?" asked Dora.

"We sit in the hotel lobby and listen to the radio. He lives here in the hotel, you know."

"Well, ain't that enchanting!"

"Yes, isn't it?" said the girl. "But we're going to the opera this week."

"Dontcha think you're hurrying things?" said Dora.

"Oh, do you think so?" said the girl. "Maybe I shouldn't—"

"I was just kiddin'," said Dora.

"When you feel happy, does it make you want to go and buy foolish things—clothes—?" the russet girl asked.

"Honey, you're good enough to eat!" thought Dora. "You're one honeybunch!" Aloud she said: "Sure. Feeling happy makes me reckless!"

"Oh, it makes you want to just—just let go everything, doesn't it?"

"What do you want to let go of?" said Dora. "Them mummies and skeletons've been too much for ya."

"It's just—a dress I saw, on Michigan Boulevard. It's too, too beautiful! But it's something I'd never wear. . . . Do you ever get any time off? I'd love to show it to you! I want a girl to see it. Someone I'd feel like showing this dress to."

"Is it far?" asked Dora. "I got half an hour now."

"Oh, have you?" cried the girl. "It's just up the Boulevard. I don't have to get back early today; my employer is going to be out late at lunch." They raced up the Boulevard together.

IT TURNED out that the russet girl's name was Rosalie Weir, and that she had not been long in the city, that her employer had his vacations in the little country town where Rosalie lived—it being his home town too—and she had worked with him summers. Then when his stenographer had married, he had sent for Rosalie. She was, she confided, a very good stenographer, because her uncle had trained her and she had worked for him until he died. And wasn't Chicago enthralling and would one ever get used to it, and—oh, look, here was the dress!

And there it was. A white lace dress, a perfectly useless dress for anyone who wasn't immediately going to a garden party or a wedding.

"Oh, you'd look sweet in it!" cried Dora. "You'd look just too sweet! *You'd look like the Queen of the May.*"

"But to have something useless because one wants it—"

"Go on, get it," said Dora.

"Not now, there isn't time. I'll have to think some more." Cute, thought Dora, of course she would have to think some more. How well Dora knew that delightful moment when one pretends to consider before a reckless plunge.

It was next Sunday before Dora had a chance to ask Rosalie, "Did you get the dress?"

"Not yet," said Rosalie. "And do you know why I didn't? Because I tried and tried to think that I *should* get a real afternoon dress—the kind that I ought to have had yesterday." She turned her clear, direct gaze on Dora. Dora thought, "Oh, you pretty!" Aloud she said just what Rosalie wanted her to say, which was:

"Wheredja go yesterday? Whadja do?"

"He— Mr. Stanwood—"

"What's his first name?" asked Dora.

"Christopher," said Rosalie. "He—he took me to tea!"

"To tea!" cried Dora. "No! Did he?" Rosalie dimpled. "He took me to one of those great big hotels on the lake front. And we danced. They have a beautiful orchestra!"

"Whadja wear?"

"Oh, just an afternoon dress, nothing special. I've tried and tried to make myself buy a new one, instead of that white one. He might take me to tea again. . . . I should, shouldn't I?"

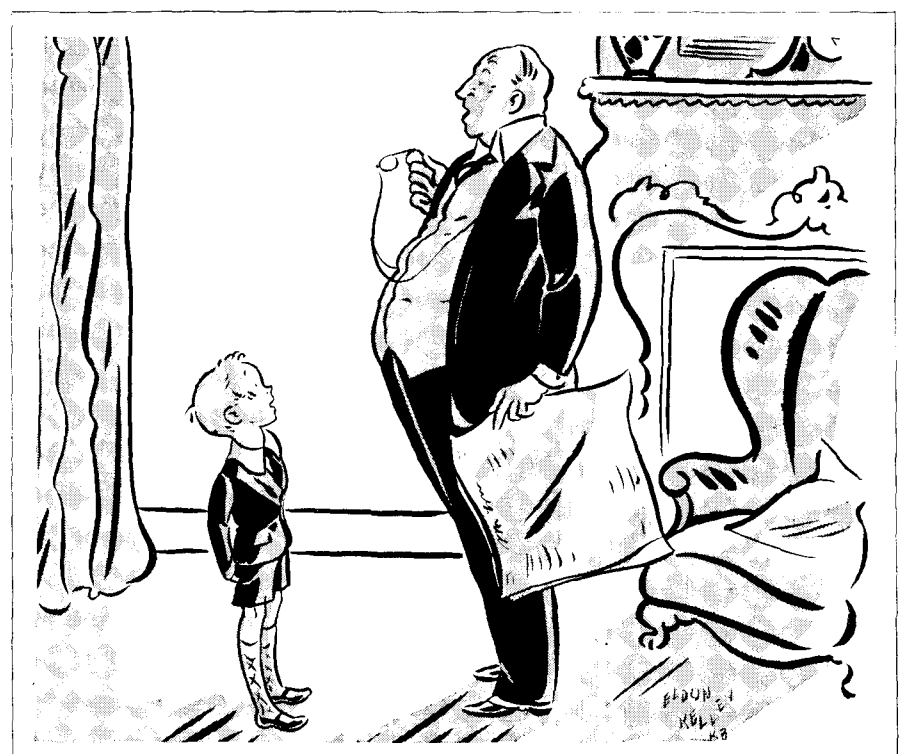
"No, you shouldn't. Get the white one," said Dora. "But tell me more about the place where you danced." So Rosalie launched into an account of the Elysian Fields and paradise, and was only stopped by the late breakfasters coming in. "I wonder," thought Dora, "if they're gonna take as long to find out they're in love as they took to talk to each other!"

The inexplicable, well-dressed young man had come in early, for a wonder. He sat down next to Rosalie, and again said it was a pleasant day. And, he asked, was Rosalie going to church? . . . Yes, she was. And what church, he asked, did she attend? She told him.

"Oh," he said. "I've never been there." And would she, he said, hesitating and acting shy—"shy like a wolf, you are!" thought Dora—could he go with her, because he hadn't been to church as often as he should—

Rosalie shot Dora a glance which said, "What'll I do?" Dora nodded slightly. "Well, after all," she thought, "maybe it'll hurry Mr. Christopher up a little if he thinks he isn't the only pebble on the beach!"

She was still so irritated with Christopher that by the time he came in to meet Rosalie for luncheon she slammed down his Small Steak with Vegetables, 35¢, with such force that he looked up with surprise. "Go on and stare," she thought. "You'll never find out what I'm thinkin'! You're too dumb!"



"Father, when I grow up can I have a capacity too?" *Eldon Kelley*

"Well, an' howdja like the boy friend you went to church with?" Dora asked Rosalie next day.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so sorry for him! He's had a terribly hard time."

"Yeah?" said Dora. "Why is he staying in the hotel then?"

"He isn't," said Rosalie. "He's taking a room over where I am. It's far cheaper."

"Sure it's cheaper," said Dora. "He ain't so slow," she thought to herself. "I wonder what's the big idea? Betcha he didn't pay his rent here." She wondered if he'd be mean enough or desperate enough to chisel a nickel out of a kid like Rosalie.

NEXT day Rosalie didn't come. Christopher sat looking at the door. He ate only a mouthful or two of his Small Steak with Vegetables, 35¢. He went out of the drug store and walked up and down in front of it. He came back and sat down to do some heavy waiting. He glowered so that the girl in green said:

"Hey, what's eating Handsome?"

"Don't you see?" said the young man on her right. "His sweetie didn't come."

"Has he got a sweetie?"

"The cutest little trick I ever saw," said the man on her left. "If I hadn't been afraid of making you jealous and ruining your young life, I'd have lifted her off him." Thought Dora, "You ain't such a hot number. I'd rather go to look at mummies with him than go to College Inn with you, any day."

On Tuesday, Christopher was alone again. He munched his steak somberly.

"Ain't she comin'?" Dora asked.

"She had a grippy cold last night. I told her I didn't think she ought to go out."

"That's tough. If you go round to see her, give her my love."

"Thank you, I will," said Christopher, and he smiled at Dora. She hadn't noticed that his smile was like that. It was brilliant, dazzling, and not the smile of a shy young man at all.

THE next day Christopher rushed in. His shyness had vanished. His reticence had gone. In front of the girl in green with her two young men, in front of the old lady, he cried out to Dora:

"Has she been in?"

"I ain't seen 'er," said Dora. "What's yours?"

"Just a cup of coffee," he said. "I won't order; I can't eat, not till she comes." They all turned their heads toward him, then after a second they all looked away again. Finally they went out, one by one, leaving Christopher behind, a picture of agony. He said dully, as if he couldn't believe it:

"She isn't coming!"

"Looks like it," said Dora.

"She's gone!" said Christopher.

"Gone! Whadya mean, gone?"

"I mean I went around to her rooming place last night, and she had left. Sick as she was, she had gone the night before—after I left. Gotten up and gone."

"Whatever for?"

"It was that beast of a landlady. I rang the bell and the colored girl told me, 'Miss Weir's gone. Miss Weir's gone away, sir,' she told me. 'She packed up and went away last night.' She didn't know any more than that, so I insisted on seeing the landlady. And do you know what that old buzzard had done? She'd gone up to Rosalie's room after I went, and told her she wasn't allowed to entertain gentlemen in her room. Rosalie probably told her she wouldn't stay in a place where people were impertinent to her, and the buzzard must have been disagreeable, because, sick as she was, she packed right up and went."

"Didn't she leave no address?" asked Dora.

"I don't suppose she knew where she was going when she started. She probably went looking around for a place to stay. Down with flu! She may get pneumonia! She may be in a hospital!"

"Howdja happen to be callin' on her?"

"I want to see how she was. I took her some flowers. She sent word for me to come up—which I was going to do anyway. She was lying on her couch, and she was quite feverish. . . . And she got up and left! Did she ever tell you where she worked?"

"No, she never did. She works for a man who goes to her home town for his vacations. . . . Do you know if she got the dress?"

"The dress?" queried Christopher.

"That dress she wanted to get. She was gonna get it Monday. It's a white dress—the kinda dress she'd never have a chance to wear, but she wanted it real bad."

"Let's go see if it's gone," said Christopher. "She might have had it sent to her new place." And though Dora knew that was impossible since Rosalie was sick, and Christopher knew it was impossible, they went around together.

As they walked along, suddenly the knowledge came to Dora that here was a young man who knew his way about.

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FIRST-CHOICE or SECOND-choice

Which tire will you buy at the same low price?

Why do you suppose that Goodyear Tires lead all others in public preference by better than two to one?

Why do you suppose that more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind—and have for 17 years?

These tires must be FIRST-CHOICE because they're *better.*

They must *outsell* all other tires in the world because they *outrun* them on the road.

On a straight quality basis, then, it certainly looks like common sense to buy FIRST-CHOICE tires.

Which brings up the question, "how about price?"

Most of the best things on the market naturally cost more than the second-raters.

But here's the amazing fact about tires:

You can get the safety, the quality, the extra life and trouble-free mileage of the world's greatest tire *at no extra cost.*

Think that over when someone tries to high-pressure you into buying an unknown or doubtful bargain.

Just ask him this simple question: "Why should I pay good money for any *second-choice* tire when FIRST-CHOICE costs no more?"

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

TUNE IN on the Goodyear Program every Wednesday night over N.B.C. Red Network, WEAF and Associated Stations

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The Girl who Blushed

Continued from page 32

"What's the great idea," she asked, "of the Museum?"

"Did she tell you about the Museum?"

"She prattled like a child about it, I'll tell the world."

"Did she like it?"

"She loved it," said Dora.

"Well, that was why the Museum," he said. "There are still girls like Rosalie in the world, believe it or not. And they scare very easily." Dora looked at him with admiration.

"Say," she said, "you ain't so dumb, are you!"

"I feel dumber than anything ever made, just now," said Christopher bitterly. "After being so careful—I've *got* to find her!" he informed Michigan Boulevard and Chicago at large. "I'm going to find her if I have to tear up every stone of the city!"

Then they were at the shop where the white dress was. The white dress was there.

"That's it," said Dora. "That's the dress." Christopher stared at it—almost, Dora thought, with tears in his eyes.

"Wouldn't she look lovely in that?" he said softly. "It looks just exactly like her. You can almost see her in it."

"Yeah," Dora murmured sympathetically. She thought, "The only thing it needs is a veil, an' if you hadn't been so soft—" The same thought must have come to Christopher.

"I thought I was being so smart," he said. "I thought I was teaching her not to be afraid of me, and going very slowly. What I should have done was to have hustled her right over to the nearest church!"

"And I thought you were slow," said Dora.

"Slow!" said Christopher. "I knew that was the girl I wanted to marry when I first saw her—in front of the florist shop. I saw her looking in the florist's window, and then she came along and turned in at the drug store, and I turned in after her."

"SHE said you lived in the hotel," Dora remarked.

"I took a room in the hotel that very day, so that we'd have someplace to sit that she wouldn't mind. And now—she's gone!"

Then Dora had an idea. "Gee!" she said. "You don't suppose he'd know where she is—that fellow who was gonna take a room in her place—"

"What fellow?"

"That smooth-looking guy with the good clothes that was talking to her one time, and you thought he'd been gettin' fresh. He went to church with her the Sunday before she was took sick. . . ."

"I remember. She told me," said Christopher. "And she just laughed when I told her he wanted to go to church only to be with her."

"Well, he was gonna move over to her rooming place. I'll watch out for him!"

And sure enough, when he came in to eat his breakfast-lunch, Dora asked him. But he knew nothing whatever about Rosalie, except that she had suddenly moved away.

Rosalie seemed to have vanished into thin air. Christopher canvassed the hospitals. She wasn't in any of them. She had walked out of her rooming place, fortified by overwhelming indignation, into a rainy spring night—and disappeared.

He tried to trace the taxi she had taken. He wrote her a letter to her old address; he wrote up to her aunt, asking for her new address and her business address. He sat brooding about the advisability of hiring detectives and consulting the police. He telephoned the Y. W. C. A.'s and the Eleanor Clubs and every place where girls could go. He even advertised in the Personal columns of three papers.

But all the time Christopher knew what had happened, as plainly as if he had seen it by television. In some unknown place, not half a mile away, no doubt, Rosalie was lying ill. Very ill, or she must have telephoned to him. "She wouldn't let me worry like this," he thought. "She would have telephoned me." And then he thought, "But why should she telephone me?" For he, idiot, fool, blockhead that he was, had never told her he loved her. He had only looked it and acted it. He had let it surround them, like spring. He had checked himself from speaking a dozen times, wanting—like a fool, he thought bitterly—to keep this perfect and exquisite moment.

AFTER all, this was only Friday, and he had seen her Monday night, though that seemed totally incredible. "I'll never let her out of my sight again when I find her," he told Dora. Then he went and telephoned all the hospitals again.

"What's happened to his sweetie?" asked the girl in green as he went out. "And is he going to cut his throat?"

"She's gone," said Dora. "He can't find her."

"Whadya mean, gone?" said the young man on the right.

"The landlady sassed her 'cause he went up to her room when she was sick, and she cleared out," said Dora.

"I didn't know they had landladies like that in Chicago any more," said the girl in green. "I'd just like to see anyone tell me who I can have in my room!"

All the while they talked Dora kept her eyes on the inexplicable, well-dressed young man. He seemed to her to be suspiciously uninterested — "seeing," thought Dora, "that you thought enough of her to stand two hours of church!" She addressed him at last:

"You wouldn't think anybody could vanish just like that!"

"Incomprehensible," he said. "Frightful!" and he reached for his check. *"I bet you know where she is,"* thought Dora with sudden certainty.

It was Dora's lunch hour. She didn't feel like eating. She strolled up the Boulevard and before she knew it she was in front of the little shop where the dress was. And there, coming from the other direction, was Christopher.

"I thought I'd just take a look," he said apologetically. They both looked, and saw at the same moment that the dress was gone from the window! Without a word they turned in together. The dress had been bought—and, "Was it Miss Rosalie Weir who telephoned for it?" asked Christopher tremulously. The saleslady murmured, "Really, I don't know. . . ." and looked at Christopher with eyes that said, "What's this all about?"

"Would they know at the office?" asked Dora.

"We might inquire, madam. . . ."

"Was there a telephone call from Miss Rosalie Weir?" they inquired of the girl with dark hair and blue eyes, "asking for a white dress?" And his tone was so urgent that before she knew it she said:

"Why, yes, I think that was the name. I'm quite sure that was the name. She described the dress, to make sure."

"And where—what's the address?" cried Christopher. But by that time the girl had recovered herself.

"I'm sorry, we don't give out customers' addresses," said she. "It's against the rules."

"WHERE'S the manager?" cried Christopher. The manager was a fine, imposing figure of a woman.

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but it's quite against the rules. It's very irregular. We never give out customers' addresses." Her voice was even; it seemed to say, "What a queer pair you are!" But Christopher began:

"We've lost her! I must find her!" And the anguish in his voice rang so true that it pierced the heart of this fine figure of a woman.

"We couldn't possibly let you have the address," she said. "At least not without the owner's special permission."

"And where is the owner?" cried Christopher.

"I don't think he's in. We have several stores; he's possibly at our State Street store."

"But I absolutely must find him," said Christopher.

"He's very busy—"

"Oh, what difference does it make?" cried Christopher. "I tell you I've got to have this address!" And, as luck would have it, the owner was in his office in the building, upstairs.

He was gray-haired and elderly. He was Jewish, and had a finely carved face, and he listened thoughtfully to Christopher's story and to Dora, who was as insistent as a waterfall. They explained how Rosalie had vanished and how they didn't know where she was, and how she was no doubt sick.

"If she wasn't too sick to telephone for the dress," the owner suggested, "why didn't she telephone you?"

"It's all a mistake!" cried Dora. "And he's in love with her, cantcha see?"

"I'm going to marry her!" said Christopher.

"That's her wedding dress!" cried Dora.

"It's her wedding dress?" said the owner, and his face looked very kind. "Well, it's very queer, and it's very irregular; but if I hadn't been a good judge of character I wouldn't have this business today." He turned to his office telephone. "What's the address of that young lady that's been inquired for?"

THEY stormed along to the North Side, and into the inexpressive, old-fashioned house. Yes, Miss Weir was in, and two flights up. The door was open, and there was Rosalie on a couch, and there hung the white dress. And there, sitting on a chair near some yellow daffodils which he had doubtless brought, was the equivocal-looking young man.

"Oh, Rosalie—" cried Christopher.

"Oh, *Christopher!*" cried Rosalie. "I thought you weren't ever coming!"

"Why didn't you let me know where you were?" they cried together.

"Why, I did write you. I wrote you once. I gave it to Mr. Bell to post, didn't I?"

"And I mailed it at once," said the inexplicable Mr. Bell firmly.

"You mailed it in your pocket," said Dora. "I asked him if he knew anything aboutcha, and he didn't; didn't know nothing! I've known you were no good all along—going to cut Christopher out!"

"Oh—how could you?" said Rosalie. "You told me—you said you had seen Christopher—with a girl, sitting in the lobby, and that people very soon forgot luncheonette acquaintances in Chicago. . . ." And as she spoke Mr. Bell got up, and so did Christopher—who had the air of a person about to kick another person downstairs. But Mr. Bell subtly and unostentatiously backed out of the room.

"Rosalie—" said Christopher.

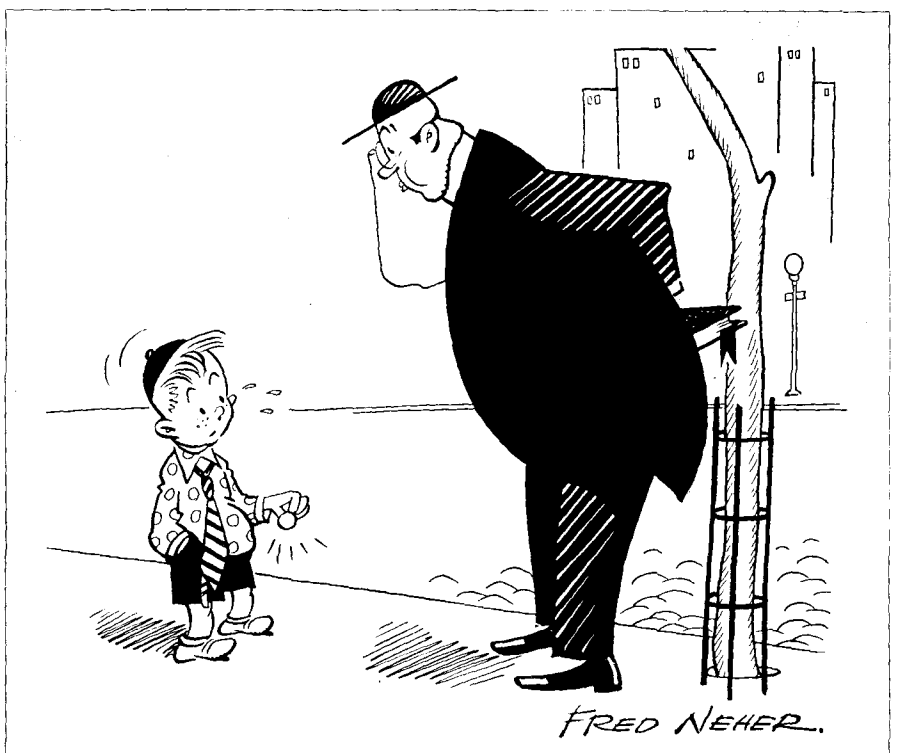
"Christopher—" said Rosalie. "Oh, you made me think—I thought you'd think I was bold, almost, being put out of my place, and writing you— Oh, Christopher, I thought you'd given me up. . . . I didn't—know you'd be so worried—"

"Well, I guess I'll be going," said Dora. "I'll drop in to see ya when I get through work." She went out quietly, because neither of them had heard her. She took a backward look and thought she'd never seen anything sweeter than Rosalie with her russet hair and peaches-and-cream complexion, a little paler than usual.

"But how did you find me?" she heard Rosalie ask.

"The white dress—your wedding dress," said Christopher.

"Well, that white dress wasn't so extravagant, after all," thought Dora.



"I thought of that, but I think I'll buy the ice-cream soda and let the druggist give the money to the missionaries"

Fred Neher

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Women don't Change

Continued from page 11

"That's your Community of Gentlefolks!" He rose. "Come on, Dorothy, let's go see the Cunninghams. Maybe I got an idea that will do everybody in this town a lot of good. . . ."

The cottage rented by the Cunninghams was up a lane just a block from one of Engledale's fashionable boulevards. It sat on a narrow lot, which ran back up the hill to the Morrow-Smythes' hedge.

Mary and Tom Cunningham were sitting on their tiny porch, and rose quickly to greet Henry Wiggins and his daughter.

"Hello, folks," said Mary. She grasped Henry's hand firmly and smiled up at him. Henry Wiggins liked her immensely. He would have been willing to bet that she had been the most popular girl in Boulder, Colorado.

"Wish there was a million of you, Mary," he said. "Hello, Tom. You look like you had more troubles than the President of the United States."

"I got drunk with hospitality," Tom smiled.

"Don't worry, Tom," said Dorothy confidently. "Dad will fix everything."

"What'd I tell you, Tommy?" said Mary. "How are we going to do it, Mr. Wiggins?"

Henry scratched his head. "Don't know for sure, Mary. Let's go out and look at that back yard of yours."

"WELL," said Dorothy, as they drove toward home, "what's the plan, Dad?"

"I was thinkin'," he said, screwing up his face, "that we'll have to tear out some of Mrs. Morrow-Smythe's hedge and use their yard and—"

Dorothy almost lost control of the car. "Daddy!" she cried. "Tear out Mrs. Morrow-Smythe's hedge! What—"

"Never mind what. Meet me at the station tomorrow afternoon. I'll be on the 3:42. Better bring Mary with you. And for heaven's sake, don't tell your mother."

"But, Dad, what are you going to do?"

"Maybe," said Henry, "maybe I'm goin' to fix things not only for Mary Cunningham, but for a lot of hard-workin' husbands, too." He rubbed his chin. "But maybe I'm just goin' to prove that I ought to be locked up in the booby hatch."

The regular Thursday two-tables-of-bridge was under way on the Wiggins sun porch.

"Three No Trump," said Mrs. Morrow-Smythe.

Mrs. Wiggins, hearing a noise, looked up. "Why, Henry!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing home?"

Mrs. McCann, at the other table, looked at her partner, Mrs. Haverstraw, and frowned.

"Hello, Henry," said Mrs. Nash.

"Hello, ladies," said Henry genially.

The others answered his greeting as pleasantly as any women do when their afternoon bridge is interrupted by the appearance of a husband.

"Why are we honored, Henry?" Matilda asked, studying her cards, hoping that he'd take the hint and move on.

Henry pulled up a chair and sat down.

"I want to borrow a rubber plant," he said.

Eight women stared at him.

"I haven't seen a rubber plant since I was a girl back in Indiana," said Mrs. Cutter. "I bid five Spades."

"Weren't they funny?" said Mrs. Thompson. "Everybody in St. Louis had one for the bay window and you couldn't give a party unless you had at least a dozen sitting around."

"That," said Henry, "is the trouble with Engledale. There ain't any rubber plants."

"I can help you out, Henry," said Mrs. Nash. She liked Henry Wiggins. "I have a rubber plant. I wouldn't be without one."

"Good," said Henry. "Now we're started. How many of you folks came from small towns out West?"

MRS. NASH, puzzled, but willing to try to find out what it was all about, held up a hand. Matilda, hoping to get it over quickly, held up hers. Four other women, noticing that Mrs. Nash—the richest woman in Engledale—was taking part in the proceedings, put up theirs.

"Six," Henry counted. "What about you, Mrs. Morrow-Smythe?"

"Pottsville, Pennsylvania," she said coldly, "isn't out West."

"Mrs. Dresser?" he questioned.

"I was born in Bridgeport," she answered severely, "or at least, just outside Bridgeport."

"Right!" said Henry. "And was there any one of you that didn't have a rubber plant in the house?"

There was no answer.

"Good! A rubber plant is the badge of real neighbors. Did you ever, when you were just married, give parties and borrow things—rubber plants and chairs and silverware?"

"Always," said Mrs. Nash eagerly. "We'd tie blue and red strings around the handles of the knives and forks and spoons so as to tell which should be returned to Mrs. Scroggins, and which to Mrs. McGraw."

"And remember," said Mrs. Thompson, her eyes sparkling now, "how you'd borrow your neighbor's hired girl to help do the serving?"

"I should say I do," exclaimed Mrs. Cutter.

"We're gettin' somewhere," said Henry.

"I fail to see the point," said Matilda.

"We'll start with Mrs. Nash's rubber plant," said Henry. "When you're out borro'in' you always start with a rubber plant. Then I want a lot of tables—card tables—and chairs and—"

"I always had to borrow card tables and chairs," confessed Mrs. Morrow-Smythe. "What's this for, Mr. Wiggins?"

"A garden party for forty-eight people. There's a little girl, married only a couple years, named Mary Cunningham and her husband went crazy and invited a mob out to their house for dinner."

Then Henry told them the details. "And I want all you people to pitch in and be real neighbors," he said. "They haven't room in the house for the party, so it'll have to be held on the lawn."

"Absurd!" said Mrs. Dresser.

"Let's go on with the bridge game," said Mrs. McCann.

"You can count on me, Henry," said Mrs. Nash quickly.

Henry took a deep breath.

"Of course, Henry," said Matilda, "you know you can count on me."

"Dog-gone it! I'll never correct that slice!" *Lawrence La Riar*

"Are those the people who live back of me?" Mrs. Morrow-Smythe asked.

"Yes," said Henry. "I was thinkin' that maybe you could let 'em use your lawn."

Mrs. Morrow-Smythe looked at him aghast. "Why, Mr. Wiggins, I don't even know them! Don't be absurd!"

HENRY looked around the sun porch. "Anybody besides Pottsville, Pa., that don't want to join this party?" he asked in a cold voice.

"Well, now, Mr. Wiggins," Mrs. Dresser began, "I don't see how you really can expect—"

"Mrs. Dresser's out of it. Mrs. Dresser and Mrs. Morrow-Smythe. Anybody else?"

"I'm *not* out of it," Mrs. Dresser protested, wilting under a severe glance from Mrs. Nash. "That is, if everybody else is doing it. I can lend silverware and tables."

Now they stampeded to help out—all but Mrs. Morrow-Smythe, who sat silently staring at her bridge hand, entirely out of it.

"Gee!" said Henry softly. There was a lump in his throat. "Gee, you're the swellest darned women that God ever made. Now let me get Mary."

He stepped into the hall.

"Mary," he called. "Mary. It's all right, honey. Didn't I tell you?"

There was no answer. He heard the sound of soft sobbing. He looked in a dark corner. Curled up in a chair was Mary Cunningham, crying as if she had lost her last friend.

"It's all right, now, Mary," said Henry, putting a hand on her shoulder. "Everything's fixed up. There's nothing to cry about, honey."

She lifted a tear-stained face and dabbed a tiny handkerchief at her eyes. "There—there is—there is, too, Mr. Wiggins," she said in a choked voice. "I couldn't help hearing what they said. I'm—I'm so happy, Mr. Wiggins, I've got to cry. Don't you see? I've got neighbors again!"

Henry returned to the sun-porch door. His eyes were a little dim.

"She—" he swallowed and pointed with his thumb. "She's in the hall, cryin'."

"The poor dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Nash and sprang to her feet.

Seven women hurried from the room and crowded toward the hall.

"Crying?" Mrs. Morrow-Smythe asked softly.

Henry nodded.

"Oh, she mustn't cry, Mr. Wiggins." Mrs. Morrow-Smythe rose and glanced longingly toward the women who were pushing into the hall. "She mustn't cry. I think—" she looked up at Henry—"I think, if you'd let me—if it isn't too late—I'd like to be one of the best darned women that God ever made."

"Attagirl," beamed Henry. "Run along and tell her."

THE Monday morning following, Henry Wiggins and W. B. Nash were waiting for the 7:47.

Henry heard a voice behind him call, "Hello, there, Mr. Wiggins!"

He turned. It was Mrs. McCann, sitting in her undistinguished car, from which her husband had just alighted. Mrs. McCann was smiling.

"I hear," she called, "that Tom Cunningham got the account."

Henry grinned and stepped up to the car. "Right," he said. "You girls and the chocolate cake put it over."

"I hope we helped," she said. "Thanks for the you-know-what."

"Aw, that's all right, Mrs. McCann. You're plenty welcome."

"It was just what I needed," she said. She threw a kiss to her husband. "Goodby, darling," she called merrily. "Good luck!" And she sped in her car down the hill.

McCann walked over and greeted Henry and Nash.

"It's a swell morning," said McCann.

"Sure is," Henry agreed.

"My wife's decided the weather is so good in Engledale," said McCann, "that she doesn't want to go to the seashore."

"Mine's given up the Adirondacks, too," said Henry. "Funny how women change when they do something for somebody."

McCann looked at Henry quizzically. "By any chance, Henry," he said, "is the 'you-know-what' that my wife was talking about that queer-looking rubber plant that we've got sitting in our front window?"

"Might be," said Henry. "I sent one to each of my best girl friends yesterday."

W. B. Nash, with a puzzled look on his face, was still staring at Mrs. McCann's car as it scooted down the road.

"I can't understand it, Henry," he said. He opened his paper to the Stock Market quotations. "Wonder how Steel closed Saturday. Perhaps I ought to buy a little."

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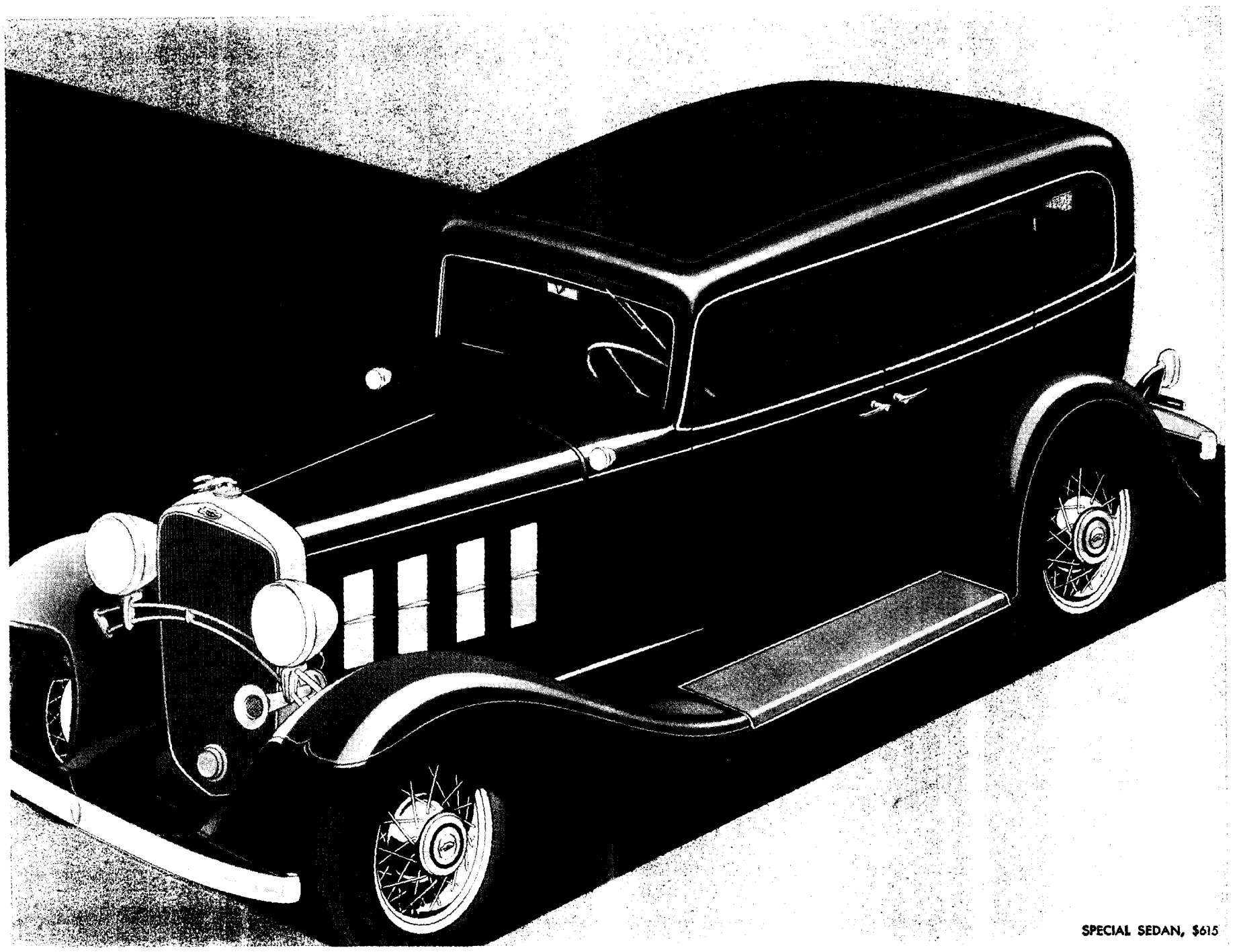

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Up Stick and Run!

Continued from page 16

He concluded significantly. That hint of mutiny. With a crew of men worn desperate. No man answered him. They looked at Gillet. He might be the devil tempting them but as a leader he was unconvincing.

"Leave it to me," he said. "I'll do it!"

No man answered for a moment. Then Jones muttered: "Sounds reasonable. We can't go beating and sufferin' trying to get around the Horn like this forever. Up stick and run to the east'ard sounds fair and proper to me."

They sat in silence, the vision of this coming to all of them. Up stick and run. To put the helm up and run before the gale instead of fighting it. Run away from the Horn, around the Cape of Good Hope, up through the warm Pacific to San Francisco. What if it did mean sailing all the way round the world? They were beaten, racked with pain. Three men had incipient scurvy. Why not run away from the ice and snow? Turn the fearful gale from their teeth into a fair wind! Of course it meant going the longest way to their goal—but how much time were they wasting bucking Cape Horn? They lay in their bunks. But was it possible to "make" Prideau do it? They were doubtful of Gillet. And what did he mean by his hint of "after that"? They were decent men to whom discipline was a religion. They fell asleep worried. About them shrilled the Hades of the storm.

"One bell! Turn out, ye sleepers!"

They turned out, growling. It seemed but a minute since they had gone to sleep.

"You fellers with me—about making the Old Man up stick?" asked Gillet.

That chill zero hour looked like a good moment for a breeder of mutiny, but it was also a good moment for the fat sailor's dislike of Gillet to come to the surface.

"Make him?" asked the fat sailor. "How are you going to 'make' him?"

"If you're all with me I'll show you!" boasted Gillet.

They went on deck again.

In Gillet was the impetus-urge of every revolutionist—the desire, the craving, the mania to drag the ruling power from its throne. Not to help his fellows but to gratify his petty itch for authority. "After that" Gillet had no plan. His was a chaotic mind. . . .

IT WAS noon of a grim day of blizzard when the men went aft in a body. The second mate and the captain were standing under the weather cloth. The Old Man had his arm hooked carelessly through the rigging, holding on. The young second mate balanced himself on the swaying deck. The mate was in his bunk, sick and off duty.

The men filed to windward. They were tired and worn and had been goaded to desperation by Gillet, yet when they confronted the Old Man and the enormity of what they were about came over them they shuffled their feet and looked miserable. After much debate they had decided upon the ancient forecastle rule of drawing lots, and chance had decided that Jones, not Gillet, should be the speaker. . . .

"Well, men, what is it?" asked the captain.

Jones stepped a pace forward of his mates, touched his sou'wester in sailor-like salute, and stammered: "This bad weather, sir?"

"Worst I ever saw," agreed Prideau gravely.

"Are . . . we to stay here . . . forever, sir?"

"I hope not," said the Old Man, who now knew exactly what was in the men's minds.

Jones tried again but his lame words halted in his throat.

"What do you want?" asked Prideau.

Here the egomania of Gillet possessed him. He pushed Jones aside and stepped forward.

"We demands," he said, "that you up stick and run for it! Unless you does we refuses to do another stroke of work! Ain't that so, mates?"

He turned, waving a wild hand at his fellows.

A wavering chorus answered him.

Captain Prideau looked at them steadily, nonchalantly. The snow and wind hissed, flailing the crowd of them.

CAPTAIN PRIDEAU had been going to sea for fifty years, and he had seen and experienced every situation possible to a sailing ship. He was not afraid of anything, yet he had never shot a man in his life. Men were too valuable, too badly needed to be hurt, if that could be avoided. He knew how to handle men. Not as a cheap bully of fiction but as a master mariner. He regarded his crew gravely and sympathetically. They were scarred and beaten. Salt-water boils on all of them. . . . And this would-be mutineer, Gillet. . . .

Captain Prideau turned his face to windward, away from the men. The men were sick. If this went on they would be unable to sail the ship. Would it be better to up stick and run for it? . . . No! He decided. He would carry on. He would round the Horn! This weather would change, the wind would haul fair.

The men waited, shivering with apprehension. The force of this silent old man! They dreaded his next move. Only an old-time sailor can understand the terrible feeling that comes over him when he confronts his captain with the suggestion of refusal of duty.

The Old Man turned and faced the men again.

"Go forrard now! I'll give you my decision in the first dog-watch!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

They all said it—except Gillet. They turned to obey and go forward—except Gillet. That one felt he had a reputation to sustain. "We wants to hear from you right now!"

Gillet issued this as an ultimatum. It was too much. Like an enraged young tiger the second mate jumped for Gillet. His fists struck fast, often and accurately. Gillet collapsed in a heap against the mizzen mast.

"That's enough, mister," said Prideau quietly.

His arm still clung easily to the rigging. He was watching as objectively as a spectator at a theater.

Gillet came to, and struggled to his feet.

"That's no way to treat a bloody man," he screamed. "Come on, mates, let's get even!"

Not a man moved to help him. The Kenyon gave a tremendous scend—a lurch which threw all hands off their feet. She had iron rails around the poop. Gillet, swaying and screaming, was carried to leeward. The deck was wet, and he slipped. The next moment his body had hurtled between the rails, and into the boiling ocean. . . .

"Man overboard!"

That most terrible cry a sailor ever heard. No boat could live in that sea. No boat could be launched. The Kenyon, fighting for her life, could not be maneuvered to help the drowning man. The quick-thinking, powerful young second mate acted on that fine instinct of tradition—that it is an officer's duty to protect his men.

He jumped aft. There, in beckets on the rail, was the coiled log line—on its reel. The thin, light line with which the speed of the ship was found. In thirty seconds from the time Gillet went overboard the second mate had thrown the log line on the deck, and with the end wrapped around his arm had plunged into the icy water to save Gillet. And he knew that the long line was too frail to hold *two* men!

"Pay out the line! Pay out the line!" shouted one of the sailors.

They ran to do this, to help the second mate in his heroic effort. . . .

"But it won't hold them both," yelled the fat sailor.

"The sail locker. . . . Jump down the companion . . . through the cabin. A coil of two-inch!" Captain Prideau was shouting orders

GILLET was drifting astern, full of water, half drowned, scared sick. . . . The plunging, gallant body of a young man bore down upon him. Dimly, for the spume had him near blinded, Gillet recognized the second mate. . . . He tried to grip him as drowning men will, but the second mate avoided this. He pushed Gillet's chin back. He slipped the log line over the gasping head and down over the chest. Rapidly he made it fast. He waved his hand to the sailors on the taffrail.

"Haul away!" he shouted. Then to the dazed Gillet: "So long! This line won't hold us both!"

He let go. He knew he could never swim and reach the ship. The sea was taking him. The sailors were hauling Gillet back to safety. The second mate, who had offered his life to save a crazy, would-be mutineer because it was his duty, felt that the wide cosmos was reaching for him—that the rest would be silence.

It would have been but for Prideau and the fat sailor!

The fat sailor had moved like a dolphin—down below, into the sail locker—sliding, hurling himself. Then up on deck again, breathless, with the precious coil of stout rope. . . .

"Bend a shackle on the end!" This from the captain. The iron shackle on the end of the rope would make it possible to throw the rope far and with accuracy. The panting fat sailor rushed aft. It was his job. No other man in all the world should have the honor of throwing that rope. He heaved, and he was a strong man. And the second mate, struggling gamely, grasped the shackle and the end of the rope.

The men were cheering madly. They pulled. They lifted the second mate on board, safe again. They patted his back. They tried to hug him. He evaded their affectionate regard with kindly curses, and ran below to change his clothes. . . .

Back in the forecastle the fat sailor expressed himself: "The Old Man will stand on. You might as well try to move the Rock of Gibraltar. He won't up stick!"

Gillet, who was feeling that his position had become ambiguous, rallied to answer: "If we stand up for our rights like men the Old Man will have to up stick!"

The fat sailor found the edge of his temper.

"Did you say I wasn't a man?" he asked. "If there was any place on your face the second mate had missed—I'd hit it. Yes, that's right. Crawl into your bunk, you bloody baby-mutineer. You talk too much! But I'll make an audience out of you afore we gets to Frisco. And a audience is something that listens with its mouth shut!"

IN THE first dog-watch all hands were called aft. The Old Man still leaned against the weather rigging.

"Men," he said, "I have considered your request. I have decided to sail the Kenyon to San Fancisco around Cape Horn. I hope the wind will come fair soon; but whether it comes fair tomorrow or next week or when—we are going to continue trying to beat our way to the west. . . . That's all, men!"

The fat sailor stepped forward.

"We'll do our best to carry on, sir," he said respectfully.

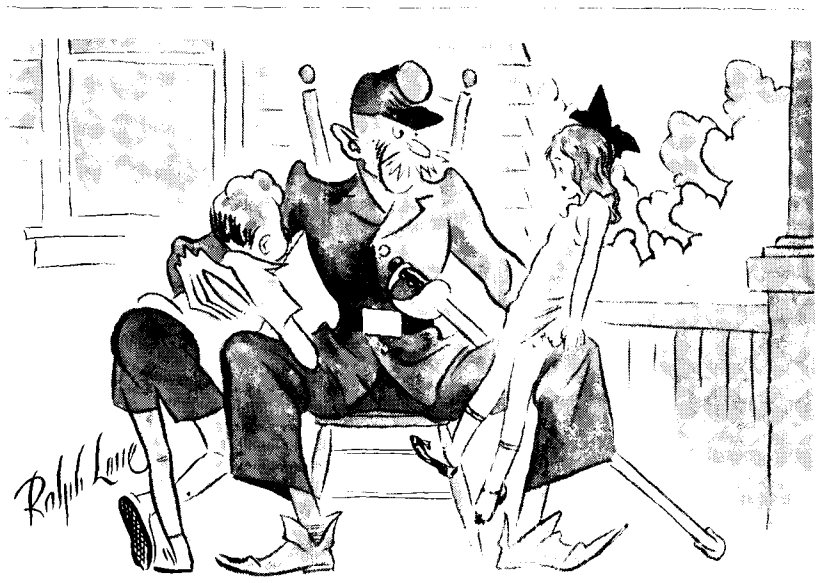
Whatever Captain Prideau might have said then was halted by the frantic actions of the man at the wheel—who was trying to attract the attention of the second mate.

"What the hell. . . ?" began that lusty officer.

"She's coming up, sir!" yelled the man at the wheel delightedly, expressing that weird pride of old sailors when, at the wheel, they "brought a fair wind."

The grim, gray face of the Old Man changed—like a winter sea upon which sunlight falls. He walked aft to the binnacle.

"Four points, eh?" he said to the second mate. "The wind is going to be aft in a few hours. Fair wind, and we'll go around the Horn ten knots an hour. The gale is easing, too! We'll be setting sail at eight bells—all she can carry. . . . Tell the steward to give the men a pannikin of grog apiece—they've earned it!"



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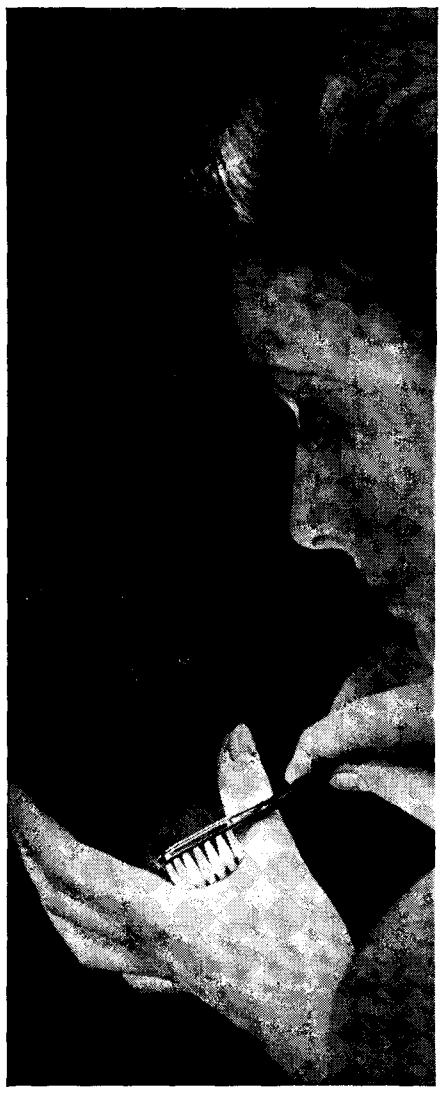

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Tek
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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 21

was discolored; his collar showed signs of rough usage; the striped waistcoat he wore was a little torn, and two of the buttons were missing. For a long time he glowered sulkily at the boy.

"Do you want anything, my lord?" he said at last, and Lebanon knew that he had forced himself to this polite address.

"Who locked my door?"

"I did," said the other coolly. "A fellow who called this evening started a rough-house, and I didn't want you to be in it."

The young man stared at him.

"Who was it?" he asked.

"Nobody you know, my lord," said the other shortly. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Get me a drink—something cold and long. That whisky you gave me was not too good, Gilder."

If the man sensed the suspicion in his voice he gave no sign of embarrassment.

"That's what the other gentleman thought. I guess the whisky's bad around here. I'll ask her ladyship to get some more down from town."

"Where is my mother?" asked Lebanon quickly. "Was she there when—"

Gilder shook his head.

"No, sir, she was in her room."

"What happened?" asked Lebanon curiously.

The man looked at him with a grim smile.

"Maybe you'd like to come and see," he said curtly, and, pulling on his slippers, Lord Lebanon followed him along the corridor, down the broad, circular staircase into the hall.

Brooks was there in his shirt sleeves, apparently trying to clear up the mess. A table had been overturned; the edge of an inlaid sofa was smashed; a little china clock lay in ruins on the floor; and four of the pseudo-wax candles in the great chandelier hung drunkenly and without life. Lebanon stared around.

"Who did this?" he asked, and tried to bring into his tone a note of authority.

"A friend of Dr. Amersham's," said Gilder, and there was a note of malice in his tone which Lebanon did not detect.

The floor was strewn with broken glass and was stained; evidently the whisky decanter had been smashed. One of the panels was broken.

"It looks as if a lunatic had been let loose," said Lebanon.

The smile came off Gilder's face. He was momentarily startled.

"Hey?" he said. "Yes, I guess so. He behaved like one anyway—this friend of Dr. Amersham."

IT WAS half past three. There was a gray light in the east when Willie unbolted and unchained the great door and stepped out into the cool freshness of the morning. It was very dark and very calm, and the silence made the young man shudder. The late-sleeping beasts of the earth had gone to bed and the early risers had yet to chirp their first husky notes of salute to the new day. Far across the Priory Field he saw a light and then remembered that Tilling, the gamekeeper, lived there, just on the edge of the wood, a surly, unfriendly man. He would be up, of course. It was a gamekeeper's job to patrol the estate. Mark's Thornton had a fair share of poachers, shrewd, furtive, brown-faced men, with nondescript dogs.

He heard Gilder's slow, rather weary step on the stone flags behind him, and the man came up to him. He was smoking a cigar without any evidence of embarrassment.

"Tilling's up late tonight. I suppose he is on duty?"

Gilder did not answer immediately. He puffed steadily at the cigar, his eyes fixed broodingly on the distant light.

"Tilling went to London last night," he said suddenly.

As he spoke the square of light went out and Lebanon heard the footman make a clucking note of disapproval.

"That fellow is asking for trouble."

"Who—Tilling?"

Gilder did not reply.

"I think you had better come in, my lord. You've only got your dressing gown on and the night is chilly."

His tone was quite respectful.

THERE were times when Lebanon liked this gaunt American. There were times when his very insolent familiarity amused him. He did not resent the cigar or the friendliness or the assumption of equality.

"You're a funny devil," he said, as he followed the footman into the hall, stood by and heard the great bolts shot home and the clang of the chains when they were fastened.

"I have never felt less funny," said Gilder, "or less like a devil."

"Who was it made the fuss?"

Gilder shook his head.

"A friend of Dr. Amersham," and then he smiled whimsically. "When you come to think of it, he is probably not so much of a friend—"

And then the young man heard the footman's voice change.

"What are you doing down here, miss?"

Willie looked towards the stairs. It was Isla. She wore a thick, quilted dressing gown. Apparently she was half dressed beneath, for she wore stockings and shoes.

"Nothing," she said jerkily. "Is everything all right, Gilder?"

"Quite O. K., miss. Nothing to worry about. The gentleman who made all the trouble has gone home."

He said this with great deliberation, looking at her fixedly. Willie had the impression that he was prompting the girl, or rather pressing upon her an explanation for the disorder which was not only untrue, but which she knew was untrue.

She nodded her head quickly.

"I see." She was still breathless. "He's gone home. . . . I am glad. . . . Her ladyship wanted to see Dr. Amersham before she went to bed, Gilder."

He stroked his chin.

"She did. . . . Well, I guess Amersham . . . The doctor is out. He went out for a stroll half an hour ago. Queer time for a stroll, isn't it? You can tell her ladyship I'll send him right along if I can find him."

When the girl had gone, Lebanon turned his astonished gaze to the footman.

"Did she see it—whatever it was? Miss Isla?"

Gilder nodded.

"I guess she did," he said shortly, and obviously in no mood to offer his confidences. "You better go to bed, my lord. It's late."

Lebanon did not protest. In fact he was heartily in agreement with the suggestion, for suddenly he had become shockingly tired and most surprisingly apathetic.

He had been drugged; he knew that, but was very little worried. In that state of exhaustion he was incapable of feeling distressed.

Chief-Inspector Tanner preserved in his big frame and his super-practical mind just that quantity of romance which makes life endurable. He was a fanatical believer in the efficiency of the Records Department, but even here he found the glamour of romance, and he would spend hours in the bureau renewing old acquaintances. Give him a file, a few cross-indices, a guard book packed with the photographs of unpleasant people, and he was thoroughly happy. He could sit and ponder and wonder.

Now all habitual wrongdoers are specialists, and the *modus operandi* method reduces their specialty to the measure of a cold-blooded index, and Mr. Tanner was inspecting the names and records of all the men who had at any time since the formation of the criminal index strangled or attempted to strangle.

Not a few of the names he read were of men who had taken the nine-o'clock walk to the dropping trap. Some of them were in prison. In the remainder he could find no parallel to the event at Mark's Thornton. There was a surprisingly large number of men and women who had attempted or succeeded in snuffing out life with a cord, but, examining them one by one, he could discover no name and no record which suggested the perpetrator of this latest murder.

HE WENT down to his room, found Sergeant Totty comfortably installed in his chair, and unceremoniously snapped him out of it.

Sergeant Totty was not romantic in the larger sense. He was an ingenious liar when recounting his own achievements. A harmless liar, because nobody accepted his embroideries as being of the piece—they were tacked on too clumsily. He harbored a grievance against educational authorities who demanded a certain standard by which men who desired promotion should be tested, and he shared with the redoubtable Sergeant Elk, long since inspector and retired, an almost malevolent disrespect for Queen Elizabeth, since it was his failure to furnish accurate particulars of her very full life that had led to his undoing in three separate examinations.

Totty got up reluctantly, went to the window and stared down at the busy embankment. Professionally, it had been a dull week.

"Who is Amersham?" asked Tanner unexpectedly.

"Eh?" Mr. Totty was taken aback. "Amersham," he said, "is a town down in Kent."

"Amersham," interrupted Inspector Tanner patiently, "is a town in Buckinghamshire. Your passion for knowing everything will lead you one of these days to being accurate. I am talking about Dr. Amersham."

Totty pursed his lips.

"Oh, him!" he said. "You mean that bird down at Mark's Thornton. He's a doctor."

"Even that you don't know," said Tanner. "He calls himself a doctor and presumably is a doctor, but whether he is a doctor of music or a doctor of medicine we have no means of knowing."

He took a notebook from his pocket, turned the pages and stopped to read a note.

"He has a flat at Ferrington Court, Devonshire Street," he said. "A block of flats, one supposes."

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"It's on the corner of Park Lane," said Totty briskly.

When he was brisk Tanner knew he was wide of the mark.

"That I would be prepared to believe if I didn't know you were wrong," said the big man. "Ferrington Court is an expensive residence for a doctor. He owns a couple of race horses too."

"One of them won the other day," said Totty. "Funny enough, I meant to back it."

"None of them has won for two years," said Mr. Tanner gently. "I wonder what his antecedents are. And before you make any wild guess about antecedents, I mean what is his dark and gruesome past?"

"I hardly noticed the man," said Totty.

"That is not remarkable," said his superior, "since you didn't see him. I'll tell you in case you would like to pose as an authority on the subject: he's been to India, so presumably he is a doctor of medicine. I wonder exactly what he does at Mark's Priory, what is his connection with the family?"

"He could have committed the murder," said Sergeant Totty, momentarily alert.

"So could you," said Tanner. "So could almost anybody you can find in the telephone directory."

I'LL tell you what I did notice when I was down there." Totty's voice was very businesslike and Mr. Tanner was prepared to listen. "They have a gamekeeper—a fellow named Tilling. He has a face as cheerful as a wet week. I saw him down at the boozer—at the inn, I mean. His hands were on the counter. I never saw hands like 'em: like shoulders of mutton. I mentioned it to the bung—"

"To the what?" Mr. Tanner was elaborately puzzled.

"You know what I mean, Tanner, the landlord. And he said that Tilling had killed a dog once with his bare hands, strangled him."

"The devil he did," said Tanner.

Totty preened and smiled.

"I keep me ears open, Tanner. You think I am a dud, but if there is anything going—"

"Of course you keep your ears open. Nature has built you that way," said Tanner. "Strangled a dog? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"To tell you the truth—" Totty was unusually frank—"it went out of me mind. He's got a wife, too—a beauty, from what I've heard."

"Does that mean she's good-looking or troublesome?"

"She's both. Very fond of the boys by all accounts. There have been two or three fellows playing about with her. Good Lord!" His jaw dropped. "Why, Studd was one. Now how did I forget that?"

"The man who was killed—the chauffeur?"

"That's right," Totty was radiating knowledge. "Very funny I didn't put that two and two together. But I am like that, Tanner. I have to get everything right in my mind."

"What else has been simmering in that vacuum?" asked Tanner impatiently. "I saw the man—a big, sulky fellow; I remember him."

Totty looked up to the ceiling for inspiration.

"That's about all I know," he said. "Oh, yes, he was in London the night the murder was committed. He went up to town with the landlord's son. That's why I didn't go any further with my inquiries."

"Tilling was in town—we'll check that up. I'll go down and have a little chat with that woman, and in the meantime I'd like to meet Dr. Amersham."

He looked at his watch. It was half past four.

"Want me to come with you?" asked Totty.

"I don't think it is necessary. You stay here and try to think up a little more that you have forgotten. You know where Tilling and the landlord's son went when they came to London?"

Totty tapped his forehead, smiled slowly.

"Yes, I do," he said. "It's there, Tanner." He tapped his forehead again. "Criminal index. Card index. I never forget anything once it's planted. They came up to see the landlord's brother who has got a pub in the New Cut. It was his birthday or something, and young Tom drove Tilling up and they spent the night in town."

"Check that," said Tanner.

He came to Ferrington Court half an hour later. It was a new block of flats, erected by an architect who had leanings toward the Queen Anne type of building when he was planning exteriors, but went arty-crafty the moment he got inside the walls. The lobby was of marble. The false pillars were neither of Corinth nor Egypt nor yet of Byzantium. There was an elevator with a French gilt door, and its interior was of lacquer in the Chinese manner.

"Dr. Amersham? Yes, sir, he's in. Is he expecting you?"

"I hope not," smiled Bill Tanner.

He had stepped into the lift when a newcomer entered the vestibule and hurried across. He was a clergyman, a weak, pale man who smiled benevolently at the elevator attendant and as genially upon Bill.

They went up to the third floor. When the door was opened, Bill followed the clergyman onto the landing. He saw him knock at 36, which was also his destination.

A young liveried footman opened the door. Evidently the clergyman was no stranger. For some reason he accepted Mr. Tanner as accompanying the clerical visitor.

"I will tell the doctor you are here, Mr. Hastings," said the man, and left them alone.

"My business is not at all pressing," smiled the clergyman, "so please do not let me interfere. I am the vicar of Peterfield—John Hastings. Do you know Peterfield?"

"By repute," said Tanner politely.

He did not wonder at Dr. Amersham's knowing a man of the cloth. Amersham, for all he knew, might be a man of deeply religious principles, or this might be an old school friend.

THE vicar lowered his head and spoke in a confidential tone.

"I am afraid I am going to be a nuisance to our dear friend Amersham," he said, a note of waggishness in his tone. "It is the village hall—a perfect nightmare to me. We have been seven years and we haven't completed it yet. The doctor has been awfully kind and—" He coughed.

The door opened and Dr. Amersham came in. The smile with which he greeted the vicar vanished as he saw Bill.

"Good evening, Mr. . . . Tanner, I think, isn't it?"

"That is my name, doctor," said Bill. "You have a good memory."

"A marvelous memory," breathed Mr. Hastings. "I had a remarkable instance of that when the doctor came down to Peterfield on rather, shall I say, a vital errand—"

"I can give you a few minutes alone, Mr. Tanner. Will you come into the dining-room?"

Amersham was brusque, almost rude in his interruption:

"You don't mind, vicar?"

(Continued on page 42)

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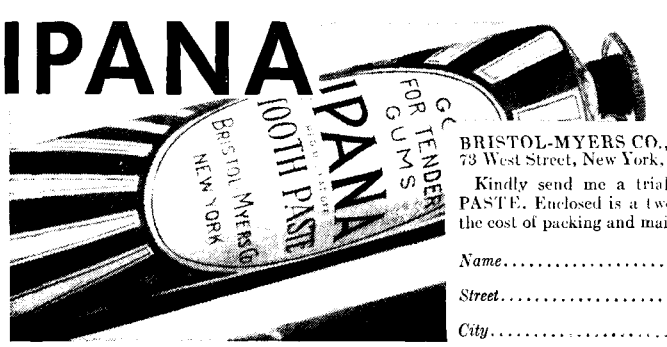

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(Continued from page 41)

He walked quickly through the open doorway and, when Bill had passed, closed the door behind him.

"Well, Mr. Tanner, have they discovered anything about this wretched affair?"

"No, doctor, nothing very important. I wondered if you would be able to tell me something?"

Dr. Amersham looked at him thoughtfully, pursed his bearded lips and shook his head.

"No, I don't think there is much that I can tell you. Naturally, it is a great shock to me and to Lady Lebanon—a terrible shock. The man himself—Studd I am talking about—was not a particularly pleasant person; in fact, I had many rows with him. He was rather impertinent in his manner and not an especially good chauffeur."

Studd had been, in fact, an excellent chauffeur, but the doctor could not forgo the disparagement.

"He was something of a lady-killer too, wasn't he?" asked Tanner.

The doctor stared at him.

"I don't quite know what you mean. Naturally I knew very little about his private life. Was there a woman in it?"

BILL laughed softly and shook his head.

"I am not much wiser than you, but I have heard a story that there was some sort of affair between himself and a gamekeeper's wife, a Mrs.—" he paused to remember the name—"Tilling, isn't it?"

He saw the doctor bridle. The suggestion was hurtful to his vanity.

"That's absurd!" He almost snapped the words. "Mrs. Tilling is quite a—er—nice woman. Studd? Ridiculous!"

"She is rather pretty?" suggested Bill. "At any rate, attractive?"

"Yes, I believe she is," said the doctor shortly. "No, Mr. Tanner, you're altogether wrong about Studd. Mrs. Tilling is a very reserved young woman and hardly the sort of person—tush!"

Bill Tanner had never heard a human being say "tush" before, and he wanted to laugh.

"Who told you this?" asked the doctor.

The inspector lifted his broad shoulders.

"It was one of those idle rumors that float around and attach themselves to a listening ear," he said good-humoredly. "But I understand her husband is rather jealous of her."

"Her husband's a fool," said the doctor angrily; "a stupid, commonplace oaf, and a brute! He has treated that girl most abominably!"

He seemed to feel Tanner's interested inspection, and went on hastily:

"I don't know her very well, of course. I've attended her professionally. One has to depend upon rumor, as you do, Mr. Tanner."

Obviously here was a delicate subject to enlarge upon. The doctor was prepared to change the conversation. Bill, on the other hand, would have been glad to hear more.

"I thought you knew her very well," he said, in all innocence. "Otherwise I should not have mentioned her."

"Why should I know her well?" asked the doctor coldly. "To me she is just the wife of one of her ladyship's employees—that and no more. Naturally I take a great deal of interest in the staff—but it is the interest of a doctor in his patients."

"Naturally," murmured Bill. "So in your opinion all talk of any kind of—" he shrugged his shoulders again—"well, any kind of friendship between Studd and Mrs. Tilling is absurd?"

"Absolutely," said the other emphatically. "It is the sort of foul rumor that goes round a little village that has no other occupation in life than to gossip—and to gossip maliciously."

Then he forced a smile.

"I expected you to come here with a lot of information to give me about this wretched case. Scotland Yard is not living up to its reputation for sensation."

"We have no reputation for sensation," said Inspector Tanner easily. "We are the most commonplace department of government. If you want a real thrill you should go to the Treasury! I'm sorry to have bothered you, and I won't keep you any longer from your friend."

He held out his hand.

"Oh, you mean Mr. Hastings? Do you know him at all?"

Amersham asked the question carelessly, but the big man sensed a hidden anxiety. When Tanner shook his head:

"A very amusing country parson," the doctor went on. "I've been helping him with his boys' club. By the way, Mr. Tanner, is it true that there was a well-known criminal in Mark's Thornton on the night of the murder? I heard something about it, and I was wondering whether you were pursuing that line of investigation."

Bill Tanner thought of Briggs and chuckled.

"I wouldn't call him a well-known criminal. He is certainly a well-convicted criminal. No, there's no suspicion attaching to him. He's a forger, and this was about his third or fourth conviction. You may have met him in India; you were there for some time, I understand? A man named Briggs."

Dr. Amersham could control the muscles of his face, but he could not control its color. The red faded to yellow, and presently grew redder still. For a second Inspector Tanner could not believe the evidence of his senses. At the mention of this little forger Amersham had paled!

It was unbelievable, but it was a fact, and Tanner was dumfounded.

"I've never met this man you mention—Briggs," said Amersham slowly, "or even heard of him. Yes, I was in India for five or six years—I suppose you know that? In the Indian Medical Service. It was a dreadful job and I resigned ... the fluctuation of the rupee ... and the conditions of the work were ..."

He was incoherent, but he recovered himself almost immediately, and again flashed his white teeth in a smile.

"If at any time I can give you information, don't hesitate to ring me up, Mr. Tanner. I am usually here, though I spend two or three days a week at Mark's Priory. Lady Lebanon and I are writing a book together—this is a secret and I hope you won't tell her, because she'd be rather annoyed—on heraldry. I am rather an authority."

BILL did not ring for the lift, but walked down the marble stairs, and in his mind were one or two problems.

The hall porter in his little cubby-hutch smiled at him and tried to catch his eye, but Bill's mind was fully occupied.

Curiously enough, the first of his problems was the "vital occasion" of Amersham's visit to the village church of which Mr. Hastings was vicar. He turned that over and disposed of it by the mental promise of further investigation, and came back to Amersham himself. Here was no small problem. Why had the doctor changed color when Briggs' name was mentioned? What association could there possibly be between a cheap criminal who had spent the greater part of his life in prison for forgery and counterfeiting, and this officer of the Indian Medical Service? And why had he championed with such vehemence the reputation of Mrs. Tilling?

As to this, there was a simple explanation—that the gossip which brought their names together was true. It was not unlikely. Mrs. Tilling was, as he had said, a most attractive woman, and, unless he was wrong at every point, Dr. Amersham was, to say the least, impressionable.

Tanner stepped out into Devonshire Street and was looking round for a taxi when he became aware of a man who had been standing on the opposite side of the road. He saw him turn abruptly and become absorbedly interested in the window of a maker of surgical instruments. But he had not turned quickly enough: Tanner had immediately recognized in this man, momentarily fascinated by the gruesome exhibits which filled the window, no other than Tilling the gamekeeper—and he knew that Tilling the gamekeeper had been watching Dr. Amersham's flat.

HE WAS starting to cross the street towards the man when his quarry, who must have seen him out of the corner of his eye, walked rapidly away. Bill followed, at the same pace. Tilling turned into a side street, and by the time his pursuer had reached the corner he had disappeared. There was a taxi moving towards the far end of the street, and Tanner guessed that the gamekeeper was the passenger.

He went back to Scotland Yard with a new interest in the Mark's Priory case, and was in his room, going through a small private dossier he kept in his desk, when Totty returned.

"I've checked up that statement and it's O. K.," he said. "Tilling slept at this pub in the New Cut—"

"You haven't had time to go to the New Cut," said Tanner.

"What are telephones for?" demanded Totty.

"Not to make police inquiries," said Tanner sternly.

"As a matter of fact, I know the landlord. Him and me are like brothers," said Totty calmly. "Tilling slept there—at the pub, I mean—and went back in the morning. He's a great friend of young Tom's—"

"Talking of sleep, did you have plenty last night?"

Totty looked at his superior suspiciously.

"I slept very well, yes. Why? I've got no conscience—"

"I know that. You mean you have no bad conscience, but by accident you spoke the truth. Totty, I'm giving you a job after your own heart. Go to Ferrington Court and shadow Dr. Amersham. Find out if he's in, and who his visitors are. You can have a talk with his servant—he's got a young footman there—and you might pick up a little useful information from some of the attendants of the building."

Totty groaned.

"It's hardly a job for a sergeant, Tanner—"

"'Mr. Tanner,' if you please, or even 'sir,'" said Bill. "As a matter of fact, it is a job for an inspector, and I wouldn't trust it to anybody but you. There may be a break in this Mark's Priory case, Totty, and I want you to be in on it. It doesn't look as if it's going to rain and, anyway, you can manage to get inside—I've never known you to be uncomfortable if you could help it. If you don't like to go, I'll send Ferraby. Nobody would imagine he was a detective—"

"Nobody would imagine I was a detective," said Totty loudly. "I've got nothing to say against Sergeant Ferraby or any other junior officer, but if you want me to do it I'll do it."

(To be continued next week)

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 23

her venture was utterly worthless.

She and Eve had taken their mother home rather early. Bidding good-by to Keith, who had been a part of her life ever since she could remember anything at all, had been hard; parting with Elinor was suddenly tragic too.

"Come down to me if you hate it, Mother darling!" Elinor had said suddenly at the end, and Norah had been tired, cross, sad and dirty enough to say sharply, "Oh, don't be a fool. Elinor! New Jersey isn't Siberia!"

"Precious child, I didn't mean that!" Elinor had said, in her new angelic, wifely, amused manner. "I only felt—and Billikins here feels too—that it's rather a wild venture and that you may have enough of it very soon!"

"This city's the place to work," Bill himself had added, a big arm about Elinor's slimness and fineness, a good-natured grin on his broad face.

NORAH offered no argument. She escorted her mother and sister in a taxi back to the forlorn five-room apartment that had been their home for more than two years.

The narrow, crowded rooms had never been attractive; they were completely desolated now. Floors were bare; packing cases stood open to receive the last of the spoons and hand towels; curtains were down, and the beds were stripped to mere sheets and blankets. Every little gallant device that had veiled, or tried to veil, the poverty and ugliness of the place was gone now; strange smells were abroad, the smells of spilled cinnamon, of dust and of ammonia.

Norah was exhausted. Her hands were stiff and sore from packing; her mind was weary from excitement and emotion. To have in her heart the secret knowledge of her relationship with Barry Dunsmuir was agitating enough, without all the other burdens the day had developed.

There had been the pain of the imminent parting with Keith—Keith, who had always been her buckler and her shield against anxiety and strain. Mother had cried all the last morning; Keith had not seemed to care as much about Mother as he did about what quiet, self-satisfied Anne was murmuring to him when she took him off for lunch.

Packers, plumbers and van men had claimed Norah, and she had telephoned the big station to find out when trains went to Lake Cattahunk. There was a train at 2:40, it appeared, that reached Chester Junction at 4:42. From there there was a local at 5:10 for Mount Pleasant, Woodport and Cattahunk.

The late afternoon had been exciting, but tiring too. There had been little neighborhood accounts to settle; it was good to have the money with which to settle them. There had been a bursting suitcase to take to the Salvage Shop, and a load to deliver to the Salvation Army man. Empty milk bottles to the dairy; books back to the library; Eve and Norah had had to move fast to get home in time to dress and go down with Mother and Keith to the boat. And there Elinor and her Bill had joined them, and that had been a strain too. For there was no use pretending that Mother liked Bill or approved of him or of the way he and Elinor had managed their affair.

Elinor had had to pretend to be perfectly at ease and very merry, and Bill had been more boisterous and self-satisfied even than was natural to him. But Mother had retreated into an icy magnificence as unnatural to her as their poses were to them. Mother had been polite, laboriously interested and sympathetic in their affairs, and Eve irritated and haughty, as she always was when things went wrong. The effect of their combined attitudes had been to make Norah frantic with nervousness, nor was her sisterly pride and devotion helped much by the constant complacent presence of Anne, whose daring "Shall I come down on the next boat, Keith?" had apparently been the only part of the farewells heard by Keith at all. She came back to the flat tired, resentful, discouraged, to find Uncle Rodney there, as usual in hope of dinner and a loan.

"Somehow I feel," her mother said sadly the next day when they were doing the last things of all just before surrendering the keys to the apartment forever, "somehow I feel as if we might never have a real home again!"

"Mother, don't talk like that!"

"Well, I know, dear. But I'm not as young as I once was, and I'm not as strong. And somehow, to see so many of the dear old things going into storage, to have Elinor living on the other side of the city with that—that Gunther!—to have Keith gone, my only son, into one of those semi-civilized places, and to be taking just our suitcases like Arabs into a place we never saw before—"

"You make it sound like Tibet, Mother! It's New Jersey."

"I know, dear, but I can only express my feelings."

"I wish I could express mine without being arrested!" Norah thought. But outwardly she was calm—she had to be calm. Somebody had to be, and with Mother in this martyr mood and Eve superior and silent, sniffing suspiciously as it were at every fresh step, it was obviously for Norah to carry the load.

Being young, she presently discovered to her own surprise that she enjoyed her own share of it. She liked the sense of emergency and change, the feeling of saying good-by to conditions and places that had been hard and unfriendly; liked buying tickets, hiring taxis, arranging for suitcases, porters.

WHEN they were at last on their way she settled herself in the train with enormous satisfaction. After the furious exertions of the last few days it was restful to think that now for two long hours she could do nothing.

"What time do we get to Carter Junction, dear?"

"Chester Junction, Mother. At twenty minutes to five."

"It'll be pitch dark," Eve contributed.

Norah paid no attention. She was dreaming of the names. Chester Junction and Hopatcong and Cattahunk. And above all, Foxaway Farm. Would she come to know all these names and rattle them off smoothly?

The long tunnel, the blocks of masonry and steel that were apartment houses slid away; they had crossed under the river and were in more open country—bleak, ugly winter country today, with stripped trees and gardens willing to betray every shabby building, every garbage barrel and raw garage. But to Norah's eyes it was all fascinating and thrilling.

"Poor Daddy!" Mrs. Oliver said when they passed a big graveyard. Her eyes filled with tears. Norah glanced at her; said nothing.

"I hope this old housekeeper will realize that we are going to want baths and beds and hot supper!" the older woman presently said.

(Continued on page 44)

WHY THIS SENSATIONAL REDUCTION?

Why is America's luxury napkin now offered at less than the regular price of any other leading brand?

MODESS is today the only sanitary napkin millions of particular women will use. Once you try it, you'll find—as millions have—that it is the softest, safest, most comfortable napkin made.

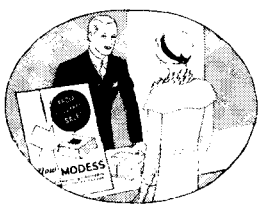
To get *you* to try it—Modess is now reduced. Quality stays the finest—but the price of Modess is now less than the regular price of any other established brand. 55% less than Modess cost last year. According to location and service, prices vary in different stores. But the most you should now pay for Modess anywhere is twenty-five cents.

Try Modess! See what a revelation it is! Different? You can't imagine how different till you wear it. What's the secret? . . . The Modess filler. Soft, fluffy, molding to the body the moment you put it on. No stiff layers like piles of paper. No compressed ends to reveal themselves under the sheerest dress. Modess can never be detected.

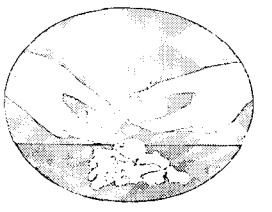
This same yielding, downy filler spells comfort too. Chafing is unheard of. "Packing" and stiffening are impossible. For even the gauze is treated on an entirely new principle for greater comfort.

Modess is more absorbent. And the specially-treated back repels moisture—gives you perfect peace and security. Modess is deodorized. Disposable. And surgically safe. Made by Johnson & Johnson, world specialists in surgical dressings.

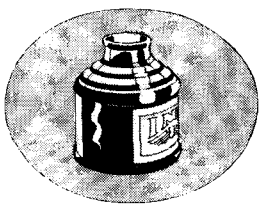
Get Modess now—at this wonderful reduction. The more you buy, the more you save!



LOWEST PRICE!
Price sanitary napkins now—at your drug or department store. Then be wise! Get a supply of Modess at the new bargain price!



SOFTEST FILLER!
Feel Modess—see how downy and soft the filler is! No wonder it's comfortable—figure-conforming!



MOST ABSORBENT!
The moisture-repellent back of Modess is amazing! A bottle of ink poured on Modess will be absorbed but won't come through.

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Dill's Best
SINCE 1848
TOBACCO

Inside wrapping of moisture-proof Cellophane, with lining of non-absorbent paper, assures prime, fresh smoking condition.

The familiar yellow tin—sign of best tobacco since 1848—completes Dill's Best triple protection.

One clue to the quality of Dill's Best is the way pipeful after pipeful satisfies. It has the sort of character men like—character that stays with you.

fresh Dill's

(Continued from page 43)

"Oh, she will! You know how fat and white country beds are," Norah observed, hearteningly.

"I don't know how *you* do!" Eve said pointedly from her window.

"Well, Mr. Dunsmuir told me that he used to take friends up there from Princeton for house parties. There are seventeen rooms in the place. That sounds like lots of blankets and fireplaces."

"Well, let's hope!" Eve suggested dubiously.

"It would be dreadful, Norah, if he hadn't sailed after all, and had a house party up there now. I am disgracefully dirty," said her mother, alarmedly, "and I really do not feel—I do *not* feel up to the slightest effort."

"Mother dear, he radioed me from the ship to say that his address was 'Ladysmith, Hobart.'"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Oliver said, reassured. "I forgot."

"If there are any guests in the house," Eve said, "I am going to make it clearly understood—"

HER determined voice died away into a tone of brooding reflection. Just what she would make understood Eve had obviously not yet decided, but that it would be adequate when it came, Norah had no doubt. She returned to her contemplation of the flying landscape and the wintry little towns and the river, with the smoky cold blur that was New York on the other side.

The countryside grew lonelier, looked colder. A sparse flutter of snow smeared the warm car windows. It was time to gather their belongings together, to stir themselves stiffly and drowsily. The next stop was Chester Junction.

Dusk was thick upon the little railway town when they descended to the sooty platform. The other train, one car, with its engine steaming, was already waiting. The car was hot.

"We'll only be in it about twenty minutes, Mother."

"It doesn't start for twenty-eight!" Eve said.

They waited. There was only gray wintry dusk outside the windows now, and long before they started the mountain darkness was on the world. It really was frightening, Norah admitted in her soul, to be going so far away from home, into such a lonely place. She was glad they were all together, and had a spasmodic moment of aching longing for Keith. A man—any man, would have been a comfort, even Mr. Dunsmuir.

Norah, remembering his complacent references to woman's dependence upon her man, stiffened her back. After all, this was twentieth-century America, not medieval Sicily.

"You can't see a thing!" she announced from the window. The black panes only gave her back Norah Oliver's round, eager face, and the shabby fur of her old coat collar and the curve of her hat.

"Really, I'm not trying to make difficulties, but I *really* don't think we ought to go on with this!"

This was Eve. Norah looked at her patiently.

"Oh, why not, Eve?" Mrs. Oliver faltered.

"Well, Mother, if anything did happen, it might be days—*months*, before anyone took the trouble—" Eve was beginning with a great air of temperance and reason, when the brakeman opened the car door, letting in an icy blast of cold mountain air.

"Cattahunk!" he shouted. Without further argument the Olivers got out.

The station was a mere box, with snowflakes fluttering timidly over it. All about the harshly-lighted station platform there was complete bewildering darkness, and when the train had snorted away there was appalling silence as well.

"Good gracious, Nono?" Mrs. Oliver said, questioningly.

Norah banged on a locked freight-room door against which dim old posters still announced summer dances and the renting of canoes. An old man came up behind her with a lantern, one mittened hand hooped about his ear. She shouted at him.

Sure he knew the Dunsmuir fa'm. Foxaway, that was it. Huldy Ba'nnard was there. "Thet's right, she doos live there!" the old man said brightly. He'd git the folks a car, en git 'em up that way if they wunted he should.

"Is there a hotel?" Norah demanded.

"Yes'm, there's some reel big hotels up Mount Pleasant way and 'round Espanong. All summer long ye'll see—"

"But now. I mean *now*."

"No'm, there ain't no hotel here now," the old man said, a little dashed.

"But there must be someone who takes boarders?"

"Not now there ain't. Mis' Muzzell she's gone to live with Joe for a spell, en the Youngers, they're both reel sick this winter. But don't Huldy expect ye? Seems to me my datter was sayin' Huldy expected the folks up some time now."

"Well, she does expect us, of course," Norah said, reassured. "But it seems funny she didn't send in a car or something."

"I'll git ye out there!" the old man said alertly. "I'll git my datter's car."

He tottered swiftly away; the Olivers hardly spoke in his short absence. It was bitterly cold on the station platform, and the snow continued to fall uncertainly.

With their baggage, they silently squeezed themselves into the dilapidated car that presently chugged up to the freight scales, and were off into the unknown. A lean young man was driving the car; Norah, on the front seat with him, asked him sociably if the old man were his father. "My grandpap!" the boy answered briefly. He spoke only once again to say:

"Here we be! But what you folks come up here for this weather has me beat all hollow!"

The night was completely black; they had only the feeble car lights by which to see the bulk of an old farmhouse in the gloom. It showed no sign of light or life. Norah supported her mother with a strong young arm. Her heart was beating fast.

"Huldy!" shouted the driver. "Huldy Ba'nnard!"

Wind was crying softly about the place and shutters creaked. But presently they heard a window rasp up. A voice came down, for the first few phrases unintelligible, but finally to be defined as elderly and female and agitated. It was angry, startled, apologetic by turns.

PRESENTLY a kitchen entry door opened a few feet away from them, showing a dim, cavernlike interior lighted apparently by one feeble lamp. A tall, vociferous woman was among them, addressing herself exclusively to the boy.

"Chess, if you tell your Aunt Emma this on me, I'll never git over it!" said this individual loudly. "I ben reel ill—hed the doctor in a spell back, and I lay I forgot the folks was comin'. Hed two dispatches, too, from Alice Dunsmuir's boy. I declare I don't know when I've ever done a thing like this, if I did then! Your mother and your Aunt Emma'll hev it on me 'tell the day I die! I ain't—however," Huldy interrupted herself, noticing the huddled group of newcomers for the first time, "step in, folks, and we'll see what we kin do. We don't need you no longer, Chess, and thanks for gittin' 'em here! No need bluemoldin' out here in the snow. Looks to me like a reel hard storm, the way it's warmin' up. Come in."

The car chugged away into blackness; the Olivers entered a large dim kitchen smelling of ashes, apples, dishwater, smelling sharply of mice. It was weakly lighted by one kerosene lamp. The enormous range was cold; a pool of water stood forlornly on its expanse of rusted iron. The heaviness of the grave was in the room.

Mrs. Oliver sat limply down in a chair; she shuddered with a sudden chill. Eve turned her back upon Norah and Huldah, and burst into tears. Norah saw facing her a large, rawboned woman of perhaps seventy, with a scraggle of gray hair wound severely off in a knob at the back of her head, teeth missing from her wide smile, and a costume of colorless wrappers superimposed upon colorless wrappers to an extent that disguised her figure completely.

"I guess I look like Astor's pet gander all right!" said this apparition. "But I ben reel lame lately, an' I haven't got about hardly none. I was goin' up to my sister's tomorrow, if it didn't snow too heavy, an' tell her some friends of Mr. Dunsmuir's was comin' up, an' we had to git ready for 'em. Looks like I've lost track of the days—dun't seem possible it's the seventh a'ready."

"Well, that's all right!" Norah said stanchly. "Only it's too bad to have gotten you out of bed. The thing is, we want supper, you see, and somewhere to sleep."

"I was goin' to git your blankets all aired for ye, there!" Huldy lamented, clapping her hands together.

"WHAT could we eat?" Norah said brightly, with chattering teeth. The cold of the kitchen seized upon her like gripping hands.

"Listen—" This was Eve, drying her eyes, blowing the cold tip of her pretty nose, facing Huldah with hostility. "We can't stay here! This is—ghastly. Where is the nearest hotel?"

Huldah looked at her curiously, even with faint admiration.

"You look for all the world like a cousin of mine, May Block," she said, pleased. "There's no hotel here, dear, an' I may as well tell you the truth."

"My mother is ill," Eve began fiercely. Huldy merely looked at her vaguely, and, turning to Norah, said apologetically:

"I lay I don't believe there's one thing in this house you could eat for supper! Now ain't it a shame we let Chess go; he could've got Ken Lassen to open the grocery."

"Telephone!" Eve commanded angrily. Neither Huldah nor Norah paid any attention to her.

"There must be tea?" Norah asked, patiently, sweetly.

"Oh, there's tea and flour and preserves!" Huldy answered. "But I ben feeling so poorly I jest ben heatin' myself milk on my kerosene stove up to my room. My sister br'ut me over some soup an' a pie, Sunday. 'Huldy,' s'says—"

"Would it take long to get this stove going?"

"Well, there it is, dear. I had this dizzy spell awhile back, and Doc said my leaning down over the stove an' gittin' my face s'hot—"

"But here's wood; here's coal!" Norah said desperately, opening the great door that led from the back of the kitchen to enormous pantries, woodsheds, outhouses. "We'll have to get this room warm on account of my mother. She's been ill. You tell me what to do and I'll do it."

She took off her coat, draped it over her mother's shoulders.

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"It's really bed that I need, Nono. I feel so tired, dear."

"We'll have to have hot water for your bottle, anyway!" Norah laid on kindling with hands that were cramped with fatigue. Huldy struck matches.

"The rooms upstairs is awful cold," Huldy volunteered.

"Well, we'll get this warm, and get warm ourselves, and then see." Norah filled the heavy iron kettle at the sink pump.

The wood fire crackled, and Huldah dumped upon it a scuttleful of coal calculated, Norah thought, to extinguish the Great Fire of London.

"When's the next train!" Eve exclaimed rather than asked.

"There's a train tomorrow at noon," Huldy answered. And Norah could almost have laughed at the laconic brevity of the words. "There's milk back in the cold pantry," Huldy presently observed. "The Tebbitts leave me a pan every night. There must be three days' milk there—

"An' there's roots down cellar—"

"Roots! What do you think we are, guinea pigs!" Eve burst forth. Norah came out of the pantry with a great tin of rolled oats.

"We'll have oatmeal," she said, "and tea with cream. And there are plum preserves."

"You kin skim all the cream you want off them pans in the entry closet. Theyv'e jest been a-settin' there."

"Mother, you'll soon be enjoying a large bowl of oatmeal and cream, and that'll warm you up. But, Huldy," Norah said, "we'll have to sleep down here tonight. We'll have to bring the mattresses and blankets down, and sleep here somehow."

Huldah, as the steadily increasing heat from the stove began to make the room habitable, had seated herself in a rocker and wrapped her arms about her. She rose alertly.

"Well, you're one to think things out; I see that the minute you come! I'll show ye where we can get some beddin'," she said admiringly.

Presently the oatmeal began to smack and bubble on the stove; the kettle whispered. Mrs. Oliver gingerly loosened her outer wraps; Norah, standing by the stove, felt that just as she never before had been so forlornly cold and hungry and wearied in her life as she had been tonight, so she had never found warmth and the prospect of food and rest so enchanting.

ALL about the kitchen blankets were draped, airing; pillows gave forth a faint sour smell in the heat. Three mattresses lay on the floor; on each fresh linen country sheets were crumpled, warming. Norah found soup plates, kitchen spoons, sugar. She skimmed from Jersey milk cream clotted and pale brown.

The cold, the dreary smells of mice and dishwater and old boards gave way to the heartening scent of tea, of oatmeal, of a bright coal fire. The warming linen was scented sweetly with lavender.

"Now, if it gits too warm for you folks in the night—" Hulda said.

"Oh, kill her, somebody!" Eve, her head on the table, her arms locked about it, moaned feebly.

"She's a card!" Huldy commented on this approvingly. Norah was beginning to dish the sweet, hot, firm oatmeal. The old clock in the kitchen of Foxaway Farm wheezed seven.

(To be continued next week)

High-Flying Ladies

Continued from page 30

warrant it and don't respond to treatments, we can land you. We've observed three major causes of airsickness: rough air, nervousness and stomach out of order from faulty diet.

"We girls studied diet from our first days. We found that a light diet, preponderantly alkaline-ash—with a bit of sliced chicken, say, or lamb chops, with no fried or greasy or oily foods, but mostly built up around plenty of tomatoes and oranges—sets best with average passengers. In addition we stress the feature of this diet, popularly known as antacid, by keeping jugs of fresh fruit lemonade aboard, and passing it out liberally during flights."

Eat and Fly

The headquarters of the stewardess service of the United Air Lines is in Cheyenne's Municipal Airport—which, by the way, is one of the finest and most intelligently conceived and operated fields this flying reporter has seen. Miss Louise G. Peel, R.N., is the boss. She's the determined young lady who buzzes into the hangar restaurant and makes you bolt your dinner when the plane is ready to leave. It isn't her fault if head winds made you fifteen minutes late arriving; but it is her fault, by crackey, if the refueled ship is late getting off because its passengers linger over their food. Perhaps if Miss Peel hadn't made me desert a grand Wyoming lamb chop one night I should not be revealing to you now that she is the blushing authoress of the book of rules which the girls keep under their pillows against situations not provided for by common sense and higher education. As, for instance, that passenger who wouldn't keep his shoes on. If Olette put that man's shoes on once between Salt Lake City and Cheyenne, she put them on twenty times. The minute she took her eyes from him, off came the shoes, and she'd have to scold and lace all over again. The plane was filled with passengers, too. But if Olette felt embarrassed, it was nothing to the way he felt after he got home and sobered up. He wrote Olette a nice note of apology, and said he was awfully obliged to her for being so sweet to him and would she please marry him.

Olette often tells that story to amuse her passengers, for providing entertainment is also one of her chores. The plane is hardly ever five minutes from the field before somebody gets up a card game, and if there isn't a fourth hand, Olette is it. She will play bridge, contract or auction; poker, draw or stud; old maid, parchesi, chess or checkers, as you order. Many's the time she has chased backgammon dice all over the floor in a plane high above the Rocky Mountains. Quite often very old people, or very young people, are put into her care. She will read to the former; with the latter she usually has the help of all the passengers. Recently a three-year-old girl flew alone over the airline, from Oakland, California, to Newark, New Jersey.

Olette isn't sure whether it would come under entertainment or nursing, but if you are one of those backward fellows who have never flown, she promises to press cold towels to your head or to hold your hand, if you are nervous. She declares that if a three-year-old can fly from the Pacific to the Atlantic and love it, you ought to be ashamed of yourself if you're afraid to fly. So there.

Will the battery you buy TODAY

start your car this WINTER?

NOT long from now you'll be switching to "winter" gasoline and oil and radiator fluids. But the battery will be the same one you buy today.

Hot weather starting is an easy job, but when winter comes it's a different story.

Look ahead. Think of the inconvenience, the serious discomfort, that battery failure can cause you or your family . . . and the added expense.

Into every Exide Battery is built an *extra* margin of value . . . starting ability in excess of the Society of Automotive Engineers' rigid standard, determined by tests at zero temperature.

Remember this when you need a new battery. Remember that Exide prices are now lowest in history. Remember that . . .

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THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose

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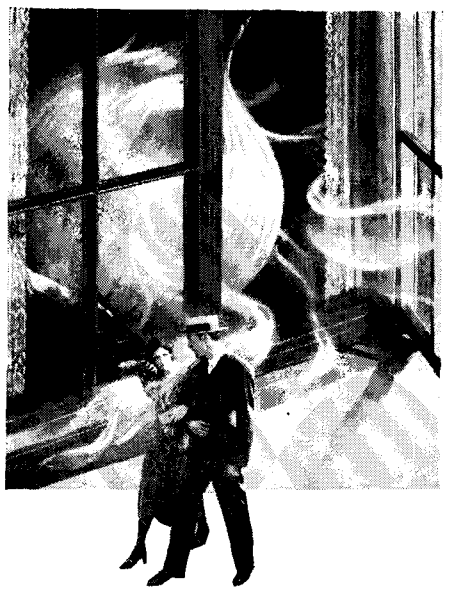
. . . Whew!
the Smiths are having
Onions
again!



HOW unpleasant to have cooking odors advertise your menus to the neighbors. Onions, for instance, are most delicious but how onion-smell does travel!

But you can keep your kitchen secrets today, if you cook vegetables in Patapar! No odors pass through Patapar.

Besides the food actually cooks in its own rich, healthful juices. So it *tastes* much more savory this way, too!

And Patapar cookery is so simple. Just use an ordinary pot—a sheet of Patapar—some white string.

Ask for Patapar today—at any grocery, hardware, house furnishing, department or ten-cent store. Large size, 35¢ (*slightly higher Denver and West*). Trial size, 10¢. Or use the coupon below.

Merchants Know It Well

In its commercial form—Paterson Vegetable Parchment—Patapar is used to protect butter, cheese, bacon, fish fillets, celery, asparagus and other foods. *Insoluble, greaseproof, odorless* and *tasteless*, it seals the goodness in and keeps contamination out.

Look for this Keymark, identifying Paterson Vegetable Parchment, on food wrappers and store signs. It is your guide to the best food protection money can buy!

Patapar
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

Paterson Vegetable Parchment

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Taking Allowances

Continued from page 13

it costs, under the present circumstances and laws, thirty-five hundred dollars to establish a bed for a veteran and fifteen hundred dollars a year to maintain it, it is figured that between 1930 and 1950 something in excess of four billion dollars will have to be spent to hospitalize the weakening ex-service man. Or an average of about two hundred million dollars a year.

And this under the existing laws.

If, in the meantime, Congress should open the hospitals to the relatives of the veteran (a strong movement in that direction being under way now) the cost for those twenty years will exceed eight billion dollars.

These figures do not include anything outside of actual hospitalization and the incidental medical care.

Once a Disabled Veteran—

Along the same line of prophecy, certain members of Congress, curious to know just how far the present trend of veteran relief could take us, went to the trouble of hiring a firm of public accountants to figure how much of the national income will be consumed by the veteran ten years hence. They too got a terrific kick out of the findings.

Unless something is done to limit the present programs of the organized veteran and the possibilities open to the ex-service man with injuries and maladies acquired in private life, the United States would be called upon to pay three billion dollars annually in 1942 instead of the billion one hundred million we pay this year.

If it weren't that a majority in Congress fear to refuse the veterans' demands, the way out would be simple. The veterans' budget might readily be cut in half and no injustice done to any man whose incapacity is honestly of war origin or to any of his dependents. As a matter of fact, under the present laws the veteran whose compensation is based upon war-incurred injuries gets less than half the total. Add to his compensation the awards to the dependents of the dead and disabled (service-connected) and it is still less than half. It would take but little intelligence to reduce our veterans' budget to honest proportions; but it would require courage.

It shouldn't be difficult to remove from the rolls such beneficiaries as a wry-necked individual who, after a campaign of four years, had himself enlisted in the disability compensation class. There is a vast difference between Disability Compensation and Disability Allowance. The first is presumed to be service-connected disabled. The second is granted to the men who draw pensions for disabilities incurred in peacetime pursuits

The terms are frequently confused, just as the term "disabled veteran" is misused. The orators and the veteran propagandists make deceptive use of the term, applying it to all veterans no matter what their complaint may be or how or when incurred.

For example, this wry-necked individual is a disabled veteran drawing fifty dollars a month. Until the depression hit the world, making idle the veteran and non-veteran, he was a plumbing-fixture salesman with an annual income of more than five thousand dollars. And this is what happened to him:

In his first engagement in the war he was captured by the Germans. He spent the rest of the war in a prison camp. In 1924, for some reason not as clear as it might be, his neck developed a crook. He applied for compensation on the grounds that while a prisoner in Germany he was struck on the head by a German military police. Inasmuch as his wryness was a recent development and the doctors could not reconcile a rap on the head in 1918 to a sudden crookedness of the neck in 1924, his plea was denied.

Twice thereafter he met with the same rebuff. It was perfectly obvious that his neck was aslant; but it was equally apparent that it had no effect on his business; and proof that he was thumped on the head was still lacking.

But in 1928 the persistent fellow reappeared with two affidavits from men who had been fellow prisoners with him. Yes, they swore, he had been clipped on the head by a German M. P. In the meantime, however, the plumbing-fixture salesman had become deeply involved in the politics of his home town and had conducted himself so well that with the affidavits came a letter from his senator and his congressman. So he is now a disabled veteran with war-connected injuries.

He is typical of thousands of disabled veterans, except of course that they lack wry necks. Some have had the first joints of their index fingers shorn off, going into the Disability Allowance or non-service class. But they are "disabled veterans." Some have dislocated shoulders (or had) and became members of the non-service "disabled veterans" class.

And once a disabled veteran, always a disabled veteran. Once you get on the records as a pensioner for some disease or injury, you go on collecting whatever it pleases the examining board to give you. You continue to be a disabled veteran. You may have returned to your job within ten days after being adjudged a disabled veteran and being granted a pension. You may be fully capable of discharging every duty your life demands. But you are a disabled veteran. The law says so. And you get paid for it. If compensation stopped with cure, appropriations for compensation and allowances would be reduced by about $75,000,000 a year.

All of which is why you have disabled veterans on the police forces of Detroit, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other cities. These huskies go right on being disabled veterans and drawing compensation in spite of the fact that they take their annual examinations for promotion to sergeant, lieutenant and captain and pass the rigid physical examinations.

The Largest Classification

The rolls are filled with veterans drawing pensions for shortness of breath, for flat feet, broken arches, partial deafness, torn ligaments and so on. There are many cases of imperfect vision. For example, at least one ex-service man gets eighteen dollars a month because he got a cinder in his eye while riding the trucks of a freight train from St. Louis to Kansas City. It has not been necessary for him to wear glasses. Yet he is a "disabled veteran."

Hundreds of government jobs, technical and clerical, are being occupied by disabled veterans who are not only drawing salaries up to three thousand dollars a year but getting checks monthly from the Veterans Administration for various sums up to a hundred dollars a month. Because they are veterans they get a credit of five and ten points in Civil Service examinations, thereby qualifying for appointment even if they fail to make the required average of seventy.

It is idle to protest or presume that these are isolated cases. They're not. The lists are choked with them.

One of the dismal features of the pensioning of the non-service-connected is the disconcerting rise in "general breakdown" or nervous cases. The number of clear-cut service-connected sufferers from nervous disorders—shell-shock and progressive insanity—has naturally declined owing to death. But since Congress granted compensations to non-service cases, the neuropsychiatric and psychotic rolls have grown until they are now the largest hospitalized classification.

Just how far back the cause of a neurosis may be traced is a much-argued question. All of which makes the nervous and mentally disabled veteran hard to classify. Until March, 1922, all hospitalized cases were presumed to be service-connected. Then forty per cent of the hospitalized were tubercular, twenty-nine per cent neuropsychiatric and thirty-one per cent general. Today only fifteen per cent are tubercular, thirty-three per cent general and fifty-two neuropsychiatric.

Political Patients

It was to be expected that the looseness of the non-service-connected laws was to surrender to a certain amount of racketeering. Here and there (nobody seems to know how prevalent is the practice) there are doctors who are not above taking fees to give the government examiners their opinion that the bearer of their letter—their patient—has been suffering from this or that for at least ten years.

If a veteran, seeking compensation, applies directly to a regional office of the Veterans Administration he may spend many weary hours, days or weeks before making progress toward his goal. If, however, he comes with the word of a physician in his pocket, he is quite apt to get a quicker consideration. The doctor whose word he carries may have examined him once or perhaps twice. For a fee he may be induced to give his professional word that the applicant has been his patient for years and that the complaint for which he has been treating the man is an old one—aggravated now by the veteran's war service. There are doctors like that.

And under the prevailing system it was inevitable that the veterans' hospitals, filled with men whose political favor and the favor of whose organizations Congress so assiduously courts, should suffer from lax discipline. Scores of doctors have resigned from these hospitals when political pressure was brought upon them to make them reverse their honest opinions about the condition of a veteran. Other doctors, pocketing their pride, have given up the fight.

"If," said one doctor, "a veteran's political friends insist that he make this hospital a boarding house or a soldier's home, all right. It's all in the job. I don't know how many times I've tried to discharge a veteran as cured and had him insist that he felt no better and that I was personally prejudiced against him. If I insisted that he was all right and that he should move on to make room for someone else, and he made an issue of it, I usually lost—provided his political backing was prompt. So we have men occupying beds who should be out on the street and men on the street

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who should be in bed. It's just a job with me."

More sinister is the effect of broken discipline in some of the hospitals for the tubercular. Here the tale is told in a mortality rate considerably higher than it is in civil institutions. And here again the doctors, after a few early protests and some resignations, have accepted the situation with shrugs. If the tuberculars, upon receiving their monthly checks from the Veterans Administration, choose to go to the nearest town and get drunk or indulge in other excesses—well, that's just too bad.

Health Insurance

In the most recent official comparison of the tuberculosis death rate in civil institutions and veterans' hospitals, the former is found to be twenty per cent and the latter forty-five per cent. The reasons given in reports made by the Veterans Administration's own physicians is that it is frequently impossible to hold the veteran to those strict rules of rest and conduct that are imperative in the treatment of tuberculosis.

In the interests of the veteran himself, the doctors have made informal but repeated demands upon congressmen to inaugurate a movement to withhold from the veteran his compensation allotments while under treatment.

"I was told to mind my own business," said another doctor. "Or words to that effect. The congressman to whom I mentioned the situation simply told me that he was not going to get mixed up in any mess of that sort and that if I valued my job I would emulate him. All right. If a T. B. wants to raise hell when he should be resting, if he refuses the diet prescribed for him and eats what his friends and relatives bring to him whenever he calls or they see fit, if he would rather get drunk on pay day—well, that's his affair. I know and the other doctors know that no civil institution would stand for it. Out he'd go. But the veteran has his lobbyists and their political allies behind him. He's above the law of medicine. Personally I've got so that I don't care."

No day passes that the Veterans Administration is not bombarded with letters from sick veterans, their organizations and their congressmen, stating that the doctors are "heartless, unsympathetic and incapable" because So-and-so was discharged "so weak he could hardly stand up," and that "our buddy died because the doctors didn't like him." Capable doctors have been forced to resign because complaints from the families of sick veterans have grown to ghastly stories of neglect. Investigations have cleared the doctors of all blame, have definitely proved the charges unfounded—yet it were better that one doctor should be thrown out than that an organization should be offended.

Early in the discussion of veterans' hospitalization there were lay voices raised in favor of health insurance. Such insurance, they suggested, should be carried by civil companies and paid for by the government. Service companies declared their willingness to write such policies. But their premium rates were high and it was argued in Washington that it would be cheaper for the government itself to handle the whole problem of the veterans' health.

The real reason the idea died a-borning was that the veteran protested that the civil companies, running their affairs more efficiently than the government would dare to, would be "too hard-boiled."

All of which may be summarized quite briefly in the statement of one of the officials of the Veterans Administration.

"Down on Capitol Hill you'll hear the veteran applauding the legislator who votes to give him another billion," he said. "That legislator is the 'friend of the veteran' and as such should be perpetuated in office. As a matter of fact, every move made to improve the condition of the veteran, provided it entails less immediate cash for the veteran, is rejected because the politician fears the veteran's wrath. His physical and mental welfare is always secondary."

And then, by way of reply to all protests that the political aspects of the situation are not paramount, he handed me a slip of paper. It contained a brief table of compensation comparisons:

"If a veteran of the Civil War is admitted to a national home or hospital, his pension, whatever it may be, is reduced by twenty-five dollars.

"If a Spanish War veteran is admitted he cannot draw more than fifty dollars a month,and in the vast majority of cases he gets much less.

"But if a World War veteran is admitted, there is no reduction in his allowance. And if, under the act of 1924, as amended, he is admitted for treatment of a service-connected disability, his compensation is automatically increased to eighty dollars a month."

As an organization the American Legion is not clamoring for immediate payment of the bonus. Its attitude has caused thousands of its members considerable pain. In the bonus crusades to Washington were hundreds of Legionnaires whose cry is that in this aloofness the Legion's headquarters is not truly representing the mass of its membership.

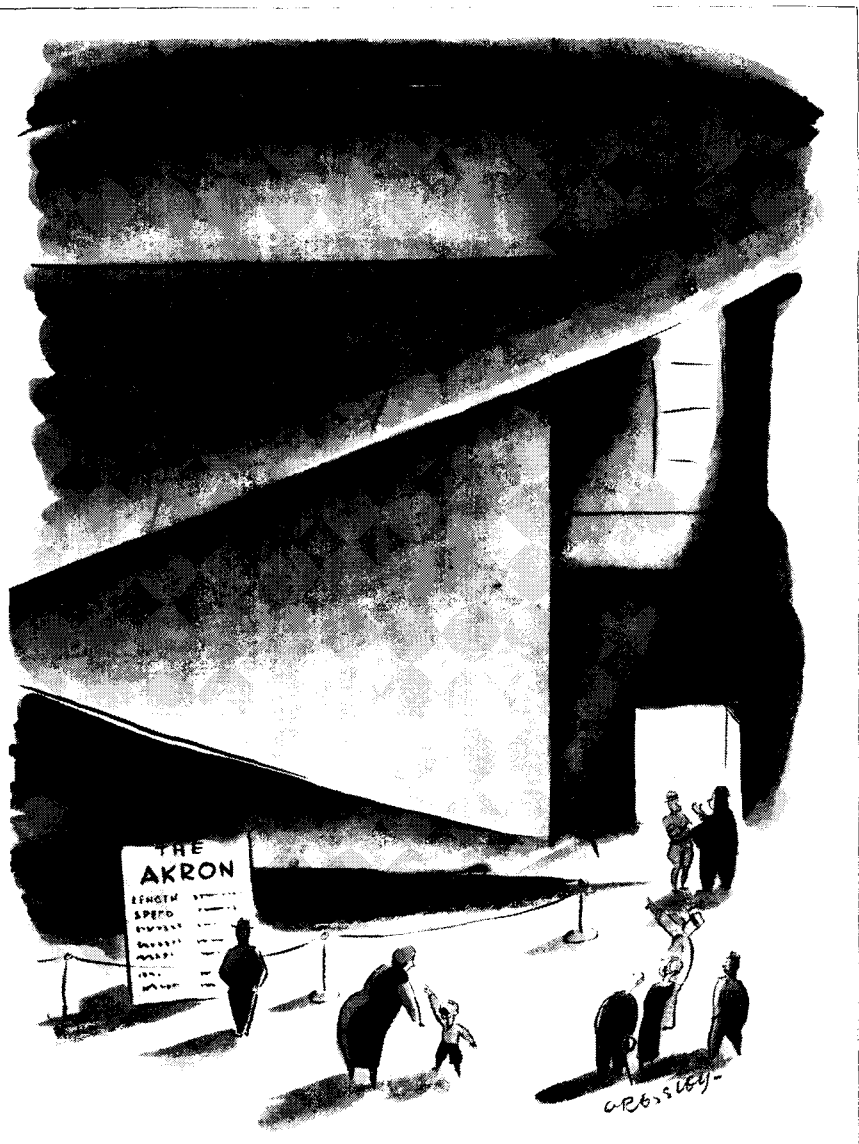
The lobby of the Legion retired from the bonus fight for the simple reason that it did not find participation politically expedient. It has a program for this year which might be injured if the veteran were to receive the $2,400,000,000 he is clamoring for. The Legion's lobby believes that the bonus will be paid in full long before 1945; so why rush matters?

Therefore it is pushing the following program. After this, lots of time for bonus pressure.

The Legion Program

1. Adequate pensions for widows and orphans of all World War veterans who died of illness or accidents of any sort incurred in civilian life.
2. Fight all legislation that would make the amount of compensation, hospital benefits and so forth dependent upon whether the veteran needs it or upon his personal income.
3. That the time limit in which the marriage of the veteran may occur be extended to 1941 and make the widow eligible for pensions and awards.
4. That the "willful misconduct" clause be stricken from the compensation laws, thereby making eligible for all benefits men whose disability arises from acquired syphilis and other so-called social diseases.
5. Remove the time limit wherein veterans may sue the government for reinstatement in the insurance lists.
6. A hospital program demanding the immediate construction of at least 100,000 additional beds at a minimum cost of $400,000,000. This would add more than $100,000,000 a year to the budget of the Veterans Administration.

These are the principal planks of the current platform of the American Legion. There are others that supplement and complement; but it is because these demands will require considerable pushing that it was thought wise to defer active endorsement of the immediate cash payment of the bonus.



"Well, stop bawling, Wilbur—Poppa's dickering with the man for it now"

Edward C. Gressley

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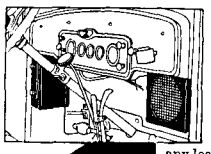

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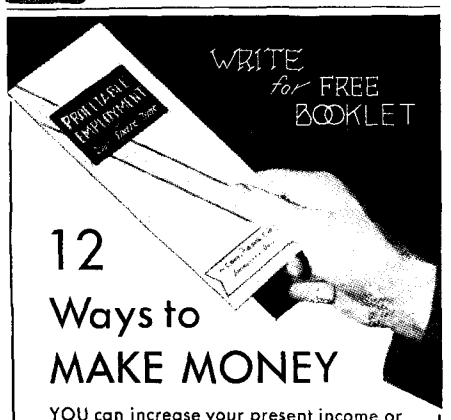

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"Zingo!"

Continued from page 19

up on it. At this point, one of the writers—a disciple of the Post-Post-Neo-Expressionistic School, which considers the English language inadequate to the expression of advanced thought, and spurns all capital letters as a gesture of revolt against the predatory capitalistic classes—was moved to recite a poem:

"three of us three i slofus did
and we did go three to the hills rockish
round. square. slitch. rocks jagocks
singing slinging slingofus we threep
upit hillil."

"Gee," said Mr. Stevens, as precipitately they moved toward the door, "I thoughtish I was immune to Zingo, but you never can tellel!"

The general was feeling his pulse again. "Really should wear sun helmet—a solar topee. What say, Brice?"

"I say whoopee! Some hamlet is right!" said Mr. Brice heartily. "Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is an intensely interesting survey!"

"That's right, he didn't," agreed Mr. Stevens. "I thought we parked it across the street, but here we are sitting in it."

"What park?" inquired General Grampian-Bone. "By heavens, sir, I fancy I know a Bedlington terrier when I see one!"

"Yes, Antibes and Juan-les-Pins," nodded Mr. Brice as they swung away from the curb and caromed off the opposite one. "Got to get reaction of fifty thousand housewives. Got to get down to fundamental reactions of mass mind. Questionnaire, 'at's the way to get at it! Good morning, madam, is this a wired home? Do you patronize (A) chain stores, (B) independent dealers, or (C)?"

"Why, to tell you the truth I wasn't looking," confessed Mr. Stevens. "I was wondering what you gentlemen thought of the lingo zabel—er—I was—thundering, now wait; what I mean is, how does the Zingo label strike you?"

"Oh, you mean has it got shelf-value," Mr. Brice interpreted. "What you mean is, is it an eye-catcher, huh? Well, we'll soon see. Quick's we get to the next place we're coming from, we'll conduct a test and establish its attention-coefficient to the teen's quaste. Put it up on a shelf with fifty million other bottles and see who can pick it out."

"Fifth million Frenchmen can't be wrong," chanted Mr. Stevens, stamping out the measure on Mr. Brice's straw hat. "Do you know that other number? Something about the Last Rose of Summer?"

"No, this chap's name was Childers; Merton P. Childers, Merton P. Childers," said General Grampian-Bone, shaking his watch and holding it to his nose. "It may be Tuesday, at that."

"Well, I'd better step on it," said Mr. Brice.

THEY had been driving for perhaps an hour when Mr. Stevens chanced to observe that their road, instead of skirting the sea, lay along the rim of a yawning chasm, and that gray mountain peaks loomed on all sides.

"Look here," he said. "Unless they've pumped out Lake Ontario, this don't look so much like Juan-les-Whosis to we."

"H'm," murmured Mr. Brice, "it hadn't occurred to me. It would be a tremendous project, though."

"He was a short, stocky blighter, and saturnine, saturnine," said General Grampian-Bone, reminiscently.

"Say, I'll tell you what!" Mr. Stevens suggested. "What do you say we pull up and have a drink, and then we'll all go over to What-you-m'-call-it-les-Pins?"

"Right-o!" cried the general, reaching for a bottle. "Zingo!"

"Yes," Mr. Brice agreed. "Go Juan-les-Pins for a swim. There's a suggestion. Your turn to drive, General."

"Don't know how," the general demurred.

"Well, you'll never learn any younger," Mr. Stevens reminded him.

"Why, sure!" said Mr. Brice. "After you once get turned around, it's all downhill anyway."

"Well, sounds reasonable enough," admitted the general. "No, no, don't move, Mr. Brice—I can reach wheel from here."

AS THEY went coasting down the breakneck slopes of the Alpes Maritimes, Mr. Stevens, soothed by the breeze, closed his eyes and went peacefully to sleep. Mr. Brice, muttering something about the psychological interrelationship of shelf-attention, consumer-acceptance and retail turnover, presently joined him. But, save for an occasional forty winks on the straight stretches, General Grampian-Bone remained alert at his post. This was just the time of evening to beware of Afridi snipers, and General Fitzhubert V. B. St. C. Grampian-Bone was too old a soldier to be caught napping. From time to time, as the car took bounding short-cuts over boulder-strewn meadows, he cried, "Tally-ho!" and "View-Halloo!" He did wish, though, that he had remembered to ask Mr. Brice to give him a rough idea of how one should set about stopping a motor car.

For an indefinite space of time, Mr. Brice was vaguely conscious of being somewhere in the universe, and that things were moving fast. He felt annoyed that somebody else was using his vocal cords to deliver a long lecture on the comparative attention-values of red, green and white bottle labels, and even more annoyed when he realized that the fellow was stealing a lot of his own pet phrases. He was about to rise and protest to the chairman when he realized that, save for certain minor items of bridgework, he was naked as the day he was born. Feeling that this costume might be considered a bit informal at so dignified a meeting, he held his peace and struck out for shore. After all, there was nothing like a good old moonlight swim to brighten a man up.

"By the way," he inquired of the general, who was porpoising about beside him, "just which direction is shore?"

"Which shore?" asked the general.

"Yes, which shore?" chimed in Mr. Stevens, churning along somewhere ahead. "Africa, France, or what? I've really got to insist upon your calling your shots, gentlemen. After all, rules are rules; without them, where would we be?"

"Why, right here at Juan-les-Pins," said Mr. Brice, who, having run aground, was now wading up to see sand. "Well, looks like the old town is shut up tight. What time is it, anyway?"

Mr. Stevens looked at his naked wrist. "It's stopped," he announced. "I guess I forgot to put ink in it."

General Grampian-Bone had wandered up to the road and was looking about him. "D'you know," he observed, "for Juan-les-Pins, this place looks jolly well like Beaulieu. That's because it jolly well is Beaulieu. Haw, and by Jove, here's a bit of luck! Look, you chaps; here's the car, exactly where we left it."

The car was lying on its side, with large chunks of a cement wall piled on top of it.

"Well, that's fine!" declared Mr. Brice. "We'll take North Platte, Nebraska, as our yardstick city and check the other jobbing centers against it."

"Why, I'll drink to that any time!" said the general. "Look, not a single bottle so much as scratched."

"We'll soon attend to that," Mr. Brice promised. "Well, Zingo! Tell you what, Mr. Stevens; let's you and I and the general and me take Mr. Stevens up to my house for a little business talk. To tell you the truth, I'd like to come in on this Zingo propozingo. As a business man, it appeals to me. Great future!"

"Great present!" said the general, between sips. "He had a great future before him, but the trouble was, he never learned any of the hill-tribe dialects."

Far up the mountainside on the Moyenne Corniche, the Brice château was brilliant with festive illumination. With it as a guiding beacon, the three investigators started on their climb. "My wife's throwing big party," explained Mr. Brice. "Fifty thousand people—count 'em—fifty fousand. Give 'em all a jolt of Zingo, and get their reactions. Madam, do you own an electric suds-machine, or are you still a slave of the washboard? Four hundred and thirty-one out of Hollywood's dentists say: 'Wash your dirty things in Zingo.'"

"His wife, though an admirable woman and by no means bad-looking, antagonized the district commissioner from the outset," remarked the general. "I say, though, neither of you gentlemen has a stitch of clothing. I don't know your American ideas about what's what for a party, but it strikes me that you two are in questionable form."

"Oh, the affair's quite informal," Mr. Brice assured him.

"Let's go!" said Mr. Stevens.

"IT'S pretty high," declared the general, peering up the face of the cliff.

"Well, who isn't?" demanded Mr. Stevens. "But speaking of whatever we were speaking of, we'd better have a Zingo."

"True," said Mr. Brice. "We want to be at our best."

General Grampian-Bone put down his bottle and wiped his chin. "Dash it all!" he said, "I wish I could think of that chap's name. Merton P. Childers, his name was, but somehow his name escapes me."

So sheer was the cliff that the little gray lizards of the region and even the flies themselves had declared it dangerous ground and out of bounds. But Mr. Brice and his guests, bare, bottle-laden and jaded with the labors of the day, negotiated it in high gear and three additional dollops of Zingo. Almost at the top, they paused for a breath and a fourth. The terrace parapet was just above them; bright lights flooded out into the night as from a stage; they heard the sounds of music and of laughter.

"Now then," whispered Mr. Brice, "I'm an old hand at ringing doorbells and getting reactions. Let's all just crouch down and get set behind the parapet, and then you follow my lead."

Somewhere in the distance, the orchestra was playing an Andalusian love song. On the terrace, Mrs. Brice and Miss Barbara were agreeing with eighty-four European guests that the United States ought to be divided up

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between England and France, and the eighty-four guests were drinking up as much champagne as possible before the division should take place. Somebody had brought Count Czek, and the Baron von Hovenhovenhoven, learning from another gigolo that the wealthy Mrs. Brice was giving a party, had borrowed his bus fare from a bus boy and come along anyway. Thus, thought Mrs. Brice, the evening was all but complete.

"GOOD morning!" came three voices in cheery chorus. "Good morning, madam, is this a wired home?"

She turned to see three men—three fat men—three naked fat men—pop up from behind the waist-high parapet, each of them holding on high a richly labeled bottle.

"I have not come to sell you anything, madam," said the one on the left, and Mrs. Brice turned cold as she recognized her husband. "I have come, instead, to give something away. The famous and old-established firm which I represent invites you, madam, to take a li'l snort of Zingo . . ."

"But dammit all, his name was something like Childers—Merton P. Childers," declared the fat man in the middle whom Mrs. Brice could not fail to identify as the hateful General Grampian-Bone. "Anyway, there wasn't a neater ankle in all Upper Burma, and I'm speaking of '98."

"Zingo!" shouted the third, "Zingo!" Mrs. Brice, about to swoon, saw that this one was a stranger. Also—she breathed a prayer of thanks—she saw that Josef, the faithful Josef, was hastening forward.

But suddenly a curious thing happened. The stranger leaned over the parapet, extended his bottle and said, "Hello, there, Josef! Goo' old Josef! Have a snort, Josef! Must get reaction, Josef!"

Josef stopped dead in his tracks, gazed at the stranger, and bowed low. Obediently, reverently, he took the bottle and drank. Then, gagging slightly, he wheeled, faced the crowd, and stood stiffly at attention.

"His Royal and Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Nicholas Yroslav Boris Izstvan!" he announced in clarion tones.

"Zingo!" shouted the three at the parapet, starting to climb over.

Though strong women swooned and pale gigolos turned paler, Josef was equal to the emergency. He whisked off three tablecloths and draped them, toga-like, upon the portly forms.

The eighty-four guests were milling in frantic excitement and all talking at once.

This dramatic return of the long-lost grand duke was the social sensation of the season and front-page stuff for the newspapers of the world. Mrs. Brice was showered with congratulations.

"And my dear, my dear—the perfectly marvelous way that your husband arranged to stage it!"

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Brice, still trying not to faint. "Er—yes, tee-hee! Martin is really quite a genius."

"But, Your Highness!" Miss Barbara Brice was cooing. "You must, you simply must, tell us all about your escape from the Reds, and your thrilling, thrilling, perfectly thrilling experiences incognito in America!"

"Ask my partner," chuckled the grand duke. "Brice & Stevens, Wholesale Liquor, that's us! Izstvan means Steven, but my friends all call me Steve. —Zingo!"

"Zingo!" said Mr. Brice, suiting the action to the word.

"Zingo!" echoed General Fitzhubert V. B. St. C. Grampian-Bone, Retired. "Well, as I was saying, he blew out his brains at Rawal-Pindi in the summer of '99."

Between Floors

Continued from page 9

darned narrow squeak," said his companion. "Funny—isn't it?—just after talking about that arrangement of survivor taking all the trust, you should come so near not being the survivor."

"We're not out of this yet," the florid man said, biting off his words.

"They should serve meals in these elevators," said the operator.

"I don't know but what—" the florid man began in normal voice, but lowered it as he bent to his companion's ear. "I don't know but what you're right," he said. "Seventeen years is too long a time to be married and then break it up. And the children."

His companion nodded.

"Let me see her again," he said softly. "They haven't served the separation papers yet. I think she'll change her mind—"

The operator was banging the emergency button again. No response came.

"It's way after hours," piped the operator. "They'll be along in time."

"In time!" sneered the man in the fedora.

A silence. The girl broke away from George's bosom.

"I'm sorry, dear," she murmured; "but you were so silly. Jim means nothing to me—really."

"Never mind," said George sheepishly. He drew her back.

The man in the fedora turned around, pulled one hand from his pocket and explored the car's side panels.

"What are you doing?" asked the man in the derby, who had said nothing up to then.

"Nothin'," said the man in the fedora. "That fool operator's green. We'll be here all night unless we find some way out."

"If you can do any better," the operator challenged, "why don't you try?"

Before anybody could stop him the man in the fedora stepped to the control, pushing the operator aside.

He pressed a pedal with his right foot, slipped the lever gradually back. The car shook, then as he threw the lever into gear, it sailed down. Smoothly the car dipped to a standstill.

"Good work," the florid man beamed.

"Wonderful," cooed the girl.

THE operator fidgeted. The man in the fedora sneered at him.

"Boob!" he gibed. "There wasn't a thing wrong!"

"Oh, no?" The speaker was the man in the derby. He was on top of the man in the fedora. As the eagerness of the others to be out melted before their astonishment, he had grabbed the man's wrist and pressed a gun to his ribs. Bony hands shot above the gray fedora. The man in the derby pulled an automatic from one of his captive's overcoat pockets and a jeweler's chamois gem bag from the other pocket.

"My prisoner, friends," he said, harshly. "He pulled off a job tonight—Durstin the jeweler, twenty-ninth floor. He's Spinky Fingle, lady and gentlemen. Know about elevators, don't you, Spinky? Used to operate one in this building, didn't you, Spinky? Come on, boy. Goin' out!"

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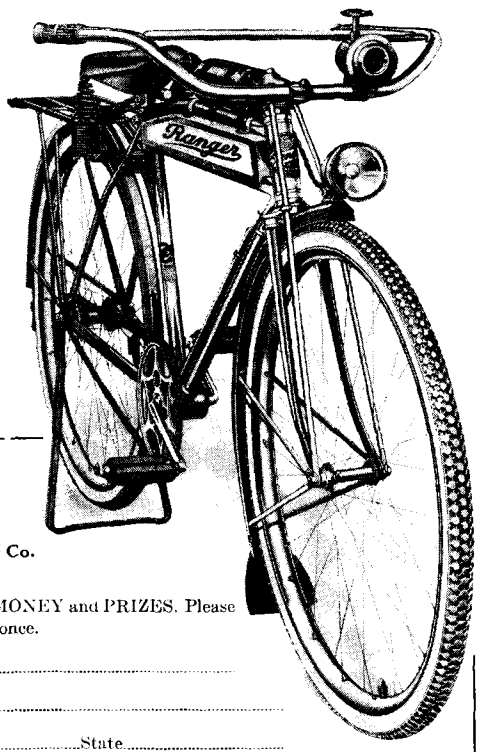

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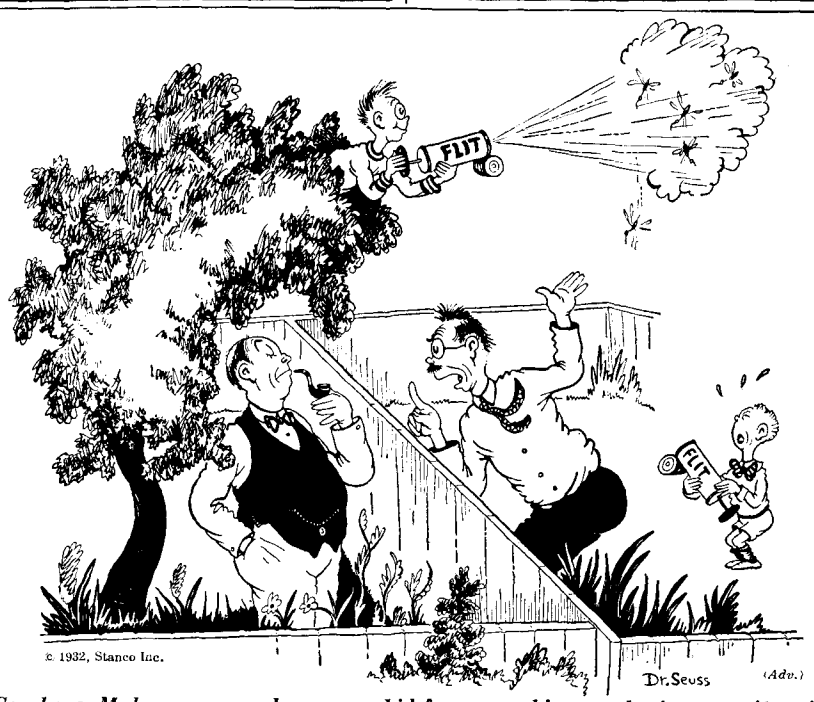

"See here, Mulvaney,—you keep your kid from poaching my boy's mosquitoes!"

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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

A Candidate in a Hurry

WHEN Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic nominee for President, first loomed up he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and this country was in the midst of a great war. No one wanted more ardently to win the war than did the young Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was impatient of the slow processes by which a nation which for fifty years had been devoted to peace prepared itself both morally and physically for the great conflict.

It is a fine thing to win a war in a hurry. Having of necessity little power as a mere Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Roosevelt's mind ran upon schemes that would end the offensive power of the Germans quickly. The greatest threat to the Allied cause and to our own, as an associate power, was the German submarine campaign, which at times brought Great Britain very near to starvation.

The Assistant Secretary's mind revolved around plans to end the submarine menace. This, while America prepared for war, was the essence of the problem. The Assistant Secretary's favorite plan was the stretching of a net laden with torpedoes across the northern end of the North Sea, from the Scottish isles to the mainland of Europe, and another similar net across the English Channel, thus confining the enemy submarines in the North Sea and leaving the western ports of England open to food-carrying vessels. But the effectiveness of the German campaign to starve England by undersea attack was ended by the more conventional methods of naval warfare before the short-cut which appealed to Mr. Roosevelt's imagination ever proved practicable.

Now we face a new war and a new enemy. The depression is trying to starve us out. And Mr. Roosevelt offers a new way of bottling up the foe, a new liberalism, the details of which are not quite clear. The candidate short-cuts his way to a speech of acceptance by flying to Chicago and telling the Democratic convention there that he will be its candidate. Thus he saves forty-five days, or something like that, in the war upon depression. And why not? The old custom of a delayed notification and a delayed acceptance is a political vermiform appendix. It is a survival of the days before there was a telegraph system, the days before a candidate, sitting at home and listening, knew the instant a shift of delegates brought him the anxiously awaited majority.

Mr. Roosevelt is modern. And time is precious. His managers were in a hurry in the convention. They would break the rule requiring a two-thirds majority to nominate. Being short eighty votes or so, they made a deal on the Vice Presidency that secured them ninety votes and thus saved a day or so of balloting.

The Democratic candidate is in a hurry to tackle the depression. He has faith, which is a fine thing. He has here an advantage over his rival, President Hoover, who suffers from the disillusion of experience. Mr. Hoover no longer has that confidence which he had when he bottled up the depression in the stock market by summoning the big business men to Washington and bidding them to spend till it hurt. Mr. Hoover trusts to time, which cures all evils, and resorts to defensive measures. Mr. Roosevelt abolishes time with an airplane and begins the offensive against the depression.

Mr. Roosevelt's offensive against the depression is the "new liberalism." And what is that? The *old* liberalism in this country has never seemed to be a political philosophy but a state of the affections. It was a sentimental attitude toward what Mr. Roosevelt calls "the forgotten man." Its heart was sounder than its mind. William James, the famous psychologist, divided the human race into the tough-minded and the tender-minded. The tough-minded, politically, seem to gravitate to conservatism or to radicalism, mostly in this country to conservatism. The tender-minded have stood in the middle between these two and made up the old liberalism.

What the new liberalism needs is a tough mind, or it may do nothing better than to plan nets across the business sea to catch the depression submarines. One is not sure that Mr. Roosevelt has a tough mind. He is a charming and lovable person. His heart is in the right place. He is sincere. He feels for "the forgotten man." In expressing his sympathy he is not merely exploiting a class politically for the sake of obtaining its suffrages. He has a much livelier social conscience than has our usual candidate for President. And Mr. Roosevelt has courage. This quality was not especially apparent during his campaign for the nomination. Most candidates appear at their worst when they are seeking nomination. But Mr. Roosevelt as a candidate for election has every chance to be bold, with the depression working for him and with the wet sentiment of the country thrilled by his party's repeal plank.

If the new liberalism is going to be tough-minded, it should enlist at once the services of Mr. Owen D. Young, not only for the campaign but for the administration. Mr. Young is no mere sentimental liberal but a practical man of large experience, with imagination and boldness. He is one of the few tough-minded liberals in this country. Mr. Roosevelt needs Mr. Young to push Mr. Hearst, a newspaper demagogue, Mr. William G. McAdoo, who has an old feud with the banking interests, and Senator Wheeler, a restless emotionalist, out of the center of the picture. Now that Mr. Roosevelt's campaign is under way, he will be well advised to keep better political company.

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